

Household Suggestions.

A Collection of Appropriate Little Verses to be placed on Christmas Gifts.

Half the fun of receiving a gift lies in taking off the wrappers. And even if the gift itself be small there are ways of "doing up"—there is no other phrase that so exactly fits—so that its value to the recipient is enhanced by the care and tenderness that goes into the doing. One pretty thought is to enclose with the gift a verse pertinent to the gift itself or to the donor. If you are a verse-maker yourself you may incorporate some little personal touch with the lines. Write or print your verse on the card enclosed or upon the wrapper, and you have added a touch of sentiment to the most prosaic gift. The verses below may be used entire or amended to suit a particular occasion. For instance the rhyme containing the words "Someone" may have the recipient's name substituted, making the personal note more direct.

Teacups and Saucers

The cup that cheers
And clears
To-day of fears
And tears.

(ushion

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When you've no place for them, trouble
begins.

A Copper Tray

Copper is down,
So the value is small;
But love has gone up—
You have cornered it all!

A Box of Cigars

Many a film of fairy fancy
Goes up in smoke each year,
But, being a woman, of course I can't
see
What dream-chrysalids are here.

A Chocolate Pot

Foamy and rich be its contents,
Creamy and luscious and brown;
Sometimes toward me let your thoughts
fly,
While you are drinking it down.

A Blotting-Pad

A happy lot is this of mine,
Though but a blotting-pad to be,—
To feel the pressure, fair and fine,
Of Someone's hand each day on me:
The record hold, reversed, apart,
Of Someone's words within my heart.

A Boa

A fluff of airy thistle-down
Around your neck to wear
I send to you, and wish my arms
Its blissful lot might share.

An Ink-well

Who'd ever think, to look within
The murky depths below,
What mighty power for good or sin,
May from those few drops flow?

Hair Brushes

Go forth on pleasant errand,
And smooth the brow of care;
Just play you are my fingers
Caressing Someone's hair!

Calendars

May all the days
Throughout this year
"Red-letters" be
To you, my dear.

May all the jeweled beads
Upon Time's rosary
Be gold without alloy—
This is my prayer for thee.

Handkerchiefs

Twelve bits of white fluff to my lady's
boudoir—
As many as months in the year;
Here's hoping that never a month nor
mouchoir,
Will hold for that lady a tear.

Christmas Shopping

The housewife who realizes the importance of getting her shopping done early in the season can, if she makes a definite effort, so arrange her household work that she will be able to do all her holiday purchasing before the mad Christmas rush adds to the difficulty of the task. I would suggest that the housewife make as careful an estimate as possible of the amount of time it will take her to do her shopping, and then arrange her work so that she will have that amount of time to devote to it during the last week of November and the first two weeks of December. Various ways of curtailing the time necessary for doing the housework will be found especially if the co-operation of the entire household is secured.

For instance, it would be no great hardship for the family to have for the evening meal such things as have been prepared early in the day. This would enable the housewife to spend a long afternoon in shopping without worrying about getting home in time to get dinner. Small sacrifices like this will be more than compensated for by saving the nervous strain which hurried shopping

at the last minute produces, and if a plan something like this were generally followed it would save not only the housewife but also the clerks in the stores.

Another advantage of this arrangement is that it leaves the housewife free to devote the days immediately preceding Christmas to household affairs and gives her ample leisure to prepare for the Christmas dinner. Here, too, foresight and method will do much to simplify matters. If as much of the preparation as possible is done before Christmas Day the housewife will have the maximum amount of time to enjoy the festivities and be free from some drudgery which might otherwise seriously mar her pleasure. I would like to urge every mother to have the children do their share of the domestic work at a time like this. Many women think that the holiday season is a time for children to be free from duties or responsibilities of any sort, and hence they bear more than their share of the burden of festivities. The children will not enjoy Christmas any the less if they relieve the mother of such tasks as setting the table, clearing away the dishes and running errands.

A housewife who is noted for the successful way in which she manages her household says: "I believe that one of the best ways to make the holidays a happy time for the helper is to arrange

to give her as much free time as possible so that she may have an opportunity to do some shopping, or attend to other little personal matters. I have learned by experience that if helper and housewife co-operate and make mutual concessions, the Christmas season may be most pleasant for both. I frequently arrange to have the family dine out on some night during Christmas week and allow the helper to entertain her friends in some simple way."

A woman of wide experience in domestic matters declares that the housewife who selects a purely utilitarian gift for her helper makes a grave mistake; that something in the nature of a little luxury is much more acceptable. Particularly does this housewife protest against gifts of dress goods for helpers, because it is almost impossible to suit any one else exactly in such matters, and it is a pity for the helper to spend money to have clothes made of material that does not perfectly suit her.

Wholesale Inexpensive Goodies

Why not let the children try making some other sweets for Christmas this year—goodies which are not the usual Christmas candies. The all-sugar sweets soon make themselves felt in the resulting fretful and out-of-sort moods. Of course, they will want some kind of candy, and a good one is always found in the hard, peanut variety which cannot be swallowed hurriedly or without mastication. The very best recipe for it is this one, and it has to recommend it, besides its excellence as a candy, the simplicity with which it can be made.

Peanut Brittle—Shell, skin and chop fine one quart of peanuts or enough to make one cup of nut meats. Place one cup of sugar in a saucepan without water and heat gradually, stirring all the time, until the sugar is completely melted. Mix the peanuts in thoroughly, pour out on an inverted tin, unbuttered, then shape into a square with two broad knives. When the candy begins to hold its shape, mark it in small squares and continue to shape it and re-mark it until it hardens. Set it to cool.

Stuffed dates are quite ordinarily used but stuffed figs you may be less familiar with. Both are good for the children and easy to make. For the filling use a mixture of nut meats all cut in tiny strips, some small bits of candied cherries, candied sugar, or any candied fruit. Have a variety and use only the best figs for the filling.

Another sweetmeat of the oriental style is made by chopping together dates and figs in equal quantities and rolling them well in sugar, then shaping them in balls with a half nut on each side or rolling a nut into the centre before sugaring.

Maple Bonbons—Cook two cups of maple syrup until a little dropped on ice will just thread. Remove from the fire and add two tablespoons of cream. Beat until thick and creamy and then mold into the form desired, either with nuts or plain bonbons.

Butter Scotch—Cook in granite pan 1 cup water, 1 pound brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter and boil until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour into buttered tins and mark into squares as it cools.

Candied Fruit—Make a syrup of 1 pound sugar and ½ cup water. Boil without stirring until a drop hardens quickly in cold water. Remove from the fire; set in pan of boiling water; add to the syrup 1 teaspoon lemon juice. With fork dip each piece of fruit in the hot syrup and lay on waxed paper to cool.

Sea Foam—Boil 3 cups sugar, ¾ cup syrup and ½ cup water until a drop hardens at once in cold water. Beat whites of two eggs stiff. Turn hot syrup over it in thin stream, beating all the while. Add one cup nut meats and pour on buttered plates.

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HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

DECEMBER, 1911

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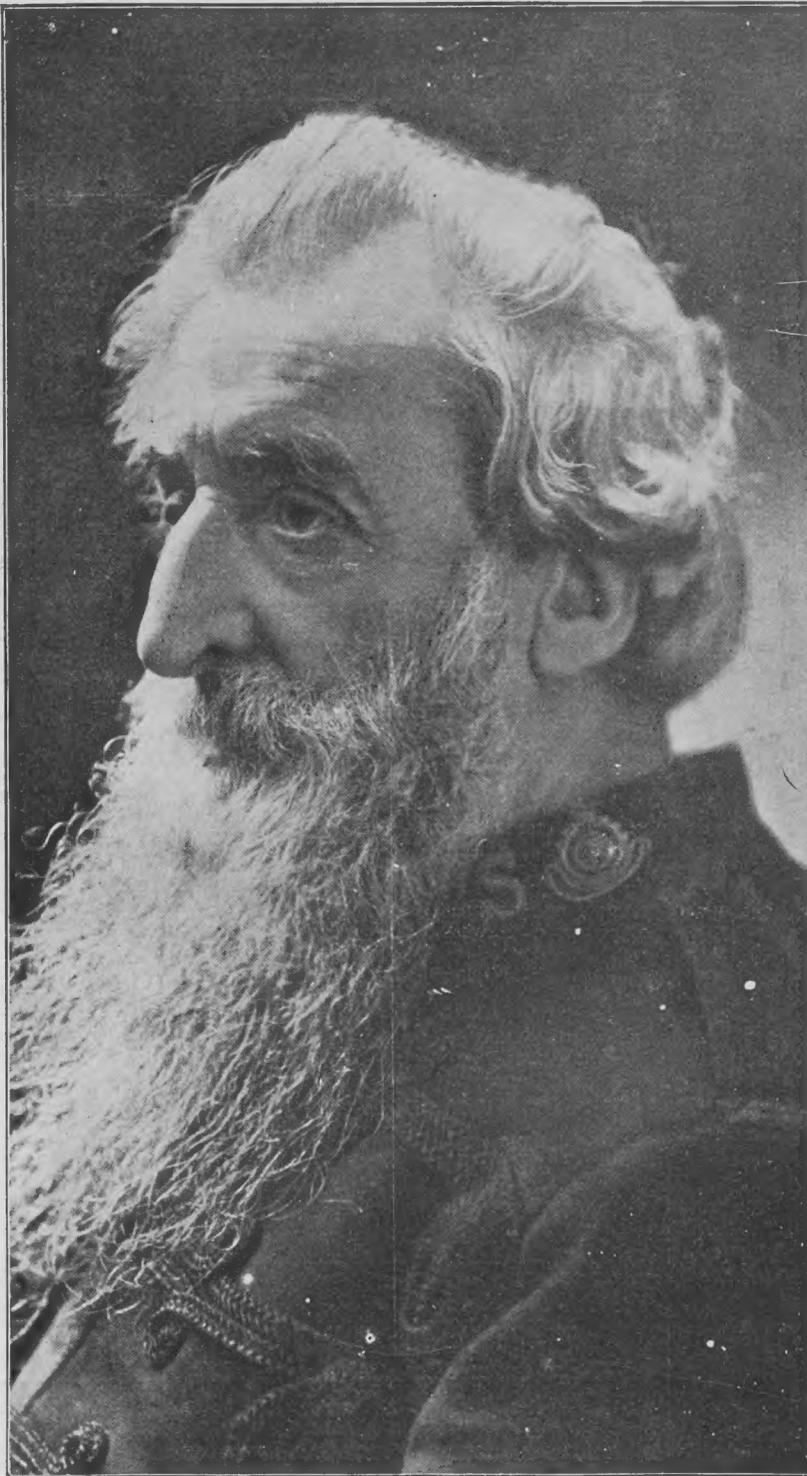
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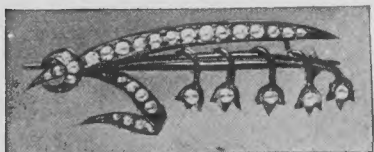
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THE UNDYING VIRTUES.

They were gossiping in the country store, and the theme was the coming marriages of three young men in the neighborhood. Most of the crowd appeared to think that George was making the best alliance, for his fiancée was none other than a college-bred girl with a fine education, who had really written articles in the magazines. A few thought that David was not far astray. His lady-love was admittedly the most beautiful in face and figure in the whole community, and she had a charming way with her too. But when Old Josh was asked for an opinion he remarked that perhaps he wasn't a very good judge, but he predicted that in ten years both George and David would admit that young Adam had made the best choice of all in taking the plain unassuming Sarah as his bride. "It's just like this," he said, "after a few years with a woman who knows a lot more about books than you do, who has higher ideals, as she calls it, you get a little sour on the business. You feel that you are not in her class and she makes you feel it all the more. Then she calls in her friends who can appreciate her powers, and there you are—out in the cold. So it's no scholar for me, unless I'm a scholar myself. And as for David's girl—well, it's a great thing to have a wife like that around you all the time with her pretty ways and looks, but I tell you that isn't enough when the crop is bad and the children cross and the mosquitoes troublesome. That is just where Sarah will come in. She has genuine goodness, that doesn't fail during the hot weather. She is just the same in hard times as in good times. She is good and she is useful and she is loyal and loving and these are the things that count in a long life."

Old Josh wasn't so far astray. The thing that lasts is love, and love is the source of all genuine goodness. You can prove this to your own satisfaction in a very simple way. Suppose someone accuses you of ignorance. For instance he says that you do not know the maiden name of the Queen or the name of the King of Italy. You do not feel such a charge very keenly, for you say that nobody knows everything. If you are ignorant on these points you know a good many things about which most men are ignorant, and so you can hold your own, and you know it. But if it is proved that you are lacking in taste on good habits it is different. The charge is more personal. You feel disgraced if you recognize yourself to be boorish or filthy or slovenly. It is even worse when you feel that you are rightly accused of being immoral or of possessing a bad temper and a quarrelsome disposition. Knowledge, taste and habits are in a sense accidents of one's being, but disposition is the essence. So you feel that every attack on your goodness and sweetness is a direct attack on your very self. In the long run you do not mind being poor or unlearned or uncultured but unless you are a politician you do mind it if you are proven to be dishonest, disloyal or hateful.

NATIONAL GOODNESS.

When one comes to view it from a social and national standpoint there is nothing of such great value as genuine goodness. Within the nation itself, goodness—which is another name for honor, honesty, fair-dealing and love for the other fellow—is the one condition of abiding peace and stability; and in international dealings the case is just the same. The story of happy community life is the story of loving relationship. Where men honor their wives, and wives are true to their husbands, there is no danger of family discension; where employers are honest with their employees, and where employees are fair to their employers, there is no likelihood of strikes

and lockouts; and so it is, not only in the family and the vocation, but in every social organization. Love and goodness are the sure guarantee of permanent peace and prosperity. It is impossible by force and cunning, by law and regulation, to secure the blessings which come only to those who are right in heart and deed. Herein is the difference between the socialism of the disgruntled and the true Christian socialism.

GOODNESS IN THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL.

Now, goodness can find its way into social and national life, only as it is developed in the primary

THE IMPERISHABLE

I walked the fields a morning prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing,
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus" I cried "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating
Deems life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—Alas!
On earth's maternal bosom,
The scythe had left the with'ring grass
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more abroad at eve I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts per chance too prone to grieve
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odours leave behind them.

—Barton.

institutions of civilization—the home and the school. Education, style and wealth are insignificant in a mother where compared with the quality of goodness. Cleverness, ability to earn, power to manage are nothing in a father without honesty, uprightness, and fair-dealing. And in a school it is a comparatively small matter how many facts are committed to memory, how many little accomplishments acquired, or how many marks taken on examination. The outstanding products of any good education are character and conduct. In the grammar of life the two important verbs are not to have and to hold, but the verbs to be and to do.

A contributor writing from the country says that the schools are very inefficient, and among other things says that in them no emphasis is placed on good behavior. Whether this is true or false does not concern us just now. It is a fair subject for investigation. This much is true, however—

that the schools are the direct expression of the will of the people. If teachers are poor it is possible to get better by paying the price; if moral conduct is not emphasized it is because the spirit of the community is placing the emphasis on other things. The fundamental institution in society is the family, and its ideals and practices govern life in all social institutions. If there is real goodness in the home—there will be evidences of goodness in the school, the church, the country house, the factory and the legislature. Few things could be more calamitous to society than for parents to set up material wealth and social standing as the supreme ideals of life; few things more damaging than that they should insist upon preparation for money-making as the chief aim of the school. Genuine morality, old-fashioned goodness—which includes right thinking, pure feeling, noble action—is the beginning and end of education.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

It is not out of place at this season to talk of goodness, since the season is named after Him who went about doing good. It is wonderful when one reflects upon it how much good has crept into the world as the result of His example and His teaching. The thirty odd charitable institutions in this city are a good illustration of the out-working of the loving, Christian spirit which is abroad in the land. It is doubtful if the founder of Christianity is seen to as good advantage in His own peculiar institution, the Church, as He is in the organizations and institutions of modern civilization, for every one of them gives expression to His teaching.

THE GIVING OF ONE'S SELF.

Real institutions consist in more than good intentions and good wishes. It is manifested chiefly in good actions. To be good is to do good. The man who is prepared to enter upon service must learn to give, and in his giving must first of all give himself. When one does this it is easy to give money and time and possessions of every kind. Unless one gives his heart all other giving is burdensome.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

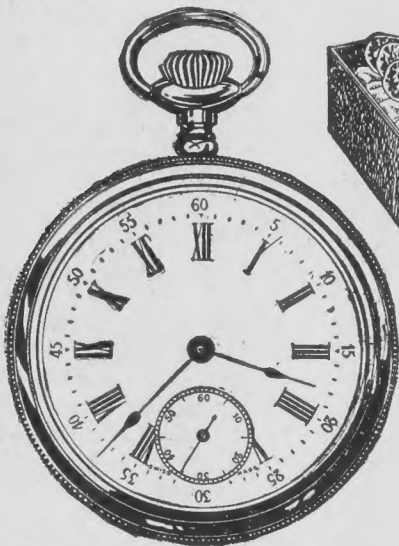
This is how parents must begin. It is not toys and trinkets children chiefly need at Christmas time; they yearn for a mother's love and a father's attention. And the parent who gives his affection will not find it difficult to give the toys and the trinkets. He will enjoy rather than grudge the giving. In the same way the preacher, the teacher, the giver to missions or charity will find that where the heart is, there will go the treasure.

THE VIRTUE OF FORGIVING.

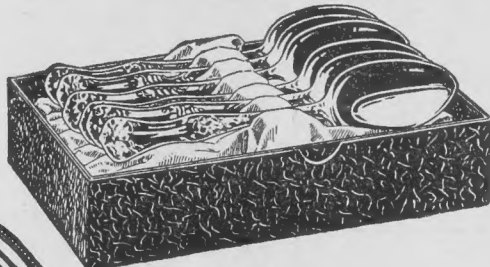
The highest form of giving is forgiving. The Western Home Monthly would urge upon its readers the practice of this virtue. All who have done wrong in the sight of God or man—and who has not?—will know what it is to be forgiven. All who have been wronged or misinterpreted—and who have not?—will know that there is no joy so great as that which follows an act of forgiveness. At this season then, we urge all our readers to forget the bitterness of the past—the entanglements between lovers, between husband and wife, between friends and relatives, between sects and parties. Let us in the name of the Prince of Peace, resolve to make a fresh start in the spirit of love so that the Christmas bells may chime for our hearts the song the angels sang—"Peace, goodwill, for evermore."

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING NOW

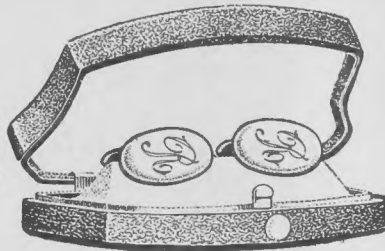
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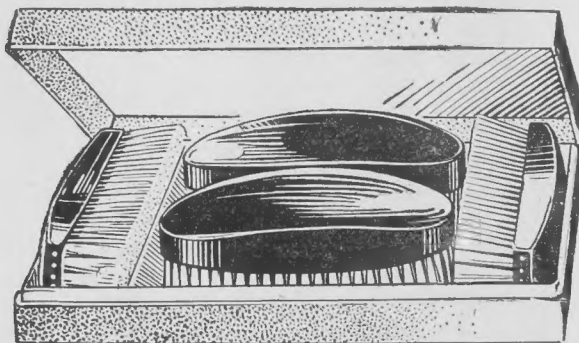


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HT-8843.—Men's four-piece Brush Set. Two REAL ebony wood military brushes with 13 rows of hand-drawn bristles, and a hat and cloth brush to match. Warranted solid backs. Regular \$3.00. **Price, delivered \$1.98**



A-8838.—This pretty tailored Lace Bow is made of Plauen Irish lace with double bow of lawn at the back. Very dainty and usually sold for 25c. **Price, delivered15**



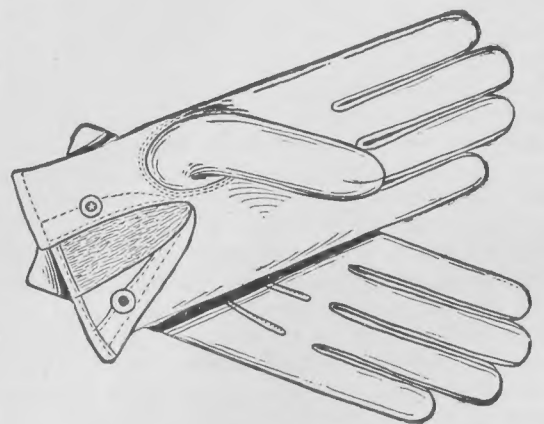
B5-8836.—Here's sterling value in a Sterling Silver Watch for women. Inside the case, (on which, by the way, we'll engrave any script monogram,) is a 7-jewel, nickel Swiss Lever movement. This splendid watch can be worn as a chatelaine or in leather wristlet. **Price \$5.85 delivered.....**

B5-8837.—Leather Wristlet for above watch, in tan or black. **Price, delivered..... .35**



A-8839.—
"Dutch" Collar, made from very fine Plauen Irish crochet work. Regularly sold at 35c. Better order a half dozen. They'll make pleasing Christmas gifts. **Price, delivered**

.18



FM-8844.—No article for a man is more acceptable at Christmas time than gloves. These are splendid winter gloves of tan, suede leather, with warm wool lining and one dome fastener. They are strongly made and perfectly finished in every detail. Sizes 7 to 9½. We have several thousand pairs to sell, but at this very low price, it will be wisest to send your order at once. **Price, delivered .59**

We publish no Christmas Catalogue this year, but our Fall and Winter one is crowded with Christmas suggestions. A post card will bring it. Whether you order fifty cents' or fifty dollars' worth of goods, WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES.

The **SIMPSON** Company
Robert Limited
TORONTO

Some Christmas Thoughts for Canadians

By Thomas Laidlaw, Principal Alexandra School, Winnipeg



ONCE more the Christmas bells are ringing, and "Peace on earth, Goodwill to men" is echoing round the world. There are few lands in which the words are more earnestly sung, and no country in which their spirit is so fully realized as in our own Dominion. For a hundred years we have lived at peace with our great neighbor to the south, and our history has been a history of peaceful development. The wresting of our heritage from the wilderness has been our battle, and the conquest of the wilderness is a nobler game, and demands heroic sacrifice not less than that demanded by the red game of war. But the early struggles and hardships are over, and we enter on the still nobler work of nation building, and at this Christmas season it may not be out of place to consider some of the things that enter into the making of a great nation. For it is the cherished hope of her sons and daughters that Canada will one day be a great nation: a leader in civilization that will be an example to the rest of the world.

Has this hope any foundation? Is there any reason for thinking that it may be one day a realization? The past history of the race cries "aye" loudly and clearly. There are those to-day, who scoff at tradition, but tradition counts for much in the life of a people.

He who reads the article on the Kil-donan settlers which appeared last month in this magazine, cannot help but feel a thrill of pride and a renewed courage in his heart and a brighter hope for the future of his country. Strong, brave, enduring men were these who laid the foundation of the West, and far reaching has been their influence. It is our boast that no land has ever been settled with so little lawlessness and disorder as the Canadian West. I wonder how much of this we owe to the lion-hearted, loyal, law-abiding men and women who sleep so peacefully now in the quiet "God's acre" in old Kil-donan.

And surely, their descendants, and the descendants of others equally faithful, cannot fail to live up to the high standard of life and devotion to duty set by them.

It is a fine thing for a man to be well born, to come of clean living, hard-working, God-fearing parents; to be able to look back to father and grand-father and great grand-father toiling for their daily bread over plowshare and spade, or at the carpenter's bench, or in the office, it may be, but bearing in the community a good name, whose word has been their bond; whose honesty of purpose and uprightness of character have never been called in question. Surely it is a great heritage. For a good name is better than riches, and rather to be chosen than much fine gold. Strong and enduring will be the nation, and a high and leading place it must hold amongst the nations, whose sons and daughters are true to such a heritage.

"Civis Romanus sum" was the proud boast of the old Roman; but the British born Canadian can make a prouder boast

than that: for is not he a Canadian and a loyal son of the British Empire. Regions Caesar never knew, are ruled over by the men of his race, and the Union Jack waves over lands undreamed of by the old Roman. To the dark places of the earth it has carried liberty and hope and a new life.

But while we are a peaceful nation, these privileges had to be fought for in the past, that we might enjoy peace and freedom. We have been developing our country and its resources, under the protecting arm of the old grey mother, who has well cared for her children. Her ships have guarded our commerce on the seas; her sons have been ready to aid us, and how can we better repay her than by living true to the best traditions of the past and laying a safe foundation for the future.

And what a task lies before us; what an edifice we have to build. The foundation indeed must be laid broad and deep.

Other peoples with strange tongues, and ways that are not our ways, are seeking homes in our new land. Today we have pouring into Canada men of all races and creeds. Doukhobors and Galicians, accustomed to toil and poverty and tyranny, and with little idea of citizenship or what is meant by a true national life. Germans and French, with all the good qualities and thrifty habits of the people of these two great nations, but with ideas and customs and speech that are not ours. In time they may become good Canadians, but in them love for the home land and for German and French traditions must still be strong. From Russia and Poland they come, from these lands of political bitterness and political unrest, and in whose peoples is an inborn hatred of all governments.

Here, too, God's ancient people have found a home and an abiding place, after having been driven from pillar to post, and harried and harrassed in Christian Europe.

Crete and Scythian, bond and free, our rich mines and wealthy forests and fertile plains draw them all. Some of them we could well spare; most of them we welcome gladly. To weld them into one magnificent whole is the task of the British born Canadian, and he must face it manfully.

"Strong with the strength of the race,
To command, to obey, to endure."

And we must remember that example is better than precept. While we are developing our natural resources and wresting wealth from the soil, the forest, the mine and the sea; while we are building railways and developing our great water-highways, that these are material things, and in themselves do not make a nation great, not these, but men; men with a deep-seated reverence, a high courage, an un-failing sense of justice and right, these are what make a nation.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Duty has ever been the watchword of our race, and Canadians must not fail. We must set before our children, and before the strangers within our gates, a high

and worthy example. We must teach them to hold dear their heritage and cherish the ancient liberties so hardly won. We must not allow ourselves to become selfish and indifferent or to be carried away by a too ardent desire for wealth.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

In our political life we must set a high standard, we must combat with all our strength, that which is false and wrong, and stand for that which is true. We can do this by regarding the franchise as a sacred thing, and by teaching our children to regard it as such. We must elect to office men of high character and unbending principle. Men who will stand four square to all the winds that blow, men who will not sell the truth to serve the hour, but who will discharge their duty faithfully, be the consequences what they may.

In our land, justice must be even-handed: there must not be one law for the rich and another for the poor, and we must learn to temper justice with mercy. Not to punish the wrong-doer, but to reclaim him should be our aim. Crime cannot go unpunished, but the erring one must be lifted up and given a chance to win back his lost manhood. By adopting a system of dealing with our criminals that will help them to become good citizens, we will, as a nation, but be carrying out the mission of Him whose birthday we celebrate so joyously this Christmastide.

Evils in our social life must be rooted out if we are to become a great nation. The old home life, the family altar, the reverence for father and mother, and seniors frequently absent from our life to-day, should be restored.

We have a good educational system in Canada, and our children can have all the advantages that accompany the blessing of a good education. If we are to take the place we hope to take and hold in the world, our children should be educated, nay, must be.

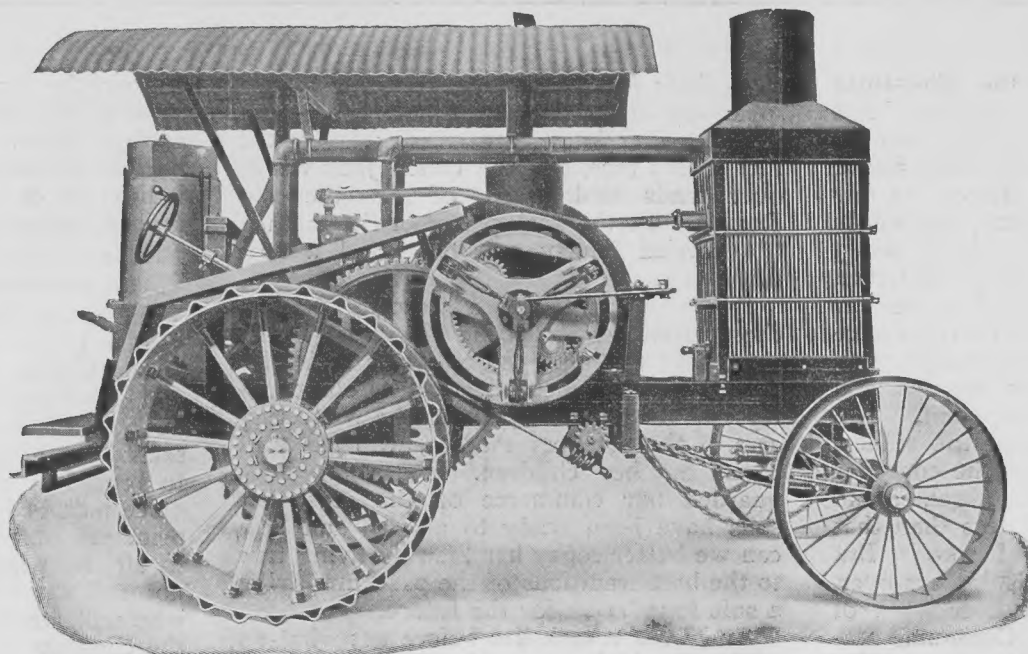
The Church, too, must continue to hold as it has always held, the foremost place in our national life. Let her change in a measure, if she must, to meet modern conditions, but the old, old story of the Babe in the Manger never changes. The old simple faith has made our race what it is today, and so we must keep the faith, the faith our fathers sealed us.

"For except we pay the Lord single heart
and single sword

Of our children in their bondage—
He shall ask it treble tale."

It is a great task that lies before the people of Canada, a great destiny, if her people bear themselves manfully and live up to the traditions of the race. But while the task is great, the advantages, too, are many, for we have the experience of all the world to guide us. From that experience let us take what we know to be best, and cast aside the things which are harmful. And may the God of our fathers guide our people and their leaders through the perplexing years, until we emerge, all our different races welded into one magnificent whole: a great nation, indeed.

HART-PARR "2-60" Gas Tractor



A Modern Farm Horse for Large Farms

SPECIFICATIONS

CYLINDERS.—Two horizontal cylinders, 10 in. bore, 15 in. stroke. Speed 300 R. P. M. A long stroke, moderate speed motor—the most efficient kind and the one that wears longest. Cylinder heads hemispherical in shape, and cast with the rest of cylinder, hence no packed joints. Valve cages ground to seats—no packing there.

CRANK SHAFT.—A pressed steel forging, of high tensile strength—annealed and oil tempered, tough and dependable. Diameter of crank shaft in the bearings 4 in., diameter of crank-pins $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. Crank shaft offset 2 inches from center line of cylinders, adding to the efficiency of engine, decreasing wear of cylinders and pistons, and making engine very easy to start.

GEARS.—Every gear of steel or semi-steel; we use no cast iron gearing. Planetary reverse gears are drop forged with machine cut teeth. Our planetary reverse makes it possible to use a single operating lever—the only way it can be done.

BEARINGS.—Main crank shaft bearings and crank pin bearings made in the form of half bushings (easily replaceable) and of a special composition of high grade babbitt, copper and aluminum; one of the best anti-friction metals and exceedingly tough. All other bearings of the best grade of babbitt or phosphor bronze.

LUBRICATION.—Force feed lubrication to cylinders, connecting rods and crank shaft bearings, besides spray lubrication in enclosed crank case. Force feed lubrication to gear train.

DRIVING WHEELS.—66 in. diameter, 24 in. face. Our wave form driver cleats make the bearing power of these wheels equivalent to a 32-inch width wheel of the usual construction. The only perfect driver cleat for use on plowed ground for discing and seeding. Wheels built up entirely of steel, cleats riveted to tire. The most substantial, satisfactory driving wheel built. Rear axle 5 in. diameter of open hearth steel.

CONNECTING RODS.—Steel drop forgings of I-section. Studs for caps of 1-inch Vanadium steel.

IGNITION.—Dual Systems of "Jump Spark" ignition. Dry batteries and "Single Spark" induction coils, for starting. A high grade magneto with specially designed coils, for regular work. A switch between enables you to use either system—between the two you always have a good spark—this means good power at all times.

RATINGS.—Guaranteed to easily deliver 60 brake horse power. Every engine tested to over 60 brake horse power before leaving the works; and certified test record furnished with it. At the draw-bar it will easily do the work of 25 to 30 horses. We rate our tractors conservatively, so that our customers always find they do better than we claim for them.

RATE OF TRAVEL.—2.3 miles per hour. Compare this with the $1\frac{1}{4}$ and 2 miles per hour of other gas tractors; and consider what this higher rate of travel means when plowing on loose, loamy soil, or discing, seeding and harvesting. Remember that what counts is the number of acres you plow daily, not how many plows you pull.

Read the specifications, compare them with what others are offering, and you will see that we give you much more for your money than you can get elsewhere. We can do this because we build thousands of them in the most up-to-date plant of its kind.

We have been building tractors for ten years, and kerosene tractors for six years.

We build three other sizes of tractors, 30, 40 and 80-brake h.p. Our 48 page Illustrated Catalogue describes all of them fully and will interest you.

Remember Our Square Deal Policy.

One Price to Everyone, \$2850--F.O.B. Portage La Prairie.

A Liberal Discount for all Cash.

THE ORIGINAL KEROSENE TRACTOR

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

HART-PARR CO.,

**26 Main Street, Portage La Prairie,
Manitoba.**

HART-PARR CO., Saskatoon, Sask.

THE CHAPIN CO., Calgary. Agents for Alberta.

A Christmas Message to W. H. M. Readers

From John Henniker Heaton, M.P.



THE most heartfelt time in the life of the emigrant, father, mother, daughters, sons, sisters and brothers, is mail day—bringing so often a letter from Home!

It has been the joy of my life to bring about penny postage, that is, two cent postage with every part of the British Dominions and America.

My visit to Canada over a quarter of a century ago had as its object the establishment of penny postage between the two countries. I met with great sympathy, and it culminated in Canada doing itself the honor of proposing Imperial Penny Postage, and the Cape of Good Hope seconding the resolution in 1898.

I spent many of my early days in the Australian bush, among station hands, shepherds, stockmen, etc. The arrival of the mail from home was looked to with deep interest. We had heard over the camp fire on many a night the family life of the English, Irish and Scotch emigrants, and we took as much interest in the father, mother and sister of the stalwart station hand as if they were our own relatives.

Remittances.

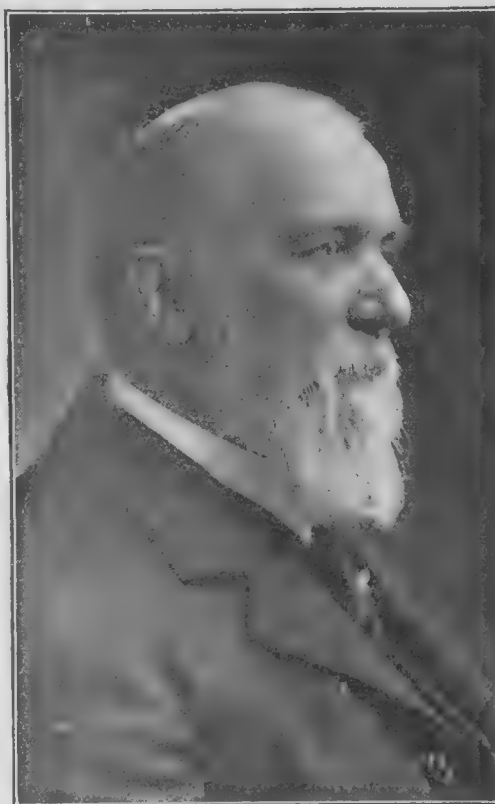
There is nothing so satisfactory or bearing such strong evidence of the love of home and kindred by the emigrants of Canada than their remittances to the old folks in the Mother Country.

These figures are hardly creditable, showing the extraordinary increase in money orders from five shillings to £10 in value sent ten years ago and today:

In 1901 the emigrants of Canada sent to Great Britain and Ireland, £218,228.

In 1910 they sent no less a sum than £1,161,741.

From sons and daughters to mothers and



fathers, from young fellows to bring out their brothers, sisters and sweethearts, the money orders are transmitted. The average value of the money order is £3 each.

Cheap Telegraphy.

What we now suffer from is the want of cheap telegraph communication, say 12 words a shilling, from Great Britain and Ireland to Canada. In Australia we send a telegram of 16 words for one shilling 7,500 miles—that is more than the distance from Great Britain and Ireland to Vancouver.

At present a Cable Combine keeps the

lines for the millionaires and not for the million. The carrying capacity of the 12 or 14 cables from England to America is 320 millions of words, yet only 22 million words are sent annually

To send a message at the present high rates would cost a working man a week's wages. God gave electricity for the use of the people; it is monopolized by two cable rings all over the earth.

Canada to-day stands in higher estimation of the people of Great Britain and Ireland than any other of the children of the Mother Country. I would place the Empires' children in the affection of the Mother Country in this order: 1, Canada; 2, New Zealand; 3, Australia; 4, South Africa. There is, of course, nothing in this to make the other children of the Empire jealous; but the nearness to the old country, the close preservation of all the traditions, go to make up this intenser love between Canada and the Old Country.

I would like to say something of the great teachers and leaders in Canada, and the newspaper press. Your leading public men are regarded with respect and honor in the old country, and are better speakers and orators than from any other portion of His Majesty's Dominions.

The newspapers are also high class, pure, honorable and beyond reproach. They exercise an enormous influence over the country.

To the "Western Home Monthly" I send these Christmas greetings; and I can hardly believe that such a good all-round paper—in printing, in thoroughly interesting reading matter, general news, mining, pastoral and agricultural, and well written stories, besides the most attractive advertisements could find its home in the Winnipeg I visited 30 years ago.

How The West Impresses

By Rev. Hector MacKay, B.A., B.D.

If the romance of the West is not yet exhausted for your readers, perhaps I may find your columns open to answer through them the one question with which each successive visitor or traveler seems to be greeted as he journeys. "What are your impressions of the West?" "How do you like Winnipeg?" "What do you think of Calgary?" Each place in succession, large and small alike, repeats the question, and are never tired of hearing. Impressions! A sense of oppression as of infinite spaces and endless possibilities. The very heavens seem stretched thin in order to cover the prairie vastnesses.

This consciousness of bigness and magnificence appears in the terms used to designate places and locations. The farms are sections, great blocks cut out of the limitless areas; the townships run in ranges—they parallel the Rockies in direction and surpass them in totality. The cities do not arrive by slow degrees at that enviable eminence so coveted by Eastern towns, they leap to it at a bound. There are, indeed, what would be called in Ontario, villages, but the name is disdained as something not belonging to the genius

of this great land. The farms are townships, the countries are kingdoms, in European measurements. Saskatchewan is just a province, nothing more. But is larger much than all Germany with its four kingdoms, ten or twelve duchies and grand-duchies, seven principalities and the acquired province of Alsace-Lorraine. It is larger by a still greater margin than all France. Saskatchewan and Alberta taken together—and one gasps at the idea—will overlay the entire area of Great Britain, France and Germany, and still have a square mile of land for three hundred and twenty-five households left over. Yet these countries number one hundred and fifty millions, while our two provinces do not yet muster one.

"Here," truly, in the words of Carlyle, "is an earth all lying round, crying, 'Come and till me, come and reap me.'"

The peoples, at last, have heard that call. The fertility and resources of our prairies are comparable only to this vastness. A distinguished journalist writing in "The Continent" says, "Cairo and all of Egypt that the traveler sees fairly enudes prosperity." The words are only a little less

true of our Western plains. And into these fertile and farflung fields the populations of the world are pouring: Finns, Lapps, Poles, Czechs, Danes, Swedes, Russian peasants and English lords. One almost feels alarm at this mongrel and multitudinous invasion mingling, striving, jostling for place and part therein.

Can we assimilate these masses? Will they learn our laws and language, will they espouse our ideals with our country? The school and the church must answer. They are the only and they are a sufficient solution. To-day they begin to weld in being wedded; to-morrow they will be fused in their offspring. The doughty Dave leads off a Highland lassie; a "remittance man" ties up his fortune with a Galician girl, the remittance having ceased. One of the nations to be in the making under our very eyes.

And who can doubt that it is destined to greatness? This fusion of hardy and thrifty races cannot but produce a virile type, worthy to be called Canadian, and proud to be so called. Opportunity invites; nature herself will at once assist and compel them to hardiness, virility and aggressive-

ness. Of course, there are drawbacks, but they have been surmounted, and will continue to be. In case of miners' strikes, the fuel situation becomes grave; in case of drought, the lack of water. But no matter. Hail sweeps down with wide destructive swath; frost nips the kernel of the wheat untimely. Rain may drown, drought may parch, heat may scorch, and does in places; yet these, not one nor all, can stay the steady stream of incoming peoples, nor stem the tides of ever increasing prosperity. The shack of poplar poles and brown sods makes a way for palace of cement block and Georgia pine, the prairie schooner for the automobile. And this in the space of a few years! Truly a great and magic land.

But there are dangers. The speculator holding large tracts of land unimproved levies a double toll; one, the while upon those actually at work improving their own property and opening up the country, the other at some future time when he unloads his holdings upon those who must pay

greatly enhanced prices. But the greater and greatest danger is a moral one. Life is more than land. Progress is more than palatial homes, large farms and swift cars. The material presses hard upon the spiritual. But we are full of hope. The Westerner is intelligent, whether old timer or new comer. This is particularly true of those from our own, older East, or from across the line. His is a frank nature, a generous hand. Colleges, schools of learning, remedial agencies spring up on every hand.

The cities, like the individual, have the ambition and the hopefulness of youth. They are all great in fancied possibilities, and many of them in what they have and are. Solidity, permanence, progress are their watchwords. Winnipeg, situated in mid-continent, and the gateway to what is itself a continent, fills the heart with admiration and the eye with wonder. Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon are no mean cities being

but just begun. Yet Winnipeg, in point of population, is larger than all these lumped into one. It can live and let live. A stone dropped into the pool makes some splutter where it falls, its ripple is not discernible at a hundred yards. Regina and Moose Jaw compete feverishly. But competition cannot operate at five hundred or a thousand miles.

Let no one say that travel across these great spaces is any longer monotonous or tedious, while all nature revels in fruitfulness and bloom. Even finest music palls. What endless roundelay of wheat and oats, of flax and barley, green and golden, purple and amber; leagues of virgin sod gray with its years, freshly turned dark earth in hundred and three hundred acre summer fallows! Here, visibly and audibly, if anywhere or ever, the fields clap their hands, they laugh and sing.

This is Canada's heritage and Canada's century.



A SINGLE SOAP FOR BOTH LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD—FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

MONDAY—that's wash day; then Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday each demand soap for their own particular purposes—and even on Sunday the dishes have to be washed.

Sunlight Soap is the household soap—the soap for every need of every housewife.

Sunlight Soap has in it just that quality tone to dissolve the dirt and wash all kinds of clothes pure and clean so that either hard or soft lukewarm water can be used.

There is no free alkali or chemicals in Sunlight to injure fabrics, hands, woodwork or anything on which it may be used; there are no unsaponified fats to leave grease or musty odors. Nor is there a single trace of foreign—bleaching or cleansing—acids of any kind in it; Sunlight is free from "loading" or "filling" materials. We will pay \$5,000 to anyone proving otherwise. That offer has been standing for years now—and no one has ever taken it up yet!



USE SUNLIGHT SOAP THIS WAY

Do not use boiling water with Sunlight Soap—lukewarm water is sufficient. Hot water weakens fabrics, removes paint and is liable to crack chinaware. For washing dishes, rinse well in hot water after washing—it will help to dry them quickly.

Sunlight Soap leaves clothes snow-white and clean-smelling without boiling or rubbing—leaves woodwork with all the pristine lustre that it had the day your house was built and with no blue, soapy scum over it—makes common glassware sparkle and glisten like cut-glass—washes every particle of grease from dishes and leaves them perfectly clean to dry without polishing until your arms are tired.

5c

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Present and Future.

Specially written for the W. H. M. by William Lutton.

Governments cannot save us, but a change of government may have a stimulating effect. There is a common belief that government is, in an occult way, allied with Providence. It is hard to realize that we can only be saved by a naked effort. We all like a little coddling, that is why government—for votes, builds that bridge which you should have built—for salvation. But with a new government, a new Governor General, whose name and connection, gives us an Imperial thrill, we make a fresh start. It is not the season for critical book-keeping. In an atmosphere redolent of plum pudding and cordial human warmth, no capacious creature must be allowed to disclose the cynic; but it is well to know that after the insistent excitement of a general election, the national silverware is safe. Government is only a temporary expedient, which will disappear when the corner policeman is no longer necessary, but it is well that before we sit down to our Christmas dinner, political issues affecting our life and destiny are decisively settled. The happy abandon of the old pagan festival, in a world which knew not the agonizing uncertainty of the stock market, may not be ours. We have a world to fashion in the new. We have the passion for bigness, born of vast and lonely spaces. In an earlier day, the individual was lost in the mass. There was no local paper; there was no contemporary historian; there was no urgent goad to the doing of things. But in this great Western world we have at once vital problems and the daring and the mental power to solve them, the individual bulls not merely because he makes a big fortune, but because he can stand forth, untrammelled, to do the individual things

which in a more cramped civilization he found impossible of accomplishment. Earl Grey has told us how he lived with the lumber Jack; how he spoke with the settler on the prairie; how he found the hopeful, the large individual expression amid conditions calculated, at the outset, to depress the most daring and stoical.

"Where do all the people go to?" the writer asked a leading C.P.R. official, as he watched a long procession of men, women and children entraining for the West. What becomes of them? How are they absorbed? Ah, that is the question. We do not know. They are swallowed up, they disappear, they make no bulk against the sky line—but they tell in the next year's crop report. They tell in the increased school roll. They tell in the little bits of muslin curtains which you see in the front windows of the shack.

There is a tragical interest in the growth of this great Western world—it is all new and plastic. It will bear any impress which strong and urgent mentality can place upon it. You have an amazing, ethical hodge-podge, representing, it might be said, every conceivable race and tongue on the globe. For the first time, they feel the overpowering thrill of ownership—they break up the soil—they sow their seed—they set up the home. It is made of soda, it is fashioned with rough logs, it is poor and pitiful, but here are the sanctities of life expressed. The English speaking settlers set them down a little wistfully. There is a sense of loneliness, a lump comes in the throat. Earl Grey tells how he came across English women, who, while trying to sing the old English songs, broke down. And if the newcomer is from that haunting town of "Lun-

non," nostalgia is necessarily extreme, for the heart turns to "Bow Bells" and "Seven Dials," and it might be sweet to starve within sight and sound of the music hall, but there is the prideful sense of ownership. There are the bright faces of the prairie flowers, there are the divine compulsions of glorious sunsets, there is the stimulating hope of independence. The shack becomes home—there are flowers in the windows—there are draperies which spell the recovered sense of life and living, material and spiritual hope. The young voices multiply. The school grows. A social life shows faint but hopeful beginnings. Out of the vastness is evolved a closer neighborhood, and familiar gossip saves the soul. And these formative and moulding processes are going on all over the West. The little cluster of houses becomes the village, is transmuted, as if by magic, into the town, the city, which savagely from the utilitarian point of view, but hopelessly from aesthetic considerations, darkens the pure light of the prairie. The public library puts a soul into materiality—the grace of education refines the coarser elements. The advent of educated women baptizes and redeems arid conditions, and always the cultivable area extends. A self contained people express a new and desirable contentment. The early hardships encourage the growth of virtue. The public spirit is born. The evolution of the politician is accomplished. The embryo statesman claims the regard. The nomad from the four corners of the earth feels the thrilling compulsion of citizenship. The blasts of winter search the humble cabin with shrill persistency, but there is warmth and cheer within. The crop has brought gain. The land rests. The great silence falls. Memories, precious as life itself, dear as remembered kisses after death, throng the mind. The heart swells. Across the waste of ocean comes the old longing, the dear old faces, the echoes of the old songs, the cadences of the "Merry Bells of Yule." There is a throb in the throat.

but here, too, are home and kindred, and happy faces in the new world, in which are possession and independence. There is "full and plenty," the distance makes the infrequent friend doubly welcome; the poignancy of experience makes the sacred season doubly precious.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Lord Strathcona, whose pre-vision is among his many invaluable qualities, sees in the near future, fifty million people in our great Commonwealth. That is not an exaggeration. The tendency is to belittle the present moment, and to over emphasize the centuries, because they cannot contradict you. But, however, inept, or indifferent, or hindering, governments may be, they cannot retard our progress. We are the last great unoccupied territory on the planet. The pressure of old world populations guarantees destiny. The yearning hope in the heart of oppressed and impoverished peoples for human betterment, under fair and wholesome conditions, books the space before the ship is on the stocks. The lure of a brand new world, all unspoiled; a world which is all in the making, is potent. It appeals to the imagination. It kindles the most stolid. The Briton is not dithyrambic, but even the national phlegm gives way to candid wonder. The "granary of the world" is a hackneyed phrase; actually and potentially, it has great significance. The villages become towns; the towns become cities; the ethnic diversity approaches a unified assimilation; the variety of types expresses a physical and mental homogeneity; in the crucible of time, in the attrition of daily experience, a single entity is educed from the many. A common sentiment is all dominant. A whole population thrills to one destiny. The Galician who kisses the naked earth in token of new found joy in individual

Make Your Purchases of Xmas Gifts by Mail at

Fairweather's

OUR splendid assortments offer ample choice in the most acceptable and appropriate gifts, while the fact that your gift comes from *Fairweather's* makes it doubly acceptable, because style as well as quality is assured.

Experienced shoppers everywhere place their confidence in our goods because half a century's experience have proven their absolute reliability



Ladies' Hudson Seal Coats
\$150 to \$400

Ladies' Persian Lamb Coats
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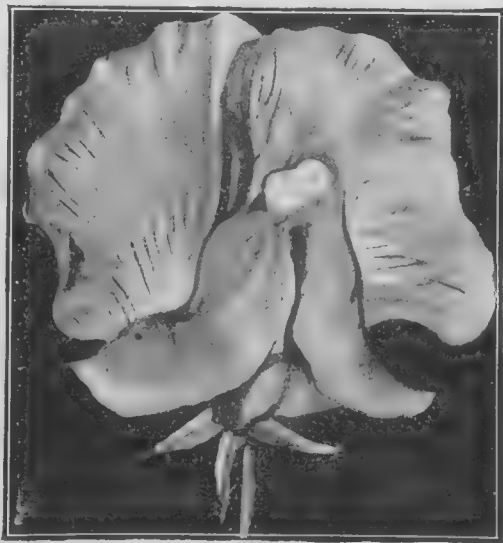
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humble it brings richer joys, for satiety knows no piquancy of delight. As we gather round the smoking board, thankful for the friends into whose loving faces God has permitted us to look, wistful, it may be, for those other faces which we shall only see again when we cross the great Divide, conscious of the hush, but also of the simple happiness of the Christmas season. Let us feel something of the spirit of Him who came to bring peace and goodwill to a world which can only be saved by that greatest thing in the world—love. Hopeful, eager, courageous under trial, confident of the future—let us breathe the aspiration of "Tiny Tim"—God bless us everyone.

Christmas as it is Celebrated in many Lands.

By Addie Farrar.

As customs of all kinds vary in different lands, so particularly does the celebrating of the greatest religious festival day of the Christian era, the nativity of Our Saviour. Christmas is always an interesting time, but one could almost say that in the Holy Land it is more so than anywhere else. For one who has seen Christmas celebrated there it is a time never to be forgotten, for thousands of people then journey to Palestine to witness and to take part in the various odd religious ceremonies held there. Nearly everyone makes their headquarters at Jerusalem, and on Christmas morning they rise early, usually with the sun, and begin their journey to Bethlehem, which lies almost due south of Jerusalem to attend the services held in that village in a stable above the image of the Christ Child. It is a wonderful sight to see the crowds of people streaming along the ancient thoroughfare, some on horses, some on foot and many in carriages, all bound for one place, the birthplace of Christ. It is a sight that is not witnessed under similar conditions anywhere else, this gathering, as one might say, of the world, for it is a fact at this time almost every nation under the sun is represented, and as many of the guests are dressed in their national garb, the sight is more wonderful still.

Perhaps in Italy, more than in any other country outside Jerusalem, religion dominates the observance of Christmas. The most striking is the representation of the "Presepio," Holy Manger, in the churches, and in many of the homes of the wealthy and by the wayside in the poorer villages. In many instances living groups instead of sculptured groups are used to depict the nativity. In each appears the Holy Babe, Mary, Joseph, the Magi, and the Shepherds. Sacred music adds to the impressiveness of the tableau, and the devotion aroused by the people is most genuine.

In some of the rural districts the head of the village will come to this shrine attired in special garments and surrounded by a great crowd will offer to the Infant Saviour a pot of steaming soup. At the foot of the improvised altar worshippers set upon a carpet, jars filled with water which they reclaim on the morrow and use as pious presents on New Year's day. Young women give a drink of this water to their betrothed lovers and believe that the quaffing of it is equivalent to a sacred promise that he will be a faithful loving husband.

The Christmas tree plays no part in the Italian celebration, but, incongruous as it may seem, the Yule Log is burned, and its sparks and ashes are supposed to bring good luck. After attending mass on Christmas eve, there is served a supper of eels, vermicelli, and periwinkles, and next day there is a great feast, the big feature of which is called a "plum pudding cake," a sweet pudding which is a cross between a rich cake and richer pudding.

It is a curious fact that Holland does not observe Christmas at all, except as an ordinary holiday, or rather Sunday. It is the day of St. Nicholas, on Decem-

ber 6, when the patron saint of childhood goes about on his white horse to bring presents to deserving children, that corresponds to Christmas in our land. Over night the little Dutch children leave carrots on the hearth for the steel, and the next morning they are apt to find that he has eaten the carrots and left pretty presents in their stead. Shoes instead of stockings are hung about the chimney and are mysteriously filled. St. Nicholas is said to be attended by a black boy, a sneaking, prying, disagreeable boy, who is given to lurking about the houses all the year round that he may report to St. Nick how the children have been behaving themselves. Those who are bad get no gifts and neither will St. Nicholas eat their carrots.

In Denmark and Norway some strange customs, relics of pagan times, are still observed. Grain is used to deck gateways and gables and the roofs of cottages just as in heathen days they were so disposed to feed Wodan's mighty horse as he bore his master about, but now the children say it is for the birds. Great are the celebrations of the Christmas eve, and a big supper is then spread with the cakes that the housewife has been busy making for weeks and a big bowl of punch to finish. The Christmas tree is almost general in all parts, and presents are hung on the tree instead of being left over night.

The Russians do not celebrate the 25th of December but the 6th, 7th and 8th of January. Presents are exchanged on Christmas eve, January 6th, and the feast is on Christmas Day, January 7th. No work is done on these three days excepting such as is absolutely necessary. The Russians have no Santa Claus nor any other good fairy to take his place, who is supposed to bring good children gifts on this day, but they do have a Christmas tree, and this tree is most gorgeously decorated and lighted. These Christmas trees, however, are had only in the homes, for to have one in a church would be indeed a sacrilege. Their Christmas is one of religious observances and feasting mostly. It is at Easter that the Russian really celebrates what seems to be a Christmas to us, for then gifts are exchanged by every one.

Christmas is a great festival day in Germany, and the German child looks forward to it for months. As soon as the summer holidays are over the German fancy turns to thoughts of "Weihnachten" (Christmas), and while the children make out long lists of wanted gifts and enclose them in envelopes addressed to the "Christkind," the girls and women organize coffee parties, and while their tongues fly so do their needles as they work on the gifts for Christmas day. There is always a gift being made for every member of the family, all the poor and lonely relations, the aunts and cousins, even to the third degree being remembered.

On Christmas eve all the family, including even invited poor and distant relatives will assemble, and after formal greetings, there will be semi-religious services with hymn singing, etc. When all is in readiness in the room next to

the one in which the assembly takes place, a bell will ring three times and the folding doors will slide back (for nearly all German houses have their rooms so arranged and will reveal a glittering tree. The Christmas tree in Germany is regarded with something like awe, not

only by the children but by the grown ups as well. It is seen through a mist of lore and tradition that transforms it into something sacred and each invited guest to a German Christmas party, be he ever so humble, will have at his own poor little home a Christmas tree, too.

Perhaps the scene of the most brilliant Christmas festival in Europe is at the Royal Palace at Potsdam, Germany, where the Kaiser celebrates it in a manner befitting the monarch of Germany, where Santa Claus comes to every house with gifts, and where even the very

criminals are provided with Christmas trees and gifts. On the afternoon of Christmas eve the Kaiser and his sons walk about the neighborhood of the palace giving Christmas boxes to all the poor folk they chance to meet, wishing them "Gluckluk Feitag" (a happy Christ-

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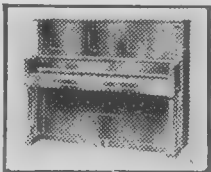
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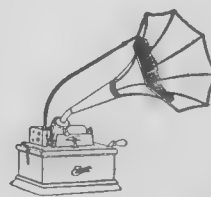
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mas), and on every beggar he meets the Kaiser bestows a silver coin.

In the palace, in an apartment known as the hall of shells, are the Christmas trees, two enormous ones for the Emperor and Empress, and smaller ones for the children and grandchildren, graduating in size according to their respective ages. With the lighting of these trees royalty is forgotten and the Emperor once again becomes a boy, while presents are exchanged and carols sung and games played, just as in the homes of his humblest subjects.

In some of the more remote parts of Germany and the provinces, religious services are held in the stables to commemorate the birth of Christ, and the processions go through the streets at midnight on Christmas eve.

One point of peculiarity in Germany is that the celebration always takes place on Christmas eve instead of Christmas proper. The celebration begins just after sunset on December 24th. and concludes on the same evening. Christmas day is simply a national holiday. On this day all the theatres and places of amusement are closed and it is like Sunday.

The "Heilige Nacht," as Christmas eve is called, is celebrated essentially the same in every German family from the royal house down to the humblest peasant. First the family gather around the Christmas tree and sing one or two carols, the beautiful "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" always leading. The husband then embraces and kisses his wife and the children, and then the children kiss their parents and one another, and all the friends and relatives present embrace and kiss. In short there is a general epidemic of kissing and embracing. Then some member of the family, disguised as Kriss Kringle, appears and distributes the presents from the tree. One point in favor of the German Christmas is that every German household boasts a tree at this holiday, even if it be only a branch

stuck into a flower pot, decorated with colored paper and a few candles.

Far different from the German way is the joyous abandon with which Paris celebrates Christmas, especially Christmas eve. The Revillon services in the Madeleine, Trinite, Notre Dame and other churches are thronged with people, and at the close of these services all Paris seems to rush onto the boulevards to join in the joyous, boisterous merriment of the Christmas fair. Neither age nor rank is exempted, and the clearer the night the greater and more furious the fun, when everybody speaks to everybody, rich and poor, old or young. On Christmas the shops are opened as usual and all the places of amusement are thronged, and at night the boulevards are again alive with crowds of merry-makers.

At Sandringham, King George and Queen Mary do their best, as did good Queen Victoria and King Edward, her son, to preserve the traditions of the old time English Christmas day. They are always served with boars' head, a baron of beef and a gigantic plum pudding crowned with holly and brought in afire. The boar's head, which is usually a present to the King from the Kaiser, is laid upon a silver dish with its tusks highly polished, and is carried shoulder high into the dining room, at which time the old carol,

"The King's boars' head in hand bring I,

Bedecked with bay and rosemary,
And, I pray you, good people, be merry."

is sung.

Even to this day in parts of rural England, Yorkshire, and some of the northern countries, bands of children go about carrying with them a rude travesty of the nativity in the form of a big doll, decked out with holly and mistletoe, singing, "Here we come a was-salling," which may be literally inter-

preted as requests for pennies. The Christmas card is more prevalent in England than anywhere else, and in case of grown ups takes the place of a present, the gift giving being more confined there to the children and the immediate family.

The idea that the American Indian does not celebrate Christmas is decidedly erroneous. From their white brothers through, the teachings of the missionaries in the United States and Canada, and the government schools, the Indian has learned to celebrate Christmas, and he does it in a typical way. Among the Pueblo Indians, the Christmas celebration is a curious mixture of Christmas and pagan customs. They attend church in the morning, have feasts and then manifest their instinctive traits by having fantastic dances that continue for half a week. At this Christmas dance those who have long ago discarded the old Indian dress will appear gorgeously apparelled in true Indian fashion, war paint, plumes, silver, belts, bead work, moccasins, bracelets, etc. Clay images of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., made by the women are carried to the fields for the purpose of guarding the owners of the stock from harm and from evil spirits during the coming year.

The Nee Perces attend the midnight mass and then hold huge bonfires and gather round while addresses are made by the heads of the tribe. The Moki tribe of Arizona have odd ceremonials, many of which are performed in secret. They dance, chant, and feast, and use certain fetiches to drive evil spirits away. The Sioux have great feasts and Christmas trees gorgeously decorated, and celebrate more in the Christian way than any other tribe except the Kiowas, the Osages and Poncas. The Shoshone Indian looks upon the day as one of feasting, and if he can, usually ends up by getting too much "fire water," and a most hilarious drunk on.

"Like Mother used to make."

You can talk about the good things
That are on the bill o' fare,
In the swell cafe across the way
Where sups the millionaire,
But to me there's just one standard.
Be it pie or be it cake,
And it's hard to find, for it's the kind
That mother used to make.

When I see the poor dyspeptic
Shake his head and heave a sigh
At the tasty tart or pastry,
Or delicious raisin pie;
I say "O, you poor fellow!
Would you like to shake your aches?
Then have a bite of stuff made right,
The kind that mother makes."

There are times when I am lonely,
And perhaps a trifle blue,
When the sky's not clear and things are
drear,

And I am hungry too.
Then a cravin' overtakes me.
Kind o' makes my in'ards ache,
And I long to crunch a tasty lunch
Like moth' used to make.

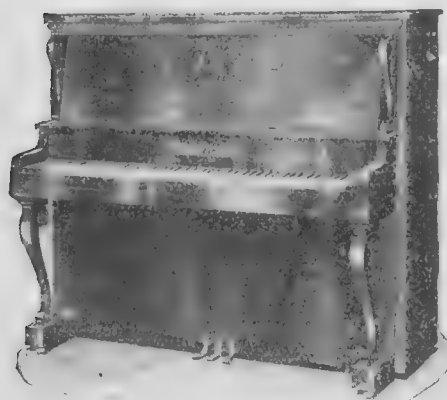
Just around the Christmas season
All my thoughts are thoughts of home,
And the scenes most dear again are near,
No matter where I roam;
And the appetite of childhood
Once again seems wide awake;
"O, to have a treat of things to eat
Like mother used to make!"

—F. Bayard Hamilton,
Winnipeg, Man.

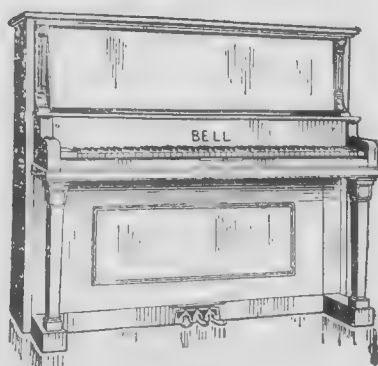
A Toast: Mair freends, and less
need o' them!

A Scotch paper says:..Deep down in
every woman's heart is the craving to
be wanted by some one; the desire to
be found necessary to some one. And,
not having gods or angels to pick from,
she is content with man.

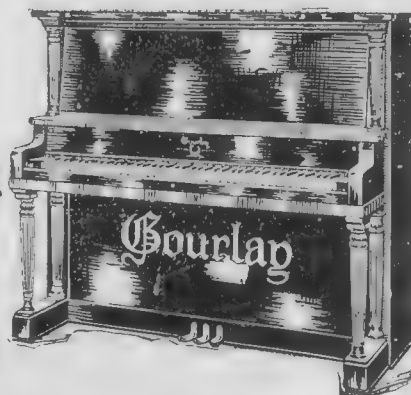
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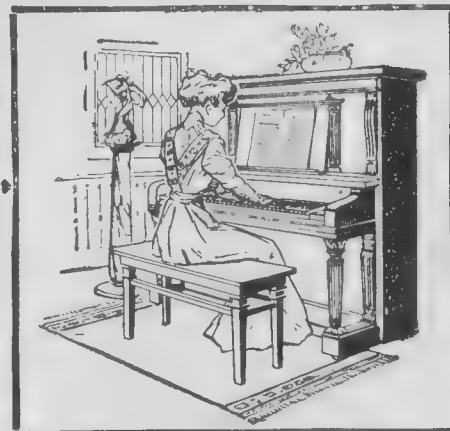
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A Christmas Episode. By Lucy Hardy.



ALONE farm-house on the bleak Cornish seaboard would scarcely appear the most cheerful locale in which to spend Christmas, but I had elected to spend my last year's Yuletide there. I lighted upon Gradle Farm in the course of an autumn sketching expedition, and found my quarters so comfortable and the coast scenery in the neighborhood so attractive that I lingered on month after month, daily finding fresh subjects for my pencil, daily reluctant to say "good-bye" to my kindly, humble hostess. So December 24th, 1908, found me still a lodger at the farm. I had been there so long as to be considered "almost one of the family," as the kindly mistress of the house remarked, and to be invited on the cheerless winter evenings to forsake the dignified solitude of the little "parlor," especially consecrated to my use, and to join the household in the roomy, cosy old kitchen, where we sat beside the glowing hearth with its snug chimney-corner recesses, and roasted nuts and potatoes amid the embers, and listened to marvellous legends and ghost stories, of which Mrs. Tregarth possessed an inexhaustible store. The farm household consisted of this good dame, her son, a quiet young man about twenty-eight, who worked harder than any paid laborer on the farm, and a bonnie dark-eyed lassie, some fourteen years old, Jenny Wilson, Mrs. Tregarth's only grandchild. I had not long been at the farm before I heard the story of a domestic sorrow. Mrs. Tregarth's only daughter, a beautiful and spoiled girl, had run away from her home some fifteen years before with a young man of higher rank than her own, who was visiting the neighborhood on a vacation tour. Horace Wilson's flatteries had fairly turned the head of pretty, giddy Molly Tregarth, and she eloped with him on the very eve of her marriage with a steady, respectable young fisherman, who had been "queer" ever since, so the neighbors said, living a hermit's life in the neat cottage he had once furnished for his bride; and save to attend the services at the local Methodist chapel (where he himself occasionally "held forth" to the admiration of the listeners), eschewing the society of his kind.

"Poor Joel, a do feel for him," remarked Mrs. Tregarth; "he drops in here sometimes for an evening and sits and looks, and looks at our Jenny—as is her mother's very image—and then he'll just give a bitter sigh and walk out. The poor fellow seems so 'mazed' like, that I often wonder if he don't take Jenny for her mother over again. Well, anyway, Joel has all his brains for his fishing work, and when he holds forth, which he do sometimes at the chapel, it's grand to hear him."

And, indeed, sauntering past the little "Zion" one Sunday evening, I had halted without to listen to the rough eloquence of the fisherman, whose tall figure was familiar to me as that of an occasional "dropper-in" at the farm; although since I had been a guest there his visits had been of the rarest, "for Joel he can't abide strangers," Mrs. Tregarth had explained; and remembering what havoc "a stranger" had once made of poor Joel's hopes, I accepted the explanation and bore with patience the scowls with which the fisherman surveyed me if he found me in the farmhouse kitchen.

About seven years after her daughter's luckless marriage, Mrs. Tregarth received the news that Molly was dead, leaving one child, a girl; and the selfish father was only too glad to rid himself of the charge of the little one by consigning her to the care of her humble kinsfolk. He readily sent the child to the Cornish farmhouse and then disappeared from the Tregarths' ken; and Mrs. Tregarth was thankful that he had done so and thus enabled her to keep

her darling's child as her own. Little Jenny had grown up into a bonny, winsome maiden, adored by grandmother and uncle. The little girl and I were great friends, and I was almost as much grieved as were her own relatives when, about a fortnight before Christmas, Jenny was taken seriously ill—so ill as to cause grave anxiety. The child rallied again, but a relapse occurred upon Christmas Eve. Young Tregarth had gone to spend the evening with some neighbors at a distance, and when Mrs. Tregarth came to me in floods of tears to announce that "the little maid be took worse than ever," the invalid, her grandmother, a small serving maid, and myself were the only inmates of the house. My offer to go at once for the doctor was gratefully accepted by Mrs. Tregarth, so I hastily wrapped up and started on the three miles walk.

"Haden't you better go by the road-way, sir?" Mrs. Tregarth called after me.

"And add on nearly a mile to the way? No; on a bright, clear night like this the cliff path is safe enough," and I strode along, making for the path which skirted along the edge of the cliffs—a dangerous track, perhaps, on a snowy or misty night, but safe enough now, with the moonlight gleaming brightly upon the sea and shore, and lighting up the large white stones which were placed along the path at intervals to serve as guides to the traveller in less favorable weather. I hurried along, too anxious to reach my destination to pause to note the beauty of the quiet scene around, when I heard footsteps behind me. Thinking it might be a messenger from the farm, I turned my head and beheld Joel the fisherman.

"Good evening!" I said; but the man vouchsafed no reply to my remark, pulled his hat down further over his eyes, and strode along by me in gloomy silence.

"You will be sorry to hear that your little friend Jenny Wilson is worse this evening, and that I am on the road to fetch the doctor," I said, feeling the silence becoming oppressive.

The man did not answer for a moment, then suddenly turned and faced me with outstretched arms. "Have you yet repented of your sins?" he asked, fiercely.

It was an extraordinary question; but I remembered the man's reputation as a local preacher, and imagined that his mind was possibly still running upon some recent "revival" service. So I made some commonplace reply, and attempted to walk on; but Joel still barred the way.

"Have you yet repented, I ask you?" he said, in stern, hoarse tones; "because, if not, your time for it is short!"

A sudden thrill of terror seized me, as I recognized that I was alone, upon a solitary Cornish cliff, miles away from any human habitation, with a man who was palpably of unsound mind. I remembered Mrs. Tregarth had described Joel as "queer" at times; and now, as the man stood towering before me, a tall, powerful figure, with outspread arms and wild eyes, there was no question of his absolute insanity.

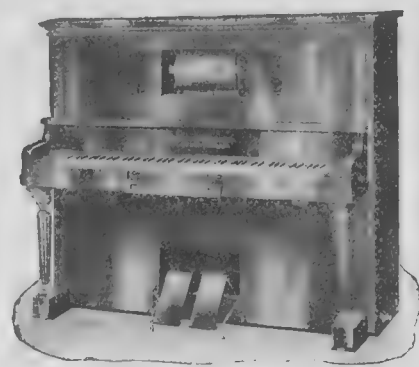
"You are delaying me on my journey for the doctor, and I am sure you would not wish to do that, for Jenny's sake," I said gently.

Joel burst into a hoarse, mocking laugh. "For Jenny's sake! Jenny as they call my Molly now! But I know her, and I know you, Horace Wilson, though you fancy I do not; you have come back here again to ruin my darling, body and soul, as you did once before."

"He takes me for his old rival," I thought, with a thrill of terror.

"See here!" went on the man, clutching my arm, "I have for years longed and prayed that you should be delivered into my hands, and my prayer is granted to-night. Look!" and he pointed to the surging billows below; "in another moment or two you will be lying beneath those waves!"

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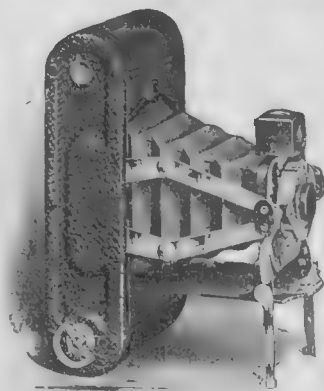
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I vainly tried to speak soothingly to the lunatic, or to persuade him of my real identity; his distracted brain had firmly taken up the idea that I was Horace Wilson in some altered form.

"The time is over, and the hour is come!" cried the maniac at length, springing on me, and striving to thrust me off the narrow pathway into the sea below. Joel was a powerfully-built man of more than double my strength, but despair gives power to the weakest, and I fought desperately against the iron grasp which was pressing me backwards over the cliff's edge, while I shouted with all my force for the help which, alas! I knew was never likely to come. We struggled desperately for a moment or two, then the crumbling edge of the cliff suddenly gave way, and we both fell—provisionally not on the rocks of the shore, but on a small oasis of green-sward which jutted out many feet below where we had been working. For a moment I was stunned by the fall, then recovered myself and attempted to rise, but an agonizing pain in one foot showed me that I had either broken or sprained my ankle, and I fell back helpless. Joel who had apparently escaped unhurt, was sitting beside me with a strange, rapt look on his rugged face.

"It is a miracle!" he said, as if speaking to himself, "and it may be that a sign is given me. Not by my hand, perchance, is he to meet his doom," and he sat musing for a while, his lips moving as if in secret communing.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly; "an inward light has been



Patchy.

given me!" and he carefully raised me in his arms and bore me down to the shore; passing along a narrow winding path which at this place led down to the beach. My heart beat with hope—but only for a moment. My bearer deposited me upon some large rocks, not far from where the Atlantic rollers were beating.

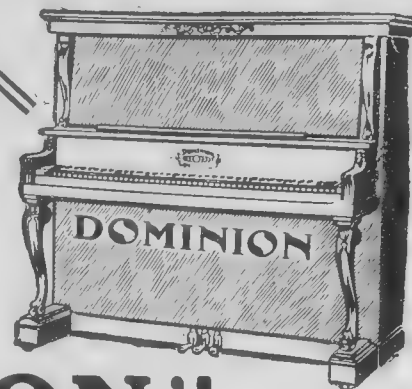
"Here," he said solemnly, "it has been revealed to me that I am to leave you; and it is the waves of the sea, and not the hand of man, which are to execute judgment upon you."

In a moment I recognized my awful fate—crippled and helpless, I was to be left to perish by the rapidly advancing tide. The lunatic bound me with handkerchiefs, placed me in a rocky recess, and then, with one last grim warning to "repent," turned and ran swiftly up the cliff path, leaving me alone, while louder and closer came the regular "roll" of the Atlantic billows, beating inward towards the coast, and towards me.

How often had I, lounging on the cliffs, delighted in the sound of that steady beat and swell; but now! The waves were coming nearer; already some flakes of spray were falling upon my face; in another minute or two I could catch a glimpse of the white crests of the billows. Oh, agony! to lie thus bound and helpless, waiting for death; but I was as powerless as an infant,

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with the double shackles of my injury and my bonds.

So the cruel waves crept swiftly nearer and nearer, until one broke over me, and drenched me as I lay; and then others came swiftly, until I knew no more.

"Raise his head a little; give me the brandy-flask again; aye, he'll do now." Such were the first words that fell upon my ear, as I awoke to find myself the centre of an excited group of men provided with lanterns, while the old doctor was kneeling by my side, holding some brandy to my lips.

"Where? How?" I began; but the doctor promptly silenced me.

"You are to keep perfectly quiet," he said with decision. "Now, men, quick here with the hurdle;" and carefully wrapped in blankets, I was placed upon this primitive ambulance and carried back to the farm, where I lay for several weeks struggling between life and death in the throes of a fever brought on by the shock and exposure. It was only during my convalescence that I heard the full particulars of my escape.

It so happened that soon after I had started on my errand, the doctor, who had been summoned to a sick woman not far from the farm, had looked in to see how Jenny was progressing. Mrs. Tregarth's son, who had just returned home, was consequently at once dispatched to overtake me if possible. As the young man had hurried along the cliffs he had met Joel "looking queerer than ever, and muttering to himself that 'the Lord would avenge him of his enemy.'" The broken cliff pathway, which bore unmistakable signs of a struggle, coupled with Joel's strange manner, had aroused young Tregarth's suspicions; he had hurried down to the shore, and succeeded in discovering and rescuing me, but only just in time.

Western Verse.

Canada.

By M. E. Ryman, Milk River, Alta.

They call me "The Lady of the Snow,"
When I don my robes of ermine, white.
My auroral crown upon my brow,
And my rivers dressed in armor, bright,

They call me "the Lady of the Loaves."
When the golden grain like a river
flows,

A "Teaser"

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Pure Food Factories
Battle Creek, Mich.

When fatted cattle dot hill and plain,
And the fruit trees bend like well
sprung bows.

But my children, wherever they may
roam.

From mountain peak to wave girt reef,
Look back to me as "the Mother of
Home"

"The Land of the Maple Leaf."

My Heart's Like a Sieve.

Alack, now, 'tis hard to be coortin' a
maid

Who flouts every word that a poor man
has said.

Who tosses her head and walks airy by,
Nor deigns me a glance from the blue of
her eye.

Then, faith me I'll stop it and coort her
no more.

But hould my head high when I pass
by her door,

And show Mistress Katie a man I will be.
Who can find me another as fair like as
she.

I'll send for my cousin from ould Bally-
clare

To stay wid me mother and me over
there;

I'll take her to meetin', we'll wait by the
stile.

And Katie shall have not the ghost of a
smile.

An' faith but I did it, an' throe as you
live

'Tis my cousin I love, sure my heart's
like a sieve.

But this last bit of beauty will never
pass through,

Begorra, 'tis strange what a maid's smile
can do.

Mistress Katie has now an' ould gallant
from Lee.

She'll wed him 'tis said, for with gould
he is free.

My cousin now waits me in ould Bally-
clare,

An' has promised to wed me the day of
the fair.

Autumn Passing.

O, autumn wind, whisper low, why are
you crying,
What is your sorrow, and why do
you moan?

With tear-drops still falling, as autumn
replying,
While leafless trees echoed in low
monotone.

"My flowers are all dead, by their
graves I am weeping,
The winds chant my grief as onward
they go,

While by my dead children my sad
watch still keeping,
Some late bird is wailing a requiem
low.

"I feel all my vigor and bright way de-
parting,
Soon, all too soon, I my sceptre must
yield.

Winter's chill minions tell me his con-
quest is starting,
My reign will be ended o'er forest
and field."

Then a voice whispered softly and full
of sweet chiding,
The wind paused to hear and caught
the refrain.

In field, and in forest, and orchard con-
fiding,
They echoed the message again and
again:

"Think not of death but, of new joy
awakening,
Think of thy fruitage all garnered in
store.

Think of thy glories in spring-time out-
breaking,
Think of thy mercies, and weep then
no more."

Then from the mists there came a faint
sighing,

They lifted, and autumn with calm,
cheering grace,

A hymn of thanksgiving she chanted
while dying,

A mantle of snow-flakes then wrap-
ped her dead face.

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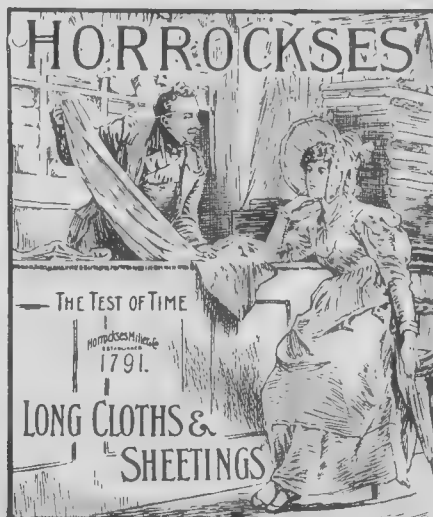
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The Origin of Christmas Customs.

Forgotten Meanings of Yule-Tide. By Edgar S. Nash.

There are a few things in existence to-day which have not been changed or moulded in the hands of Progress. One by one legends and customs have been disproved and overthrown, yet none have dared attack the legends and the customs sacred to Christmas-tide. Here and there a savant has tried to prove that December 25th does not mark the birthday of Christ. Men and women read, smile, and pass on.

The time of year corresponding to our Christmas-tide has always been a period of rejoicing. It marks the winter solstice. The days begin to lengthen, and the sun no longer journeys away from the earth, but enters upon his return. It is a promise of renewed light and warmth, of the approach of the summer days, and men hail these signs with every expression of gladness.

In Rome, the Saturnalia, or feast of Saturn, fell at about the same time as our Christmas, and it marked the greatest festival of the Roman year. The city abandoned itself to gaiety. Unbounded license held sway; universal mirth was the order of the day; friends feasted, friends, and foes were reconciled. There were no slaves, no masters; all social distinctions were laid aside. Work was stopped throughout the city, and no war was ever entered upon at this time.

The tree as the emblem of life also figured conspicuously in the earlier religions. In Egypt the palm tree put forth a new shoot each month, and at the time of the winter solstice it was the custom among the Egyptians to decorate the houses with a branch of palm bearing twelve shoots. In Rome the fir tree was regarded with veneration, and during the Saturnalian festivities the halls and houses were hung with evergreen boughs.

In England, in the days of the Druids, the houses were decked with evergreens in order that the sylvan spirits might repair to their grateful shelter and remain protected from the nipping frost and icy winter winds.

Farther to the north the wild Teuton tribes worshipped their god in wooded places, and looked upon the fir trees as his sacred emblem. The period corresponding to the Roman Saturnalia was the festival of Thor. This festival, like the Roman feast, was given over to the most barbaric pleasures and the wildest form of enjoyment. Among these peoples the festivity was known as Yule-tide.

When Christianity spread abroad, men knew that in the story of Christ's nativity was realized what they in their blindness had striven to typify. So they adapted the old customs of their ancestors to the new order of things.

Among Northern European tribes a great fir tree was set up in each household at Christmas-tide. At its base were placed representations of Adam and Eve; in the branches coiled the Serpent, and on the topmost bough gleamed a candle, symbolizing the Light of the World, through whom alone was victory over the Serpent possible. Later in history the tree was more profusely decorated with gaudy knick-knacks, all of which were at first symbolical. But the children were not allowed to see the tree till Christmas morning.

To account for its appearance there, the parents used to tell the children a Chaldean legend. Years ago it was the custom for every Saxon household to burn the Yule log on Christmas Eve. This was a great knarled root or tree trunk, cut the day before Christmas and brought into the hall on Christmas Eve with great ceremony, and accompanied with music. Each member of the household would sing a Yule song, standing on the centre of the log.

Then an attempt was made to drive the Yule log into the great hall, as if it were a stubborn horse. The cry was given that the "dun" refused to move, and the whole company was summoned. All took a hand, and with loud shouting,

dragged it to the great fireplace. It was lighted with the charred remnant of the former year's log, which had been carefully preserved for this occasion, and which was supposed to insure the house against ill luck.

The children were told that during the night the Yule log gave birth to the Christmas tree which they found in the hall on Christmas morning loaded with gifts.

The Christmas tree was introduced into England by Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria. From the palace the custom spread, until now the Christmas tree is a necessary feature of an English Christmas.

In Germany and other European countries it was believed by the children that the tree glittering with candles and bright baubles, and the gifts found beneath the tree, were the work of jolly old Saint Nicholas, Sant Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as we know him. This kindly saint was no legendary character. He lived about 300 A.D., and was a noted Bishop of Asia Minor. He was looked upon as the patron saint of generosity because of his liberality.

Three daughters of a poor nobleman could not marry as advantageously as they should because their father could give them no dowry. But one night one of the daughters found in her room a purse, shaped like a stocking, filled with gold, evidently thrown in the window by some one from without. The next night the second daughter found a purse in her room, and on the third night the father caught Saint Nicholas in the act of throwing the third purse in the window.

From that story originated the custom of hanging up the stockings on Christmas Eve. Thereafter the young girls at the convent schools would hang their stockings on the door of the Mother Superior's room on Saint Nicholas night. On the following morning they would be found filled with gifts and dainties, and a little hint from Saint Nicholas as to

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

the appearance and character of their future husbands.

Saint Nicholas is the patron saint of Russia, and his festival used to be celebrated earlier in December than the 25th, but now his name is synonymous with Christmas festivities. In parts of Europe he is known as "Pelsnichol," or Nicholas with the fur, because he is supposed to be clad in furs from head to foot.

The idea of Saint Nicholas travelling in a sleigh drawn by reindeer originated in the cold northern countries. The reindeer were the swiftest animals known, and they must needs fly like the wind to carry Saint Nick the rounds of the world in one night.

In certain parts of Germany it was commonly held that on Christmas Eve the Christ-child—Kriss Kindlein, or Kriss Kingle—visited earth, and, as He passed over the houses, dropped gifts through the roof for the deserving and the good.

But aside from the customs which relate to gifts and the spirit of giving at Christmastide, there are several observances which are indissolubly linked with this time.

Christmas is never Christmas without the holly wreath and the mistletoe. Christians venerated the holly, or holy tree, because to them the little thorny leaves and red berries made in a wreath typifies the crown of thorns and the bloody drops. Doubtless they introduced this solemn reminder at the joyous festival in order not to forget the sacredness of the occasion in the general festivities.

The mistle bush, mistletod—or mistletoe, as we know it—owes its use as a festal decoration to pagan times. According to the Scandinavian legend, Baldur, the most beloved of all the gods, had a premonition that death impended. Thereupon, his mother, Frigga, besought everything that was begotten of earth, air, fire or water to swear not to harm her son.

But in her request she overlooked the insignificant little mistletoe. Loki, the god of destruction, disguised as an old

woman, visited Frigga, and, learning of her oversight, hurried back to where the gods were assembled. There they were amusing themselves by hurling all manner of missiles at Baldur, and all were turned aside. But Loki, with an arrow made of mistletoe, pierced Baldur's heart.

In reparation, the mistletoe was given to Frigga to do as she saw fit, provided it touched not earth. And she, to show that she bore no ill will, hung it up, and every one who passed under it received a kiss as a token that, instead of hatred and jealousy, the mistletoe now stood for love and forgiveness.

Among the Celtic nations the mistletoe was an object of veneration, and at the festival of the winter solstice the Prince of the Druids himself cut a bough of it. The people were assembled, and then were led to the woods by the priests, who drove in advance of the company two snow white bullocks. When the oak tree was found which bore the mistletoe, the plant was cut with a golden sickle, and the bullocks sacrificed.

At present it is the custom for the young men to carry out the doctrine taught by the Scandinavian myth and print a smacking kiss on the lips of any maiden thoughtless enough to stand beneath the suspended mistletoe bough. But for every such kiss one of the white berries of the mistletoe must be removed, and when all the berries have been kissed away the spell is broken.

Almost as important as the gift giving and gift receiving on Christmas Day is the feast of dainties spread on that festal occasion. But even the Christmas dinner has its origin in the dim distant past. Feasts were always the accompaniment of any festival. In Egypt, at the winter solstice, every family killed and ate a goose as a religious observance.

In the hieroglyphic language of the Egyptian, the figure of a goose was the word "child." The people had noticed that the goose was remarkable for the

way in which it protected its young, hence it was looked upon as the symbol of great love—that love, which is willing to sacrifice itself for the object of its affection. This trait was also believed to belong to the god they worshipped, so the Egyptians celebrated this festival by killing and eating a goose.

We preserve the custom of eating fowl on this day, but the toothsome turkey has more generally supplanted the goose. The plum pudding as a dish in the Christmas feast has its meaning. The number and richness of its ingredients represented the rich gifts which the Kings laid at the feet of the child Jesus.

In earlier days the mince pie, then a pastry dish, filled with forced meat and fruits, was made box-shaped, to typify the manger in which the Child had lain.

The celebration of Christmas-tide is as old as the human race, and many of the customs have lost their origin in the hazy past. We preserve and hand down these customs because we respect their age. But pagan customs have survived in our Christmas festival, not so much because of their age, as because it was necessary to preserve them.

When Christianity was in its infancy, men who embraced it refused to give up the old festivals, so in view of the great end to be obtained, the leaders of the early church allowed these customs and festivities to stand, but sought to put into them some Christian significance and meaning.

But to such strict sectarians as the Puritans and the Quakers in England the Christmas festivities appeared to be little better than pagan orgies. These worthy people thoroughly discounted the festival, and when the Quakers came to found a state in the New World, they made rigid rules against any such form of festivity.

The Dutch colonists, however, were enthusiastic in their observance of Christmas-tide, and, though far from home, they celebrated the happy time in the old way. From the Dutch colonists in

America spread the Christmas cheer, and the frowns and the resolutions of the staid Puritan and Quaker colonists availed nothing against the infectious spirit of Christmas cheer and good will which the Dutch brought into the new country.

Alum an unseen danger in food.

Noted food scientists have decided that alum is an unseen danger in food, and as a result of their investigations, rigorous laws have been enacted and are now being vigorously enforced in England, France and Germany, prohibiting the use of alum in foods.

Until suitable laws are passed in Canada prohibiting the use of alum baking-powders, every housewife should be careful to buy only a baking-powder that has the ingredients printed plainly on the label.

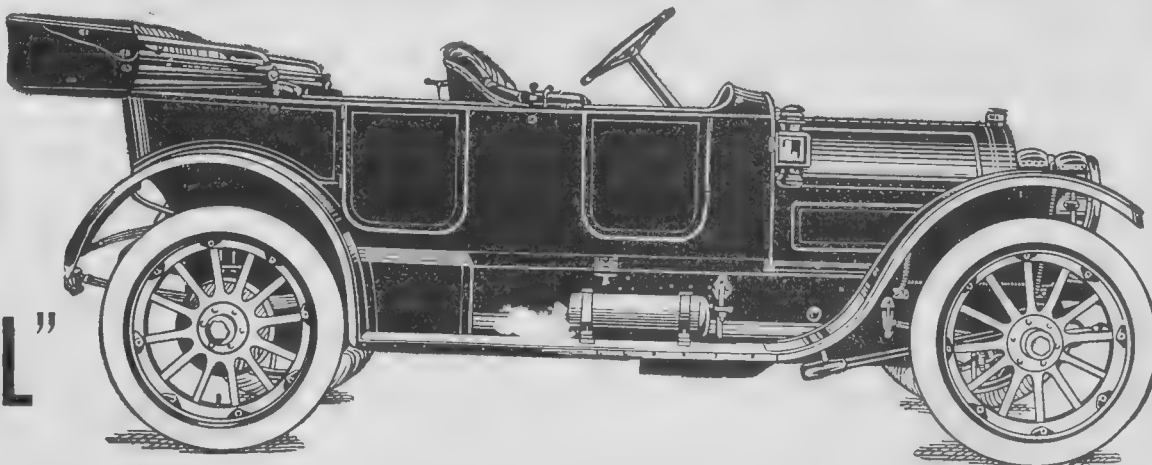
Great Legal Light Gone.

Contributed 100 Legal Articles to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

London, Nov. 3.—Dr. James Williams, High Sheriff of Flintshire, a contributor of over 100 legal articles in successive editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica and many in law magazines and reviews, died here to-day. He was born in 1851. He was the author of a number of books on law, including "The School Master and the Law," "Wills and Succession," "Law of Education," "Dante as a Jurist," and "Law of the Universities." He also wrote "A Lawyer's Lawyer" (verse), "Simple Stories of London," "Briefless Ballads," and "Ventures in Verse."

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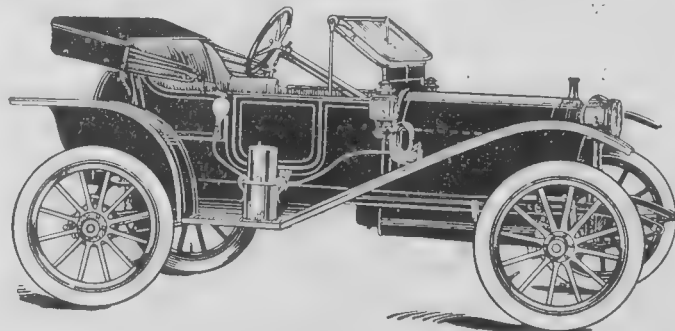
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A dainty recipe is thin bread or toast buttered then spread lightly with Bovril, sandwiched and served cut in fingers or squares.

BOVRIL

contains all that is good in Beef.

The Hunting Grounds of the West.



SOMETIME during these sunny days of Indian Summer, the days of the lazily floating Gossamer, you are due to get a call. It is the call that makes the wild goose go North in the spring and South in the fall, that makes the small boy in the spring cut a forked willow and pinch an elastic band, and in the fall look longingly in the show window at the latest 22, the same call that makes you get out your rifle, caress its stock against your cheek and you oil it whether it needs it or not.

The call may come unperceived, just a primal instinct that you knew would come; you were expecting it. The call comes in this way to the wild thing, it

ravages of forest fires and the bite of the woodman's axe, it still defies the outer world and holds aloof the persistent tread of settlement. Far back from the encroachment of the steel-shod roads of commerce, and the little frontier towns lies the wilderness, where the poor remnants of the persecuted redmen still find freedom, and where the magnificent wild animals of the north still roam in the threatened security of their natural haunts. Here is one of the finest game lands of the modern day, though threatened by the march of modern time, the mighty moose and lordly wapiti still live and thrive. Though moose are killed in great numbers every year in Manitoba yet strange to say each year it becomes easier for the sportsman to secure a trophy. It is evidently the old proverb "familiarity



Moose Die Hard in Manitoba.

comes this way to you because you nurse it each year and gratify its longings each fall. To others this instinct has to be aroused by some external cause; it may be the sharp acrid smoke of poplar burning, it may be the clear note of a white throat singing "Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada" or perhaps a long forgotten shoe-pack is dragged out by a zealous housewife, wanting to know if this thing is going to be around and collect dust for another ten years. Whatever way it comes, it arrives at this time, and woe to you if you heed it lightly. It may not come again, thus you will lose your birthright, and with it the biggest part of your soul, the part that loves the great outdoors, the "Trees, stones and running brooks." Possibly you are a new comer to this great Western out-of-doors, and you are not quite sure you will be able to afford a trip to your old and happy hunting grounds, perhaps you are running over in your mind Temagami, Maganetawan, French River, Lake Rossignol, Moosehead Lake, and wondering who will have your last year's camp and whether that big bull you couldn't possibly have missed will be brought in this year. You will be thinking there were never days like those, there was never a country for game like that. Perhaps yours was a great well horned miramichi moose, or a cariboo from the hinterland of Quebec, or a deer from the highlands of Old Ontario, but yours was never an elk, a wapiti, the greatest game of them all.

The elk or wapiti is the most imposing, the stateliest, the grandest type of all the antlered tribes on the earth. It is a worthy and natural product of the meeting of the largest plain and most magnificent forest in the world. The meeting places and the home of the elk are the Riding, Duck and Porcupine Mountains, in Manitoba. These names are the names you will conjure with in days to come, forgetting the old names. Over the northern half of the Province and in marked contrast of this matchless land of farm industry and plenty, the silent, thinly settled forest stretches away in all its wild untrammelled grandeur, and though showing the

COFFEE HEART.

As Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whiskey Heart.

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run 30 or 40 yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon:

"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy.

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum.

"I gave up coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was 6 months ago, and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rickety heart action, have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system.

"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum, is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

inspires confidence. To be well-dressed is not to be over-dressed, but to be attired in suitable clothing.

The Curzon tailoring is something more than ordinary workmanship, just as the Curzon cut is something outside the realm of mere draftsmanship. It means Distinction and Character. That is why well-dressed men, not only in Canada, but all over the World, wear Curzon clothes.

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Kindly send me copy of your new (1912) Catalogue as advertised in the Western Home Monthly.

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breeds contempt," the nearer a moose is to civilization the easier he is to hunt and kill, possibly becoming half domesticated, the noise of the trains, wagons, wood chopping and other sounds have become familiar.

We will suppose that the call has come, that you are prepared to listen to it and preserve your birth right. What are you going to do about it? When, where and how are you going to satisfy the call? You have your rifle, it may be an old single shot Snyder, it may be a discarded army rifle or an old carbine, or perhaps you are going to purchase a high power modern sporting rifle—anyway if it is a shooting iron it is good and will serve the purpose.

Maybe you have a homesteader friend who lives on this wonderful frontier, on the edge of the mysterious forest; you will go to stay with him and make daily excursions into this country of the big game; perhaps you are not lucky enough to be situated as mentioned above. You look to the sporting magazines to guide, and turn to railroad literature to set you right; probably you will follow the advice

given and write to the liveryman or the Secretary of the Board of Trade of one of the frontier towns, he will tell the cost of a sleigh, team and driver, whether it will be necessary to carry a tent and camp stove; always carry your own grub, tea kettle and fry pan. Above all things, don't forget your Kodak. You may not be an expert or have never carried a camera before, this is the time to invest in one.

Think of it! You have shot your moose, you have smelt blood; the call you think is satisfied, the re-action has set in, you are feeling probably just a little bit sorry you have done it. There is a crashing sound at your right, a big bull moose stands out from the scrub and faces you, he has much better horns than the animal you have just killed, you feel a queer feeling go up your back and your hair feels as though it was rising like hair on a dog's back; you want to kill, kill, kill, you remember the game act, you remember the kodak; in the flash of a second you have a beautiful record of the moose you didn't kill, as well as of the moose you killed and the excitement of developing, the

pleasure in showing it to your friends and when you get back you send a picture of the story of your hunt to your favorite sporting magazine, where it is reproduced in full. When the spruce forest is cracking with the intense cold of January and you are sitting in front of your hearth fire, the day's work done and smoking a fragrant cigar, some friends come in, the story is told all over again and think of it, the actual photo shown. So don't forget your kodak.

For all this excitement you don't have to go very far in Manitoba. The jumping off places for moose and elk in the Riding Mountains are Elphinstone and Rossburn on the south, Birnie, Eden, McCreary and Makinak on the east and for both the Riding and Duck Mountains Dauphin, Gilbert Plains and Roblin are starting in points. For the Porcupine Hills the best and nearest starting point is Mafeking.

Remember that the elk are gradually becoming fewer and shyer, not like the moose, more numerous and bolder; their territory is much more limited. The territory just opened up by the Can-

adian Northern Gypsumville Line and the district of the Riding and Duck Mountains are with the exception of a straggler or two elsewhere, the only spots where the elk may be said to be fairly common.

For the Manitoban or Westerner who would hunt before the snow flies, let him go to New Ontario, more especially the Rainy Lake district where moose and deer are abundant. The jumping off places are Atikokan, Banning, Mine Centre and Fort Frances; at these points outfits and guides are easily obtained at very reasonable cost.

Dr. Jamieson introduced the umbrella in Glasgow in 1782. He brought the idea from Italy, where they were used as a protection from the hot sun. But the sturdy, old doctor was hooted and jostled on the street, and was taken to task by the neighbors. "It was wicked; did not Providence send rain? And was not he flying in the face of Providence, when he was trying to stop the rain from falling?"



Rainy Lake region offers many opportunities to the Hunter and Amateur Photographer.



Riding Mountain Bear are big and show fight.

The Art of Christmas Giving.

By Marion Dallas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!" What power that old refrain has to stir our innermost beings, what a thrill of sweet expectancy it sends through us as we hear the newsboy lustily calling "Christmas Extra." We cannot analyse the subtle feeling that comes again and again with perennial freshness every season. It is not a monopoly of the rich, but it penetrates into the very darkest corners of this earth. At the Christmas season the heart of this great old world is throbbing with love and kindness. The world is full of benevolence, enough to make us all happy, but the trouble is, it is not well directed (as in the cases of churches there is overlapping). There are homes where they have too much Christmas and the result is headache and indigestion next day, while in other homes the turkey and plum-pudding are visionary. Some children have such a surfeit of mechanical toys that their play is wearisome, other poor little folks know only the joy of gazing wistfully at the longed for motor and doll through the shop window. Some stockings bulge out while others are pathetically empty.

In recent years the use and conversion of power has occupied the minds of our greatest scientists. The sun draws up the water into the cloud, the rain falls, filling the streams that feed the mighty rivers. These in turn are made to serve man's purpose, to manufacture for him, to carry him and furnish the light and heat which are so essential to life. If this be possible in the world of materialism, surely in the emotional realm some such gathering up of the unseen forces could be devised and some expression of love and good-will be directed into the channels of every day life, and not at all be diffused "hit or miss" at the Yule-tide. Then would our Christ-

mas cheer be more evenly divided. Charitable and benevolent societies are doing much to divert the expression of good-will into right channels, but it comes again in a forcible manner to the individual to be a part in carrying out the great plan of Christmas. Be a thoughtful transmitter, in these busy days, in the power of kindness.

Selecting Christmas Gifts.

Don't wait until the Christmas rush is on to make your Christmas selections

and purchases. Standing at the book counter, in one of our departmental stores last Christmas, I overheard the following conversation: "I would buy her a book, here is one with a very pretty cover," "but," suggested the friend, "she may have that one." "O, well," then rejoined the other, "buy some of these selections." This is a sample of the spirit that seems to actuate the crowds that rush through the stores the last few days before Christmas. Tact is the one essential in our Christmas shopping. Books are usually considered safe gifts, but in purchasing them the greatest discrimination is needed. You may give a man a book of somebody's poems and he will certainly thank you but will he read them? You

may bestow a copy of Browning upon a frivolous young lady and she will tell you that "you are too sweet for any thing" but she does not associate with Browning. "Gems from Ruskin," "Jewels from Shakespeare," and "Brilliant from O. W. Holmes" might better be left in the store, for people who know books prefer their own "jewels," while people who do not won't read them anyway. In giving a book, and no gift gives more pleasure and lasting enjoyment, take a look at your friends' library, or in the course of conversation ascertain, if he or she has read the latest books (don't write in the name until after Christmas). Select with a view to helpfulness, look beyond the cover and title. It is a good plan to keep a list of books given and to whom they were given, and in this way sets of standard authors may be presented.

How pathetic in many cases are the gifts bestowed upon Mother and Grandmother—sometimes a new spectacle case, although she already has two. Plain, substantial handkerchiefs, shawls or slippers seem to be Grandma's list. Last year a friend was puzzled as to what to give Grandmother, she had every comfort. Her son, a lad full of life and fun, asked permission to "fix Grandma's presents." He was given the money and only asked each member of the household for their card. Christmas morning Grandmother's plate was piled high with tissue paper parcels, all tied with dainty ribbon and holly. Trembling with excitement and surprise, she opened her packages. There was a box of dainty bon-bons, a silver backed mirror, a bottle of perfume, one yard of real lace, half dozen dainty handkerchiefs and a copy of Mrs. Barclay's "The Rosary" and Mrs. McClung's charming stories "Sewing Seeds in Danny" and the "The Second Chance." Merry Christmas, yes indeed it was, Grandma confessed; she had not felt as young in years. Peeping into her room late that night she was found weeping and laughing with "Pearl and Danny" and "The Pink Lady."



A typical rural English cottage near Devonon, Cornwall.

Saskatoon Has Made more Men

of moderate means wealthy than any other city in the world. It is surpassing the records of growth in population, wealth and land values of all other cities on the continent. It is the magnetic pole for the wealth, population, railroads, industries, wholesale houses, commercial enterprises and all the rich and varied resources of the most marvellous country in the world—THE CANADIAN WEST. And the most wonderful and outstanding fact about Saskatoon is (and we want you to bear this in mind) that Saskatoon is yet in its infancy. It STILL offers you an opportunity to acquire great wealth from a comparatively small investment if made at the present time.

Presidents, Managers of Banks, Wholesale Houses

and some of the largest manufacturing concerns in the United States and Canada have invested their money in Saskatoon. When men who have acquired millions, and who are generally credited with having sound judgment and foresight, which enables them to pick out towns that will become large cities, and in that way add perhaps other millions to their already large fortune, it is safe for the man with \$25, \$100, \$200 or \$500 to follow the lead of such men and reap returns in accordance with the amount invested. "For as a man soweth so shall he also reap."

The Reason Why More People are not Wealthy

is not because they do not recognize opportunities that present themselves from time to time, but because they do not possess the courage when an opportunity presents itself, to say not only "I will buy," but "I will do it right away." We know this to be absolutely true, because we ourselves have lost money in that way. People are likely to think that it is not essential to act quickly in making investments immediately when their judgment tells them that it is good. In that way they forget, and perhaps in a few months the matter comes to their mind again, and they not only discover that they have lost an excellent opportunity to make a profitable investment, but perhaps have lost several hundred dollars in not having done so.

In 1903 Saskatoon had a Population of 113 People.

Its population today exceeds 16,000, and the shrewdest business men in Canada and the United States predict that it will have a population of not less than 50,000 in five years. This means that it will more than treble its present population during the next five years; and as real estate values increase in proportion to the increase of population, by investing in Saskatoon today you are absolutely certain to treble your money during that time.

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is not a speculative venture. Saskatoon realty has a definite, certain, fixed value, and so confident are we that values in Saskatoon will increase that we offer to refund any moneys paid to us on account of Saskatoon property at any time after six months if you are not entirely satisfied with your investment.

Look Up Our Property at Saskatoon.

Look up our financial standing, and you will then know that you are taking absolutely no chance in buying from us at Saskatoon.

We Have Issued an Illustrated Circular

regarding the property we have to offer, with maps and general statistical information regarding Saskatoon, the things it has at present, its prospects, and pointing out the things it certainly will have in the near future. Write us TODAY for this illustrated pamphlet and join the throng of prosperous people who are investing their money in Saskatoon. "Don't delay, for, besides being bad business, it is also a bad habit."

WRITE US NOW WHILE YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT IT.

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BRANCH OFFICES AT CALGARY, ALBERTA; TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Every Hunter or Trapper in Canada



This bear was mounted by our student, W. Kohli, Bluffton, O.



Deer head, mounted by our student, E. Wallace, Carson, Ia.

BIG PROFITS FOR YOU

This wonderful business is a big money-maker, whether you work at it in your spare time only, or go into it for a life profession. By selling your mounted specimens and doing work for others you CAN EARN FROM \$20.00 to \$50.00 PER MONTH FROM YOUR SPARE TIME, or if you open up a Taxidermy shop you can make FROM \$2,000 to \$5,000 PER YEAR. These are facts. No other line of work is so profitable, or can be learned so quickly. It will pay you to investigate.

WONDERFULLY INTERESTING

You will be delighted with the study of Taxidermy. You will enjoy mounting the fine moose, deer, wolf, bear, ducks, grouse, and hundreds of other animals and birds you secure. You will be proud of a collection as fine as found in any museum and to know that you have done the work yourself. YOU CAN LEARN THIS ART BY STUDYING JUST A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK THIS WINTER. Will you try it? Are you interested? If so write to us to-day for our FREE BOOKS and full particulars.

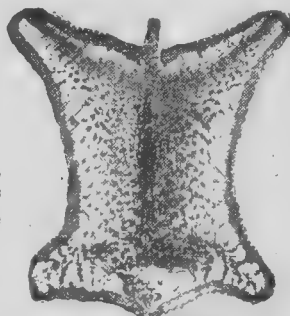
Will be Interested in this Article and Should Read It Carefully

Do you know that you can learn to prepare, mount and stuff the fine GAME HEADS, BIRDS and ANIMALS that you secure? Do you know that you can mount them as well as a professional taxidermist, and that you can learn the wonderful art right in your own home at very small cost? Such is the case. It is now possible for every hunter, trapper and nature lover to be his own taxidermist, and save the splendid trophies that he secures by his skill with the gun and rod.

There is a SCHOOL FOR SPORTSMEN, by sportsmen, at Omaha, Nebraska, U. S. A. This school teaches TAXIDERMY only. It teaches by mail the very latest and best methods, and reveals all the secrets that have been so carefully guarded by taxidermists for the past century. This school has done great things for the sportsman, and everyone who has not already done so should write for their fine new prospectus and full particulars about learning this fascinating and profitable business.

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS AND GAME HEADS

also whole animals, fishes, to tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc. Our school can teach you these things easily and quickly right in your own home. We teach Taxidermy in all its branches BY MAIL. By taking our course of 40 lessons you can save all your fine trophies, decorate your home and den, and make splendid money mounting for others. Men, boys and women, all over the world are members of our school and endorse the course in highest terms. WE HAVE SEVEN THOUSAND STUDENTS IN CANADA ALONE



Wildcat rug, tanned and made by our student, Chas. Donart, Klamath, Ore.

FREE

To all readers of the Western Home Monthly we will send FREE AND PREPAID our beautiful new illustrated prospectus, a copy of the Taxidermy Magazine and sample Diploma. Remember you can have these free, no obligation on your part. Simply write us a letter or postal card to-day and you will receive them by return mail. We want every sportsman, hunter, trapper and all others interested in Taxidermy to write for these free books. Don't delay, but send now.

OUR SCHOOL

This school has taught Taxidermy successfully for more than 10 years. We have more than 30,000 students among the leading sportsmen of Canada and the United States, and all of them fully and without reserve recommend the school to all other hunters and trappers. Let us mail you FREE our printed matter and explain what we can do for you.

SPECIAL RATE THIS MONTH—We are offering SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to all Canadian inquirers THIS MONTH. If you want to know about this special low rate, and if you have any desire to know this splendid art of Taxidermy, you should not neglect this opportunity, but write without delay for full information. Simply say "Send me your catalog and Taxidermy Magazine" and we will take pleasure in doing so promptly. WRITE FOR THEM TO-DAY.



Photo of our student, D. W. Morden, Pilot Mound, Man., Canada, mounting a snowy owl. He is one of our thousands of successful students in Canada.



Our student, E. C. Shabolin, Orangeville, Ill., and deer head mounted by him.

The North-Western School of Taxidermy, 5019 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Nebr., U.S.

Wasn't it worth the thought. What will this Christmas mean to us? The children look for little and are easily made happy—we can make at least one poor little waif happy. Then at this happy season there are dear ones missed in many of our homes, there is a feeling of pain, when we think of the vacant chair, but can we not think of them as near us. Is there no way of remembering them? Oh yes, carry their gifts to those still living who need the touch of human kindness ere they go to their long home. The joy felt in so doing will be all the more because of the self-denial.

Plan just a little outside of your own circle of friends, surely you know some lonely young man or woman who have

no family reunion to look forward to. Out of the lavishness of your preparation plan for some lonely one.

A friend of mine lost her mother just before the holiday season last year. The home was desolate and the bereavement of the father and daughter inexpressibly sorrowful. Instead, however, of allowing the gloom of their grief to darken the joyful holiday of those about them, this brave girl trimmed the house with Christmas wreaths and holly and invited six of the lonely girls who were living in boarding houses, to a Christmas dinner. If our friends in Heaven are watching us, surely that mother looked down on that festival with warm approval.

Nimrod, A Christmas Story of a Blacktail Deer.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.



It was a truly beautiful country our little hero was born in. The fir-clad Island of Vancouver has no rivals in climate or scenery. Nimrod was born within a few miles of where Fritz and I study, alas very imperfectly, the natural history wonders of the Master Builder in a valley where cedar and alder-clad bottoms were overtopped by high-flung hills of reddish hue, hills carpeted with gorgeous rock crop and waving on the lightly earth-clad benches, with graceful ferns. It is marvellous to us who know, even so slightly, the habits of the great cats, those sly, cowardly panthers, that in-

habit the hills, that so many of the big-eyed, trembling fawns escape.

To-day is "the day before Christmas." It was fully eight months ago that the timid mother of our pet, a slim-legged, gentle Black-tail doe, sought with anxious eyes for a bed so sheltered, and yet so open to escape, and to her watchful eyes, where she might bring forth in security the bright little chap we wish to tell you about.

Looking out from the elevated valley where Nimrod first saw the glad light of day, you could see the distant Straits of Georgia and far off across their sparkling waters the snow-capped summit of mighty Mount Baker in the State of Washington.

On this high level, where the spotted fawn first essayed to stand, wandered



A slim legged gentle black tail Doe.

the timber wolf, the common black bear and the sneaking panther, animals all harmless to man, but terrible objects to a tiny fawn that could as yet scarcely stand. It is, indeed, a sight to call forth man's deepest pity to see these gentle blacktail deer urging, by every art known to the Cervidae, the weak-kneed fawn along its first journey. This most gentle mother of all the hoofed animals, representing one of the most populous divisions of the forty-five varieties of the deer family, was like all females of the deer family, save only the Cow Cariboo, without horns. The tiny spotted fawn at her side was a buck, as the tiny hard knobs above the eyes told. The watchful mother would weigh about one hundred

pounds and the shivering youngster, as yet a bag of bones and wrinkled skin, not more than eight pounds.

Within the days sunshine the fawn had gained sufficient strength to amble along after its mother, reaching up to the maternal fount and drawing nourishment with many a bunt and wriggle. Its weak voice reminded us of many of the migrant finches and somewhat of a fully grown rabbit—a sort of wheezy, whining cry—here let us leave Nimrod and the guardian mother—for Nature provides that the male deer, the buck, should at this season of the year lose his antlers, thus depriving him at once of being any danger or protection to the tiny fawn, for remember all male deer are jealous brutes, and of all enemies choose other than an infuriated buck. A pet male deer is a thing to be watched during the months of October and November. Then while in their wild state, the males seek their mates, and, these once chosen, drive off all rivals. So that in captivity these usually harmless animals must be most carefully approached during the rutting season.

Six months after the scene above portrayed an Indian of the Sooke reservation asked me what he should do with a young male fawn he had captured. The result was that I took it and gave it to the lad Fritz as a pet. We built a comfortable pen for it and enclosed a fairly large run. As Nimrod, so we christened the pet, was a full six months old, he had lost the spotted coat and was now clothed in greyish pelage with the ends of the hairs of a reddish hue. His long, slim delicate looking face ended in a black circle around the nose and mouth. The great black, liquid eyes, with long, graceful, black lashes, the stiff, sensitive feelers about the mouth, the tall, slim, rabbit-like ears, and the dainty, nervous grace that filled the entire body made Nimrod a "thing of beauty and joy forever!"

Long before Fritz was awake in the



Scene from the shores of Vancouver Island, B.C. The Olympian range form the opposite shores of the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

morning the pet would be calling him—"whee—ee! whee—whee!" Through the open window of my room I could hear the rabbit-like cry of the pet deer. Then would come the answering call from the boy, "All right, Nimmy! I'll soon be there." Racing over the grass to the pen the happy boy sped along, calling, ever calling, "I'm coming, Nimmy!" Meanwhile, inside the pen the deer was dancing up and down, the tattoo of its arrow-pointed black hoofs beating out a morning welcome on the resounding fir floor. Soon the boy unhitched the gate and ran down through the deeryard and opened the

door, and out leaped Nimrod, with many a graceful caper. Up on his hind legs he would rear, gently pushing against Fritz with his forefeet to keep his balance. Then the joyful youngster would fling his arms about the neck of the prancing beast, and hug him and "rub noses," uttering many a loud, ringing laugh. Then backwards and forwards across the pen they would race, the deer leading and looking backwards, its big, lustrous eyes fairly beaming with the sport of the chase.

Thus the graceful beast wound itself about our heartstrings. It was fine to watch it when Fritz would stop play

and reach down the hoe and begin to clean out the pen. Then off to the hill he would run and fetch back a great armful of dry ferns for its bed—then "Nimmy" would prance and run before the lad and obstruct his course with many a playful motion. How alarmed the pet would be when animals ran past his pen, or when a vagrant dog sniffed at him through the wire netting.

Every time the lad or I stepped out on the verandah of the little bungalow up would go the white brush of a tail and "Nimmy" would come leaping through the ferns, fairly inviting us to a game or pleading for a handful of fresh grass.

Like all owners of pets, we were over kind. Every morning after breakfast we took what was left of the cereal and the toast, and poured milk over it, and gave it to the pet. "Nimmy" would bunt and push and leap upon us until the dish was placed upon the ground. One strange habit from his wild ancestors always prevented him from taking shelter in his pen when the day was rainy. Hour after hour, no matter how

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The "Mother"

severe the storm, the timid beast would lie on the crest of a little knoll under a leafless alder and watch—as do the wild deer, for every movement, every motion, every rustle, for in the woods it is the great, tall ears that ever shift, as a deaf woman shifts her ear-trumpet, from side to side, the great black eyes that ever search the scene—for neither doe nor fawn have any means of defence. The buck, with fully grown horns, puts up so strong a fight that he has been seen to beat off two wolves that attacked him.

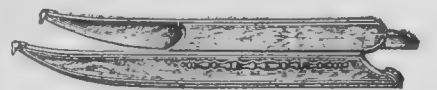
Day after day we fed and cared for the loving pet, until our last thought each night was, "Is 'Nimmy' all right," and our first in the morning, "Listen? I hear 'Nimmy' calling." So sped the happy days and Christmas time approached. On the morning of the day before, while Fritz was absent on some seasonable message, I went to the pen. For once no tattoo beat out, no rapid pawing of the anxious beast greeted me. I opened the pen. Nimrod raised his head slowly, got upon his feet and pressed his black nose into my hands, as if he wished to tell me just how miserable he felt this "day-before-Christmas" morning. I carefully cleaned his pen, made him up a dry bed of fern and excelsior, and, after petting him a bit, and watching, wondering at

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the great quantities of cold water he drank, I thought it best to leave him in his sheltered pen and of I sped on Christmas duties bound.

That night at a friend's house, as we stood awaiting Santa Claus' appearance in front of a well-laden Christmas tree, I mentioned to Fritz that "Nimmy" was not well. The jollity of the scene made my words fall almost unheeded. Now entered old Father Christmas, the loving remembrances were distributed with many a laugh and jest and pleasant word. The night sped apace and soon Fritz and I, laden with our gifts, started homewards. The night was cold and clear. No snow, except on the tops of the distant Olympics, told that it was winter, even the ground was soft, unfrozen. As we entered the alder woods and came out on our own wee bit clearing, where the moon made all things bright and distinct, I said to Fritz, "We had better go and see how 'Nimmy' is; remember I told you he was ill this morning." I walked ahead, entered the yard, undid the pen door, and threw the light from the lantern inside. "Nimmy" lay close to the door with his legs stretched out—one glance told me all. "He's dead!" I whispered. Then, laying the lantern down, I lifted the body—there was life in him yet, as the great, black eyes looked up at me. I laid it on the dry, clean bed. With a cry so loud and despairing that it rings in my ears yet of "Nimmy" dead, my "Nimmy" dead! the lad pushed past me and fell on his knees beside the body and embraced it and fondled it, softly crying—"He's not dead; he's warm. Oh, my dear 'Nimmy'; you're not going to die!" So heartbreaking were the lad's cries and lamentations, that I begged him, and finally persuaded him, to step out of the pen. Then I gently smoothed down the body, cast a glance at the fast glazing eyes—my own were wet with tears—and left the pen.

"Ar'nt you going to put up the door?" said Fritz. To oblige him I did, although I knew full well "Nimmy" would never pass through it again of his own motion.

"Never mind hanging up my stocking!" sobbed the lad, as he crept into bed. "I don't want Santa Claus to come to-night." But I did hang it up, as this sweet season comes but once a year, and alas! the boy will soon be too old to so innocently appreciate it.

Early on Christmas morning Fritz went, as was his custom, and opened the door of the deer pen. Nimrod lay with glassy eyes. I called to the lad, "Is he alive yet?" Unused to the dread presence, think only of the open eyes of his pet, he answered, "Yes!" Then he entered the pen. Again came that heart-wringing cry—"He's dead! Oh! he's dead!" and the sobbing lad came back to me.

Three days later I got a friend of mine to take the body in his boat. When he was well out in the inlet, I called Fritz, and together we stood and watched the course of the craft. At last, when it was three parts way across, we saw the rower stand erect, stop, lift a dark burden—then came the splash, the ever widening rings—and we knew we had seen the last of our pet deer Nimrod.

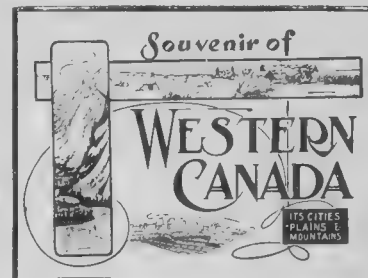
All About Ants.

The brother of a scientist went to a bookshop to buy a present. He told the assistant that he wanted a volume dealing with natural history to give to his brother, a zoologist. Could he recommend one? The assistant glanced over the shelves with a knowing air. At length he took down a book. "This would interest him," he remarked. "Let me see it," said the purchaser. The assistant handed it to him. On the back, in large letters, was the word "Anthology." "All about ants!" commented the assistant.

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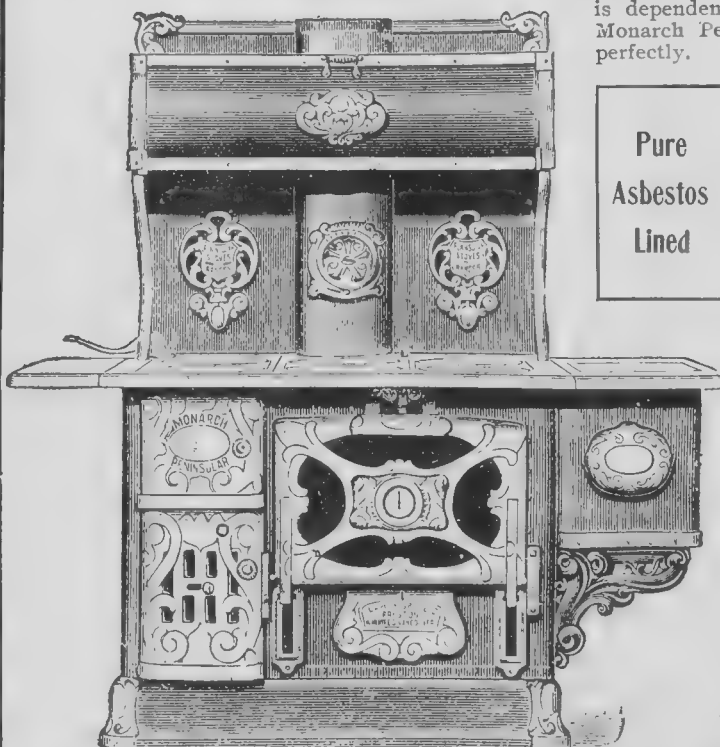


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Louis Riel's Parting of the Ways.

By John Richardson. Specially Written for the Western Home Monthly.

I STOOD beside the grave in St. Boniface Churchyard of Louis Riel, of the Red River Rebellion fame, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his execution. Only a cold, grey stone marked his resting-place. There was not a soul throughout Canada who thought enough of Riel to place a flower on his grave, and if you walk through the churchyard on November 16th, the day he was hanged, you will see a stone with these words: "Here lies Louis Riel"—and no more.

Last month I was in the middle of an enthusiastic crowd that greeted Lord Strathcona on a visit to Montreal. And thereby hangs a tale.

Have you ever reflected that at one time Louis Riel was "at the parting of the ways"—a phrase made memorable in Canadian history by the President of a neighboring Republic. Riel's guidepost once pointed to honor and fame, but he took the road that led to the gallows. But for that wrong turning, he might have been a second Lord Strathcona—the man he tried to mar, but helped to make.

In the early eighties there was little to choose between Donald Smith, the sturdy and hardy immigrant from Scotland, and Louis Riel, the famous half breed of French extraction. Riel had been schooled in the atmosphere of a university. Smith had received his learning in the school that has turned out more good pupils than any other—the World's School of Experience! While Riel was studying languages, Donald Smith was studying humanity



A silent sentinel that tells a tragedy. Thousands of people pass this grave stone and are blind to its significance.

—or rather that portion of humanity which had thrown open the hitherto bolted door and entered the lonely North. Both were good men, but Riel

switched his train into the wrong siding, and he met with the disaster which is the lot of all human locomotives that leave the track in the way he did. The way it turned out is part of Canadian history, but the human side of it will bear telling here.

In 1869 Riel roused the half breeds of the Red River Settlement to rebellion. Governor McDougall was forced out of Fort Garry, and, setting up a dictatorship of his own, in defiance of the late Queen Victoria, Riel tore down the Union Jack, and unfurled an ensign of his own making. In Montreal, nearly 2,000 miles away, Smith, who had risen from the bottom to the top of the ladder in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, saw that British prestige was at stake. He set out for Fort Garry without a moment's notice.

There was no Canadian Pacific Railway to take him to the seat of the trouble in two days. He had to drive in a sleigh—mind you, more than twice the distance from London, England, to Berlin, Germany—and the winters we have now are milder than those of former days. For his pains the Rebel Chief promptly put him in prison.

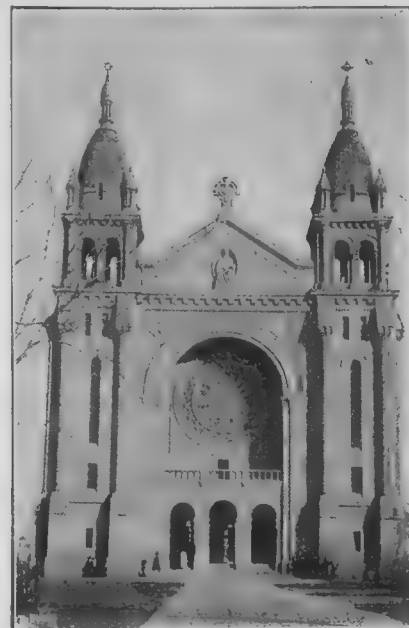
A Picture of Riel.

I like the description Lord Strathcona gives to his friends in London, when they chat about the rebellion. "A small, stout man, with a large head, a sallow, puffy face, a sharp intelligent eye, a square cut, massive forehead, overhung with a mass of long, clustering hair, and marked by well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable face." This is the mirror in which you get a glimpse of the rebel.

There were a few Scotchmen among Riel's followers, and they didn't like a fellow-countryman being kept within four damp walls. They told Riel how they felt about it. Even then, Scotchmen were fond of public meetings to air grievances, as they are to-day, and they erected a temporary platform. "This," they told Riel, "is the place for you and Smith to thrash the matter

out." Riel didn't like it, but he agreed. To Smith, anything was better than lying in jail.

It was a memorable meeting. When Riel stepped on the platform, the French and half-breeds cheered. Some of the Scotch and English settlers joined in, perhaps through policy. They did not know what to make of Riel. Some openly admired him; a few were afraid. The greeting Smith got was as cold as the atmosphere freezing the men's beards as they looked on.



St. Boniface Cathedral in whose churchyard the remains of Riel lie buried.

When Lord Strathcona speaks to-day, the world listens. But that day at Fort Garry he made the most important speech of his life. In a sense, half a continent depended upon his single effort. History will for ever record that he acquitted himself well.

There was a dramatic moment when

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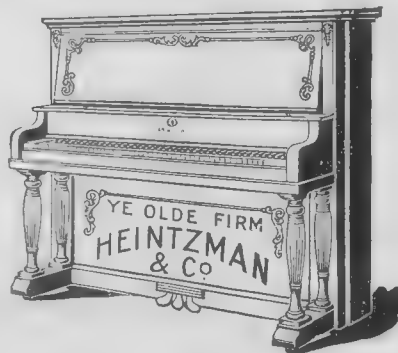
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Riel, seeing matters were going against him, interrupted Smith. An uproar ensued. Blood might have been shed at any moment. Riel's followers exchanged significant glances. There was a mysterious fumbling in pockets, and a man named Tait whispered to his



Two old Winnipeg Warriors who fought against Riel in the Rebellion.

neighbor that the French were well armed. "So are we," was the reply. "And if it comes to a fight, my first shot will be for Riel."

When Smith read a letter from Queen Victoria, in whose esteem in after years he found so well-merited a place, there was an outburst of loyalty among the English and Scotch. One man named

States on the approach of the British troops under Col. Wolseley, but in 1894 he came over the Canadian border and brought the native Indians out in open rebellion. The murder of Thomas Scott was nothing compared to the savagery of the Indians among the innocent settlers in the Saskatchewan Valley. Riel had a strange influence over the Indian chiefs and their tribes and at his call rapine and bloodshed spread over the Western country. Riel was once heard to exclaim: "It is blood, blood, we are after; it is a war of extermination." The threat was carried out to the letter by the massacres of Duck Lake and Fish Creek—but that's another story. Riel had to pay the penalty with his life. The Rebellion ended with the capture of the Indian Chief, "Big Bear." The death roll among the whites had risen to 36, and nearly a hundred had been wounded.

Riel was placed on trial at Regina. He was found guilty of high treason. On November 16th, 1885, the man who faced Donald Smith, fell a victim to the hangman in Regina gaol. The man he hated for his courage and his patriotism is Lord Strathcona, who, amid the scenes of his former hardships and privations, has seen moulded that Western Canada we hear spoken of to-day as "The Granary of the World. Verily, it was 'The parting of the Ways.'"

In the State of Victoria, Australia, the wool clip this year was eight million pounds. The average fleece (unwashed) was 6.15 pounds.



A group of Indians snapped at Regina Fair.

Burke sprang up, and in the Queen's name demanded of Riel the release of his prisoners. "Not now!" exclaimed the Dictator, who was playing a bold game. "Yes, yes!" was the reply from many throats.

At a given signal, as if to show that he was still master of the situation, Riel signalled to his men to show their arms. There was a momentary indecision. The challenge was not accepted, and the meeting ended.

Then came Riel's parting of the ways. His influence with the French and half-breeds was tremendous. Although he had played with loaded dice, he would have made reparation if he had accepted the terms offered by Smith on behalf of the Government. So far, he had acted genuinely, as he thought, in the interests of the community of the Red River Settlement, and his motives were influenced by the general good, and not by personal gain.

The Murder of Thomas Scott.

But like many other men who are lifted high by those around them, he got dizzy and fell. One morning, when the temperature was 20 below zero, a young settler named Thomas Scott, who had played a part in the events of the time, was led out of Fort Garry and shot. Riel was the man who gave the order. It is said that young Scott knelt in the snow in amazement at Riel's cruelty. The moment he toppled over with the bullets of Riel's men in his body, Riel damned his own future, and signed his own death warrant.

The story of the cold-blooded murder sent a feeling of abhorrence throughout Canada. Riel fled to the United

I ttle whiles to spin.

But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet!
I ken it's a fancy a'—
And faster rows the tear—
For they a' dwindled awa'
I' the fa' o' the year!

Thomas Smibert.

O, lass, will ye sell yer fiddle,
And gang to Beltane Fair?

Na, I'll no sell my fiddle
For nae sic kind o' ware!

Gin I sould sell my fiddle
The folks wad say, I'd gane mad,
To think o' the joyfu' days
That I and my fiddle hae had!

Old Song.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-
son's bonnet.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-
son's bonnet:

'Twas no for itsel, but the heid that
was in it

Gar't a'bodies tell o' Rob Roryson's
bonnet!

Robert Tannahill.

Let every man aim in his heart to
excel.

Let every man ettle to fend for him-
self:

Aye nourish ye stern independence
within.

For the mair that ye work aye the
mair will ye win.

James Ballantine.

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Winnipeg Bird Store, 489 Portage Avenue

Grul's Christmas Gift.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

IN HIS sleep the child sobbed with the cold. The young mother stooped a white face over him, drew him closer to her breast, and strove to cover him more warmly with the one scant robe of red fox skins which her captors had spared to her. She was astonished to find that she had slept in her bonds.

Her arms were free, indeed, that she might care for the child and save her captors trouble. She was sitting on a pile of spruce boughs, her back against the trunk of a tree to which she was securely tied.

The fire, in the centre of the circle of snow, had died down to a heap of glowing embers, the light of which, falling upon her face as she raised it and gazed about her in bewildered despair, showed her to be a woman of English blood and obviously gentle breeding.

The hood of her cloak had fallen back, revealing a great abundance of ruddy brown hair, in part still piled in a coiffure somewhat elaborate for the wilderness, the rest hanging in rich dishevelment over her shoulders.

As she stared about her, bewilderment passed into a spasm of horror. Her gravely sweet face grew pinched as the sudden disaster of yesterday re-enacted itself in her brain.

She saw herself and her boy, well muffled in furs and blankets, driving in their roomy box-sleigh along the forest trail. Slowly they went, through the deep snow, but merrily enough, for the bells jingled loud on the harness, the horses were willing, the morrow would be Christmas, and each hour brought them the nearer to a joyous meeting. She saw the driver slouching on the front seat, his pointed hood of gray flannel over his head. She saw the orderly sitting erect beside him, the collar of his great coat turned up to meet the edge of his bearskin shako.

She saw Boy Jerry lift his laughing little face from the furs at her side to

"Don't you think we'll get there pretty soon, mamma?"

Then she heard again the heavy crash of muskets on both sides of the trail, their reports thinning instantly into the wolfish, appalling war-cry of the Micmacs. She saw the smoke spurt white out of the underbrush. She saw the big orderly fling up his musket with a violent, convulsive jerk, discharge it blindly, straight in the air, and topple from his seat, a limp dreadful sprawl of legs and coat-skirts. She saw the driver lean forward, with screams and strange curses, to lash the horses into a gallop—but too late.

She saw the painted red fiends swarm forth, surround the sleigh, seize the horses, cut the traces, drag the driver from his place, and cut him down with their hatchets. She saw herself clutch Jerry to her arms, and bury his face as she crouched over him to shut out from the eyes of both the sickening butchery.

She felt again that icy numbness in the back of her head and neck, expecting the crunch of the iron. But then, as she was pulled violently out upon the snow, she recovered her senses, and stood upright, facing the butchers with steady eyes. As she had not been killed at once, as Jerry had not been at once torn from her arms, she concluded that they were reserved either for torture or for captivity, and with a strenuous effort of will she resolved to think of nothing that might weaken her, lest she should miss some chance offer of that hope which lasts with life. She saw the savages rifle the sleigh, emptying of it of all her possessions,

while two of them disappeared into the woods, leading the horses

With a curious spasm of pity she saw herself and Jerry standing there in the snow by the trail, waiting for their captors to notice them—the most miserable, the most infinitely alone, the most hopelessly deserted, it seemed to her, of all the world's wretched. She remembered herself soothing Jerry's hushed but heart-breaking sobs with



He gathered his bright cloak closer about him

the promise that "Mamma will take care of her boy!" a promise which in her heart translated itself into a wild prayer that God might make it good.

And then, again, she shrank with a physical horror as a savage suddenly came up to her, gave her some guttural command which she could make nothing of, and struck her on the face with the flat of his reeking hatchet because she did not obey. At once, however, another Indian had intervened in her behalf.

He had spoken in a "patois" French, of which she could gather the drift, and had ordered her to put on a pair of snowshoes which the other Indian was holding. A New Hampshire woman by birth, she was an adept with the woven moosehide; and she had therefore been apt to join in the march at once, carrying Jerry, and murmuring thanksgivings in her heart for the bodily strength which now, for the present, at least, saved her from she knew not what indignities. Her captors had struck off from the trail, and into what seemed to her the pathless woods; and they had journeyed not only past sun-

set but on till moonset. When bound to her tree beside the camp-fire she had resolved not to sleep, lest she should miss some chance of rescue; but fatigue and anguish had forced upon her their own anodyne. She had slept in her bonds; and now she was so stiff she feared she could not move.

The camp, which she now for the first time took note of, was a tiny amphitheatre, dug by the Indians with their snowshoes. The walls were of snow, and about four feet in height, sufficing to keep off the wind.

Round the heap of embers and charring sticks in the centre sprawled the sleeping savages, comfortably bedded on spruce boughs, and wraps from the looted sleigh. The two on guard sat bolt upright, close to the fire, motion-

she set her teeth, and thrust the thought from her heart.

And now a strange sound came echoing solemnly through the woods. It was a great and bell-like voice chanting in French:

"Woe, woe to Acadie the Fair, for the hour of her desolation cometh!"

At first a wild hope of succor leaped in her heart, but it sank again instantly as she noted the attitude of the Indians. They awoke at the first note of that strange voice; but they did not appear alarmed. They all seated themselves gravely around the fire, and seemed to await something. Jerry, too, awoke and sat up. He stared questioningly at his mother, wondering awe in his wide, blue eyes, and he forgot to complain that he was cold.

That deep-toned proclamation was repeated thrice each time nearer and louder; but its sound so pervaded the forest that the woman, seaching everywhere with her eyes, could not tell the direction when it came. It was followed by a minute of tense silence, and then she could not tell how, a grotesque but impressive figure stood by the fire.

A murmur ran round the circle. She caught just the one word, "Grul! Grul!" repeated by different voices.

He was tall, and a high conical cap added to his stature. In the cap were stuck sprigs of hemlock and of that false mistletoe which grows in the fir trees. From under it streamed long wisps of snowy hair, meeting and mingling with the long streamers of his snowy beard. About his shoulders swung a heavy woolen cloak, woven of black and yellow in a staring but mystical pattern.

In his left hand, — and the woman noted with wonder the aristocratic fineness of the long, pallid fingers, — he held a short wand of white wood, topped with a grotesquely carved head of vivid scarlet. His right hand he held outstretched over the fading embers, into which he gazed fixedly. His face was turned half toward her, and with a new hope fluttering up she noted the noble mould of the features, the high serenity of his forehead.

Slowly he turned his face, and his eyes met hers. They pierced like points of pale, glancing steel, and her new hope chilled to extinction. Then a terrible and daunting white flame seemed to dance within them, and she shuddered, saying to herself, "Mad!" The next moment she wondered if she had spoken the word aloud, for, as if in retort, he came over to her, and stood before her, thrusting the fantastic wand toward her.

She shrank in overmastering fear, and averted her eyes; but little Jerry in her lap was not in the least afraid. With a cry of delight he caught the grinning scarlet head of the wand, laughed confidently up to that terrifying face, and asked:

"Aren't you good Mr. Santa Claus? Have you come to save mamma and me?"

Slowly Grul turned his eyes upon the child, and slowly the white fire faded out of them. They softened first into a sort of wonder, and then into mild compassion. Without a word, but very gently, he removed the child's grasp from the wand. Then, with another and more human look at the mother's face he gathered his bright cloak close about him, and glided off soundlessly into the receding vistas of the forest.

Dawn was now fairly abroad, and the savages stirred the fire to cook their moose-steaks before resuming the march.

The sloping glacis of Fort Lawrence, mantled with snow, gleamed in the noon sun. From the flagstaff on its southwest bastion flapped lazily the red ensign of England, sentinel of the white levels of the marshes out to the winding line where the dark gash of the Missiguash Channel divided English sway from the domains of France.

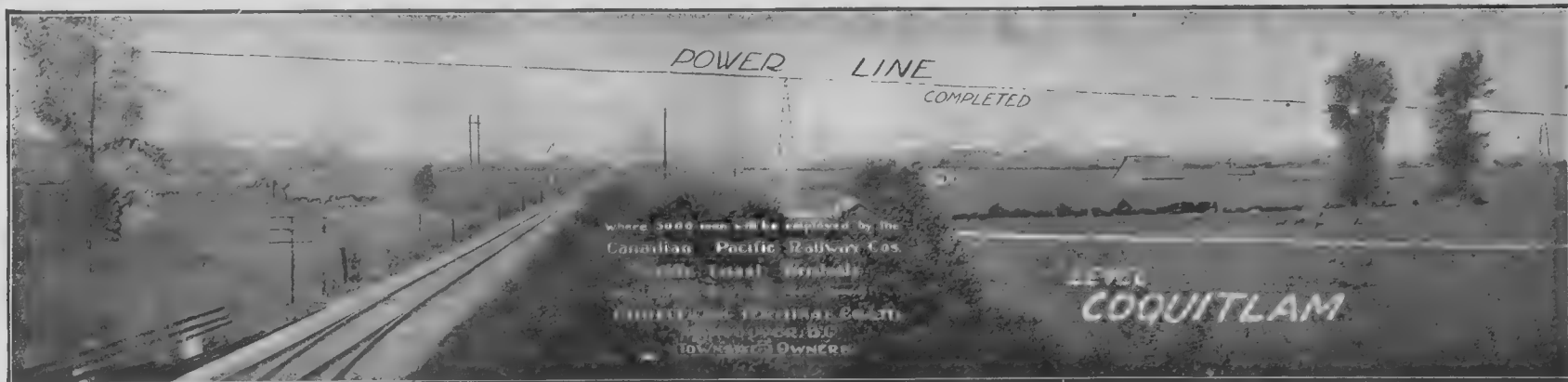
In the low, wood-ceilinged dining room of the officers' quarters, within the fort quadrangle, Major Ford, with Captain John Sansom and a half-dozen trim subalterns, were but lately seated

less as statutes. The stony profile of the one nearest to her froze the woman's soul with a deadly terror, which was succeeded by a wave of half-animal ferocity.—the mother-fury. It set her chilled blood racing again. Her strong white fingers clenched, and she muttered to herself,—half prayer, half pledge:

"Oh, God! as long as they leave me Jerry, I'll be servile to these beasts. But if they take him from me, I'll kill some of them! I'll kill that one by the fire!"

Soon she noticed a change in the color of the night. An icy pallor stole upon it, and the coals began to turn gray. Looking up through the tree-tops far above her head, she saw the stars had faded, and the sky was whitening with dawn. Several of the sleepers stirred, preparatory to waking.

"Christmas! Christmas morning!" she whispered to herself. "And so happy a Christmas we had looked for, Jerry and I!" The pity of it,—pity for the little one's disappointment, — gripped her throat. It came near weakening her and breaking her down to tears; but



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Here is what SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY says regarding Coquitlam—

At the Vancouver Hotel on Labor Day, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy stated to a representative of the Star that the development at Coquitlam would be large. He would not go into details, stating that local officers could best do that.

Questioned as to when a start would be made on the laying out of the yards and erection of the shops, he replied that work would be commenced shortly.

Since the above interview with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy work has already started.

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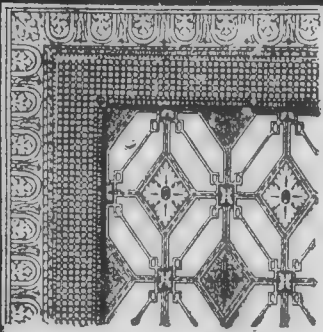
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Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the Chinese Revolutionary Leader.

to their Christmas dinner, Major Ford, being a Warwickshire Englishman, the dinner was an English dinner, with a juicy roast in sight, and the round plum pudding, aflame with cognac, in neighborly prospect.

Captain Sanson was a New Englander, but well inclined to see the Christmas feast no less honored at the board than his native festival of Thanksgiving. He had praised the deep-shelled Baie Vertie oyster as fit to grace a banquet of Lucullus. The Maderia had been especially commended, sipped and savored, and sipped again, by all who valued the Major's good opinion—which is to say, by all the company. Nor in this did any one compromise his conscience, for, indeed, the Major had a nice palate for Maderia. The beef, carved with ceremony, had been pronounced a credit to the fat meadows of Maccan.

At this juncture an orderly appeared, saluted, and stood just inside the door. The Major had a red, smooth-shaven face, and little irascible eyes which served to mask a very amiable sort of

soul. He looked up, and glared at the orderly.

"If you please, sir," said the latter, saluting again, "some one houtside wants to see you hat once,—without any delay, sir."

"What's his name? What does he want?" demanded the Major sharply.

"If you please, sir," answered the man, "e won't give no name whatever; an' 'is business 'e says as 'ow hit's most hinstant! If I might make so bold, sir, I think as 'ow 'e's mad. 'E looks queer; an' 'is 'at's like a steeple; an' 'e carries a little stick with a most hextrayordinary 'ead, like a Punch-an' Judy show."

The Major had little imagination and much appetite. He was about to bid the stranger wait till after dinner; but Captain Sanson tactfully intervened before the degree went forth.

"I have heard of this man, Major Ford," said he. "A very strange being, who goes by the name of Grul. Mad, doubtless, but with so far a method in his madness that he never appears save when something important is afoot. He has a strange power in Acadia. He is the mortal foe of La Garne. And he does nothing to cheapen himself. I beg you to let him come in!"

Explanations ran around the table in dorsing the Captain's request.

"It will be so entertaining, don't you think, Major?" lisped young Lieutenant Wrenne, whose proud courage won tolerance for his affectations.

"Well, well, well," grumbled the Major. "If you like; if you like! More entertaining with the nuts and port, should say; but at once, if you like gentlemen. Show him in, Jenkins."

The orderly disappeared like an automaton, and a minute later the fantastic form of Grul moved noiselessly into the room.

His eyes gleamed coldly upon the Major's face. Then they rested for a few seconds upon the dark, wide-awake countenance of Captain Sanson, and then, with an indescribable power they swept the whole circle.

Grotesque as was his appearance, no one laughed. No one knew till afterwards, in looking back upon the incident, that he was grotesque. Major Ford fitted his eyeglass to his eye, took



The passing of the Manchu Dynasty in China. The Prince Regent with the child Emperor and his baby brother.

a keen scrutiny, and muttered:

"Crazy; crazy as a coot! but a gentleman—yes, yes!" and rising from the table he very courteously offered him a chair.

The visitor waved it aside with a sort of civil scorn.

"It may concern you to know," said he, with penetrating slowness, "that not far from here a white woman and her child are being carried into captivity by savages."

"I thank you for the information, sir," replied the Major, as if it had been the most ordinary affair in the world. "Where are they?"

"By now passing through Jolicoer, on their way north to the villages of the Nepisigut," said Grul. "If you march from here straight toward Tidnish you will cross their trail."

"I am obliged to you," said the Major again, "it shall be seen to. Have a glass of wine with—" but he stopped with an indignant snort when he found himself addressing the visitor's back. In a moment he was gone, as swiftly and noiselessly as he came.

"Pon my word!" ejaculated the Major, sitting down. "Most singular! But clear! Come gentlemen, do justice to this good roast. Another cut, I beg you, Mr. Wrenne. We must be stirring right after we have finished dinner!"

But Mr. Wrenne was on his feet, preparing to protest against delay. Captain Sansom, however, was ahead of him.

"I entreat you, sir," he cried passionately, "let me take twenty file and go at once in pursuit. They will be already far ahead of us!"

"Tut! tut!" rejoined the Major impatiently. "They must travel but slowly, with a woman. Our fellows will soon overtake them. Shall a dinner like this be spoilt for a matter of two hours' extra tramping? Sit down, sit down, Captain Sansom!"

The Captain sat down, but instantly sprang up again, in strong excitement. "But the case is urgent, sir!" he cried. "I feel that it is most urgent. This morning, an hour or two back, when I was in the casemate, I distinctly heard a woman's voice call for help, somewhere from the woods beyond Beau-bassin. You may laugh, but I cannot rest a moment till we set out."

The Major again screwed his glass into his eye, and scanned the speaker. "Totally absurd, Captain Sansom," said he. "The woods are two miles away. And moreover, you were in the casemate, where you could not hear if she had called from the barracks windows!"

"I know it is impossible, but—" "But, sit down, sir!" interrupted the Major testily. "And you, too, Mr. Wrenne. I know my business, gentlemen!"

Both sat down, but rose again at once, and this time the other officers got up with them.

The Major's face darkened; but before he could thunder, Captain Sansom spoke again with vehement appeal:

"And we know our duty, sir, and will obey you to the letter," he cried, "but let me beg you to hear me patiently. How can we sit here, warm and safe, laughing over this good dinner, when a countrywoman of ours, and a little child, are out there helpless and hopeless, in the hands of those red devils of La Garne's, being dragged to who knows what fate? Think of it, sir. Why, how could we sit here guzzling? The stuff would choke us. You have no child of your own,—no wife,—or you could not be so unmoved, Major Ford, at the thought of it?"

"No, Captain Sansom, I have no wife, no child," interrupted the Major gravely, and a little sadly. "I thank God for it! Be thankful your own are safe in Boston, far away from the perils of a soldier's life. I am not so indifferent,

however, as you think; only, impetuosity seemed to me needless in this matter. Sit down, gentlemen! It shall be as you wish. You may go at once, Captain, taking one of our officers with you, and twenty men. Let them put bread and beef in their knapsacks. You will select, of course, men who can use these abominable snow-shoes. Whom do you wish to help you?"

All the company sprang up to volunteer, but Captain Sansom laid his hand on young Wrenne's shoulder.

"Thank you, Major!" he exclaimed with elation in his voice. "I'll take Wrenne, if he is willing. And if the rest of you will save a little of the pudding for us, you will see us back shortly to eat it, with good appetite and good conscience!"

"Who would have thought, gentlemen," grumbled the Major, peering around upon the diminished company as Sansom and Wrenne hastily withdrew, "that my staff would be threatening mutiny in the very teeth of a Christmas dinner!"

Of the half raw, half burned moose-meat, thrown to her by her captors as to a dog, the woman forced herself to eat abundantly, fearing what might happen if her strength should fail. The child was by this time hungry enough to make a meal off the shreds which had chanced upon a fair roasting.

At the first of the march the woman found herself so stiff that she could hardly take a step without groaning and tottering; but the dread of having Jerry taken from her held her silent, and presently her force came back and she was able to march rapidly and easily.

This fact, however, she was astute enough to conceal. She realized that if haste were an object to her captors, delay must be an object to the captives.

She therefore kept her fatigue in evidence, and lagged as much as she dared, enduring blows without a murmur, and finally convincing the savages that she was doing her best.

Well on in the morning, when the sun was high over the ancient, imperturbable fir-trees, the band crossed a narrow piece of open, jutting into the forest from the marsh-levels. Here there was a moment's pause. The savage who spoke French came up to her and grabbed her roughly by the arm.

"Look!" said he, grinning maliciously. "English there! Call them! Maybe they hear and come get you!"

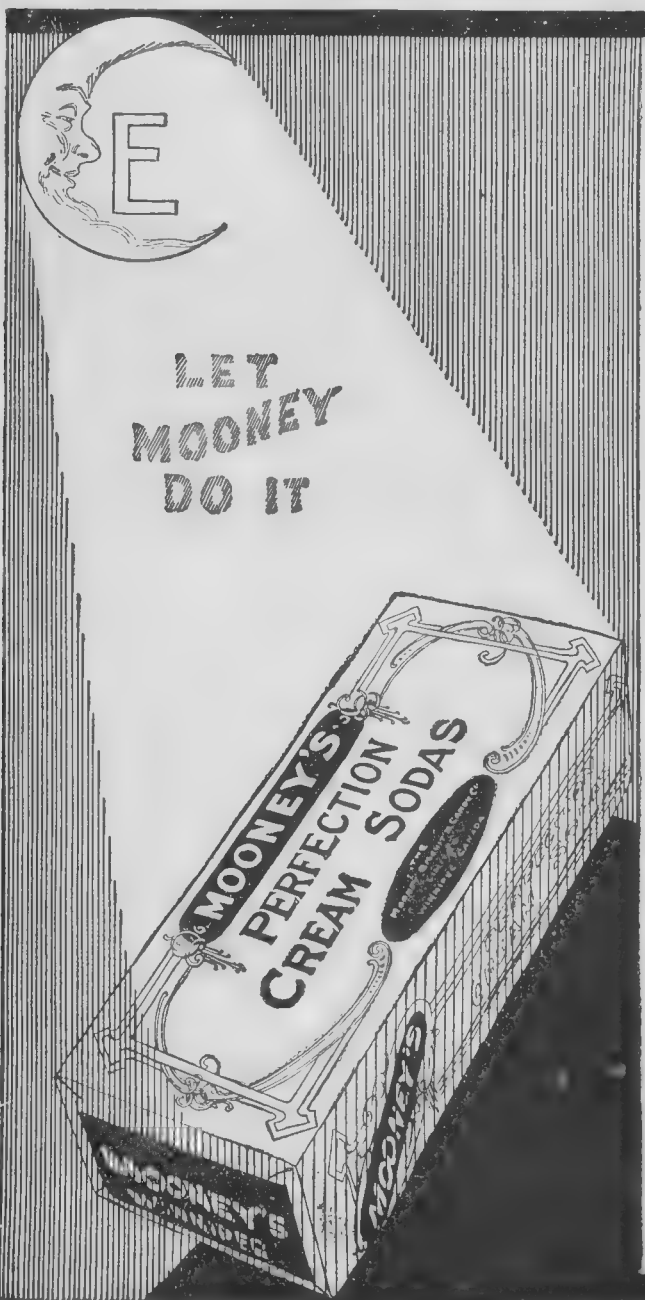
Following his gesture, she looked blankly out across the marshes, but started and quivered to see the red flag flying over the low ramparts of an English fort.

Her eyes blinded at once with tears, and her first impulse was to scream for succor. But she saw the folly of it, and would not give the savages cause for jeers. Only her heart, that cried out desperately, till she felt those in the fort must feel, if they could not hear, the frantic summons.

Some while later they crossed the bed of a small tidal stream left empty by the ebb. It was a chaos of ragged and mud-stained ice cakes, where the footing was painfully difficult. Carrying her snowshoes on one arm, Jerry on the other, she struggled to keep up with the band, but in the effort she fell and bruised herself sorely. Jerry, too, was shaken, though not hurt, and he began to cry.

For a few minutes the sound passed unnoticed. Then fierce eyes turned menacingly upon her, and she strove to quiet him, but in vain. At last the nearest savage made a cruel pass at the little one's head with the handle of his hatchet.

The woman swerved like lightning,



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and caught the stroke upon her own arm, at the same time flashing upon the brute a look of such murderous fury that he laughed, and made no attempt to provoke her further. Jerry, however, seemed to realize the need of silence, for he suddenly stopped crying, and ever strove to choke back his wrenching, voiceless sobs.

From this forward the woman walked sunken in a sort of numbness. She forgot to hang back and delay the march. She did not think, nor fear, nor hope, nor despair. She merely hugged the child close to her breast, and aimlessly counted her steps.

As she remembered afterwards, however, her sense of smell became abnormally acute; so that she noted, unconsciously, the different kinds of woods as they passed through them. The biting medicinal savor of the cedar thickets fixed itself in her brain to be followed by the thin pungency of the hackmatack swamp, the tonic spiciness of the fir and spruce groves, the nutty aroma of the hardwood ridges. The curious legacy of that horrible march was a quite useless but remarkable capacity for distinguishing different kinds of forest growth when passing through them in the dark all her life after.

About sunset halt was called and a fire built, although, as there were no preparations for a camp such as they had occupied the night before, the woman vaguely concluded that the march would be resumed after eating. Jerry had complained of hunger, and now a piece of dried raw fish was flung to her.

Repugnant as it was, she forced herself to eat it, and tried to get the child to follow her example. He refused obstinately, and at length began to cry for bread and butter.

In a growing panic she tried to soothe him conscious of the cruel eyes of anger which the sound drew upon them. With desperate haste she began to whisper to him a wonderful fairy story to divert his attention.

In the midst of the tale she was startled by a scattering volley of musket shots almost at her back. The savages leaped up, some of them to fall back again and lie quite still.

Then came shouts and cries, English voices rude but blessed English oaths; and she sprang to her feet. The savages were fleeing. Fur-capped, long-coated men were running toward her. One of them, his dark face smitten with amazement, was far in advance,—was close to her! Jerry struggled to escape from her encircling arms.

"Papa! Papa! Papa!" he cried; and the woman, tottering forward, felt her knees give way. She fell, blind with joy, into the arms of Captain John Sansom.

THE KINDNESSES OF A GREAT CITY.

Sometimes when in despondent mood we feel that the world is altogether bad or is going from bad to worse. Then, when in more cheerful frame of mind, we look at what is going on around us we begin to think that after all men and women are at heart good and kind. A proof of this kindness is well illustrated in the charitable institutions of the city of Winnipeg. In addition to the great hospitals which are supported by public charity as well as by the government and city, there are no less than thirty institutions for the alleviation of suffering or misfortune. Some of these are under the control of churches, some are directed by private parties, and some of them have developed in connection with the administration of justice or education. It will be found that the moving spirit in every case was some kind hearted woman who, with true missionary instinct, began the work of rescue or help in a small way. She joined herself to other persons with like interests and sympathies until the undertaking assumed considerable proportions.

Though these institutions have been doing the most useful and necessary work possible, there have been always a great many mendicants in the city making private appeals. Some of them who appealed for aid were underserving cases

and in addition to receiving private funds were receiving aid from some of the well known charities. A few years ago the Associated Charities was organized, and by working in harmony with all the institutions mentioned and with the city council, it keeps a close check on all beggars and supplicants, and takes care that the wants of the really needy are met.

For clearness, it will be convenient to classify the institutions of the city. 1. Those for the very young or very old. 2. Those for the sick and suffering. 3. Those for the poor. 4. Those for the ignorant and unsupervised. There is overlapping here, but the division will serve all practical ends.

So we begin with the story of the institutions that have to do with little children. It is particularly suitable that the Christmas number should contain the story of the institutions for children. During the year the story of other institutions will be given.

The Children's Aid Society.

Everyone's heart goes out to the neglected children. There are to be found in the city every year scores of children

attention. Out of this number it was found necessary to remove 205 children to the shelter for care and attention. On the whole these were extremely sad and needy cases. They ranged in age from five to fifteen years. Out of these 205 children, 83 came under the legal guardianship of the society, and 55 of them have already been placed in foster homes. Most of these are now surrounded with every care and attention it is possible for foster mothers to bestow. The balance of the 250 have either been restored to their parents under supervision or placed in temporary homes pending the improvement of their own. Of the total 507 children, 302 have been satisfactorily dealt with by continued visits to the homes, and by mediation, advice and warning to parents through the officers of the society. It has not been the policy of the society to take any into the shelter until every effort had been made to enforce parental responsibility.

At present the society has under its care not less than 336 wards for whom it is directly responsible. These, together with the 25 or 30 children that are to be found in the shelter at almost any time, throw a big responsibility upon the officers. Of those who have come before the society and gone through

Jane Adams: The largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

Dr. Grenfell: When people are always running after pleasure they never catch it.

Andrew Carnegie: The man with health and good character is a capitalist.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: Fiction is as natural a food to the young mind as sweets are to the young body.

Emerson Hough: The pioneer industries of a new Western town are a land agent's tent, boarding house and a branch bank.

Arnold Bennett: The spirit of contempt is dangerous; it destroys the balance of human judgment and makes impartiality impossible.

Elbert Hubbard: There is nothing more sickening in politics than the hypocrisy of those who go about saying that all except themselves are insincere.



One of Winnipeg's Many Charitable Institutions.

who have no help and watch care. These are the fatherless children, the children of deserters, the children of the intemperate, the immoral, and the lazy; the children without mothers, and the children of the unfortunate. To care for these there exists in the city an institution known as the Children's Aid Society. It is organized and given power under the Children's Protective Act. Every year it takes charge of hundreds of children and directly or indirectly ministers to their needs. When a case of distress is found the parents are visited and threatened with prosecution unless more care is taken with the children. If this results in nothing, the children may be taken to the shelter for a time and then legally adopted by the society and in due course sent out to some foster home. The total number of children actually cared for by the society since its inception is 1,541. This number is in addition to the cases treated and dealt with in their own homes. Of the 1,541 sheltered and cared for, 477 have been placed in foster homes. As an illustration of the way in which the society works a statement of last year's operations is instructive. During the year 260 complaints, involving the interests of 507 children were referred to the society for

foster homes into the world, some have become teachers, others have become excellent musicians, others have gone into business, some have married and now have children of their own. In every case they appear to be grateful for the kindness bestowed upon them in their earlier life. There have been a hundred applications for children during this last year, 67 being for girls and 35 for boys. It would be difficult to conceive an organization that could fill a greater need than the Children's Aid Society. It has as its directors some of the foremost citizens of Winnipeg, and donations from outside parties have been liberally forwarded because of the excellent work that is being done.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Thomas A. Edison: Dishonesty is primarily a want of intelligence or education.

Sir Oliver Lodge: Man rules nature by obeying her. He must first discover her laws before he can have any real dominion over her.

W. J. Bryan: Patriotism is not boastfulness nor the depreciation of other nations. The patriotism which tells is that which is felt, not proclaimed.

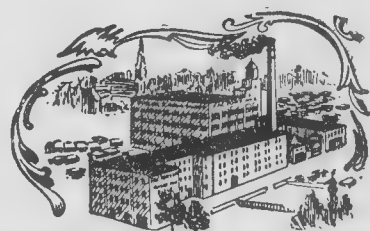
Hon. George P. Graham: The fact that a Brockville Presbyterian church is celebrating its 100th anniversary reminds us that Canada is already past the infant stage.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: While the philosopher may take the world to pieces in the privacy of his own study, he has to call on the neighbors to help him when he wants to make a better world.

Sir William Osler, M.D.: The lives of both Lord Stratheona and Mr. Bryce might be studied by those who are interested in the question of how to promote healthy longevity. Heredity was kind to both of these venerable giants. They came of Celtic stock. Donald Smith was born at Forres, Scotland, the son of Alexander Smith, a Highland merchant. The father of James Bryce was Dr. James Bryce, a Glasgow man, who had a school in Belfast for many years.

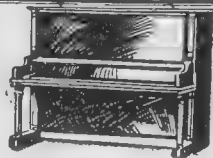
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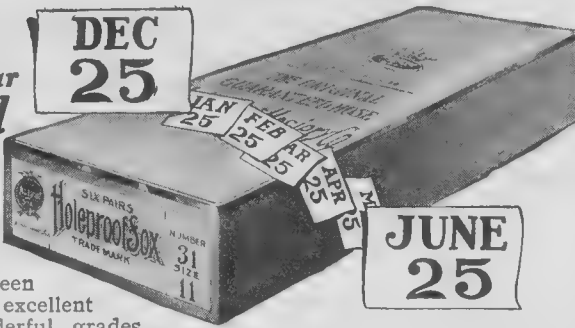
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weight LUSTRE SOCK, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sock, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsize in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

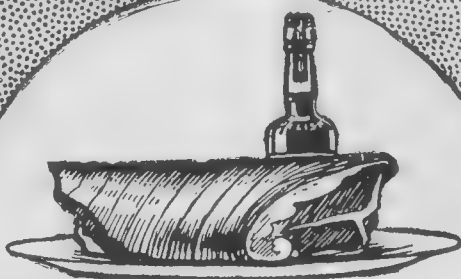
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WOODVILLE RELISH

The True Christmas Spirit.

By Sallie Joy White.



THE whole of Christendom is this month keeping glad festival in commemoration of the birth of the Savior, who came as a little child, sent as the first Christmas gift to a waiting world. There are few homes, however humble, into which something of cheer and gladness does not creep, thanks to the kindly souls who seek out the lonely, the poor, the sad, and bring to them, out of their abundance, the thought and the gift which are a part of the Christmas expression of good will.

The fever of Christmas buying is at its height, city streets are crowded and country shops are filled with eager purchasers. Mysterious bundles are smuggled past burning eyes into the house, and safely deposited under lock and key. Everywhere there is expectation and curiosity.

The custom of Christmas giving is a beautiful one when the impulse to give comes from the heart, and from a genuine desire to make somebody happy, but it is a custom that is far better honored in the breach than in the observance when it is governed by a spirit of barter. How many are there who simply exchange remembrances each year, with just as much sentiment as governs a transaction of commerce. It is sad enough when this spirit is shown by older people, but it is revolting when children display it. There is revealed a selfishness of motive, a lack of understanding of the meaning of the festival, which is a forcible commentary on the parents, and especially on the mother.

After Christmas last year, one woman deliberately went about to the city shops and priced articles like those which the members of her family had received, made a list of the givers and the worth of the gift, and this year presents are to be returned to each as nearly as possible of the value of those bestowed. Worse still, the subject has been discussed before the children of the family, who have heard all the comments on the gifts and the givers, until the Christmas intention has been obscured, and there is in its stead a vulgar question of commercialism.

With this woman it did not matter that the friend who gave a gift small in actual value had spent her money more generously in proportion to her means than another friend who, actuated by a selfish reason, gave more lavishly. It was the mere outlay which was counted, not the comparative means of the two nor the sentiment behind the gift.

Who wants Christmas gifts made in this spirit? They have no significance. It is simply an exchange of pocket-books, a more modern fashion of the "stand and deliver" of the seventeenth century highwayman.

The feeling the gift expresses makes it of value, not its cost. Who is there would not rather have a simple card with "Merry Christmas" written on it from one who was truly a friend than the most costly and elaborate gift made because of a feeling of obligation, or as a consideration for some favor or benefit to be asked for later?

Christmas to many has come to be a season of dread, carrying nothing with it of the peace and good will and happiness which it was intended to convey. To these it is not Christmas at all. It stands for sacrifice — not willing sacrifices either — for struggle, for a hopeless endeavor to keep the pace set by those whose purses are longer, and for a dissatisfaction at the results. And all this is so unnecessary, so wrong. One can understand the self-denial that parents will gladly undergo to give their children a happy festival and a day of rejoicing. They find their reward in the delight of the little ones whose gratitude and pleasure make denial worth while.

But all the self-denial, all the sacri-

fice should not be on the part of the parents. Children should be taught that the value of gifts depends not so much upon their cost in money, as on what they represent of thought, and of personal labor. In making out the list of those to whom gifts are to be sent, nothing should be even remotely suggested of an expected return. As far as possible the children should select those whom they wish to remember, and should be asked for the reason why they have such a wish. If it is a legitimate one the name should stand and the little ones allowed also, under the mother's guidance, of course, to choose the gift. In a quiet way the mother may turn her child's attention to some less favored one who would be made happy by a present, but she should do it so subtly that the suggestions will seem to come from the child himself.

While all this planning is going on and the children are receiving their unconscious lessons in unselfishness and thoughtfulness, the mother should explain to them what the season means; why they are keeping holiday and making others happy by gifts. Teachings of this kind are often neglected, not intentionally, but the mothers know it so well, have known it for so long, that they forget that it is not as familiar to the little ones.

Above all, much thought should be given to the selection of the gifts. A present means more when it is just



Young Manitoba Rejoices.

what one wants, because the receiver is sure the giver has cared enough to find out her desire. No matter how small the gift is, make it something unexpected, something that in the heart of hearts the recipient really desires, the possession of which will bring joy. It needn't be costly, if it is for a child; children's wants are quite likely to be modest as to price, and they afford pleasure out of all proportion to their value.

Men and women are only boys and girls grown tall and put into grown-up clothes. They keep most of the qualities which belonged to their childhood days, and still have cherished desires to be gratified just as when they wore short skirts and knickerbockers. Find out this pet desire, and, if possible, gratify it.

The highest pleasure in this Christmas season comes from giving rather than from receiving, and they best keep the season who radiate through their own unselfishness the spirit of peace and good will to all mankind, which God's first Christmas gift to man was sent to establish.

Won Fame on its Merits.—The unbounded popularity that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil enjoys is not attributable to any elaborate advertising, for it has not been so advertised, but is entirely due to the merits of this Oil as a medicine. In every city, town and hamlet in the country it is sought after solely because of its good qualities.

A Point of Knucklin' Down.

By Ella Higginson.



IT was the day before Christmas — an Oregon Christmas. It had rained mistily at dawn, but at ten o'clock the clouds had parted and moved away reluctantly. There was a blue and dazzling sky overhead. The rain-drops still sparkled on the windows and on the green grass, and the last roses and chrysanthemums hung their beautiful heads heavily beneath them; but there was to be no more rain. Oregon City's mighty barometer—the Falls of the Willamette — was declaring to her people by her softened roar that the morrow was to be fair.

Mrs. Orville Palmer was in the large kitchen making preparations for the Christmas dinner. She was a picture of dainty loveliness in a lavender gingham dress, made with a full skirt and a shirred waist and big sleeves. A white apron was tied neatly around her waist. Her husband came in and paused to put his arm around her and kiss her. She was stirring something on the stove, holding her dress aside with one hand.

"It's goin' to be a fine Christmas, Emarine," he said, and sighed unconsciously. There was a wistful and careworn look on his face.

"Beautiful!" said Emarine, vivaciously. "Goin' down town, Orville?"

"Yes. Want anything?"

"Why, the cranberries ain't come yet. I'm so uneasy about 'em. They'd ought to 'a' be'n stewed long ago. I like 'em cooked down an' strained to a jelly. I don't see what ails them grocery-men. Sh'd think they c'd get around some time before doomsday. Then I want—here, you'd best set it down."

She took a pencil and a slip of paper from a shelf over the table and gave them to him.

"Now, let me see." She commenced stirring again with two little wrinkles between her brows. "A ha'f a pound o' citron, a ha'f a pound o' candied peel, two pounds o' currants, two pounds o' raisins, get 'em stunned; a pound o' suet, make 'em give you some that ain't all strings; a box o' Northern Spy apples, a ha'f a dozen lemons, four bits' worth o' walnuts or almonds—whichever's freshest; a pint o' Puget Sound oysters for the dressin', an' a bunch o' celery. You stop by an' see about the turkey, Orville; an' I wish you'd run in's you go by mother's an' tell her to come up as soon as she can. She'd ought to be here now."

Her husband smiled as he finished the list.

"You're a wonderful housekeeper, Emarine," he said. Then his face grew grave. "Got a present for your mother yet, Emarine?"

"Oh, yes, long ago. I got her a black shawl down t' Chamran's. She's be'n wantin' one."

He shuffled his feet about a little. "Unhuh. You — that is — I reckon you ain't picked out any present fer—fer my mother, have you Emarine?"

"No," she replied, with cold distinctness: "I ain't." There was a silence. Emarine stirred briskly. The lines grew deeper between her brows. Two red spots came into her cheeks. "I hope the rain ain't spoilt the chrysanthemums," she said then, with an air of ridding herself of a disagreeable subject.

Orville made no answer. He moved his feet again uneasily. Presently he said: "I expect my mother needs a black shawl, too. Seemed to me hern looked kind o' rusty at church Sunday. Notice it, Emarine?"

"No," said Emarine.

"Seemed to me she was gittin' to look orful old Emarine"—his voice broke; he came a step nearer. "It'll be the first Christmas dinner I ever eat without my mother."

She drew back and looked at him. He knew the look that flashed into her eyes and shrank from it.

"You don't have to eat this'n' with-

out her, Orville Palmer! You go an' eat your dinner with your mother 'f you want! I can get along alone. Are you goin' to order them things? If you ain't just say so, an' I'll go an' do 't myself."

He put on his hat and went without a word.

Mrs. Palmer took the saucepan from the stove and set it on the hearth. Then she sat down and leaned her cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked steadily out the window. Her eyes held a far-sighted look. She saw a picture, but it was not the picture of the blue reaches of sky and the green valley cleft by its silver-blue river. She saw a kitchen, shabby compared to her own, scantily furnished, and in it an old white-haired woman sitting down to eat her Christmas dinner alone. After a while she arose with an impatient sigh.

"Well, I can't help it!" she exclaimed. "If I knuckled down to her this time, I'd have to do 't ag'in. She might just as well get ust to 't first as last. I wish she hadn't got to lookin' so old an' pitiful, though, a-settin' there in front o' us in church Sunday after Sunday. The cords stand out in her neck like

well ropes, an' her chin keeps a-quiv'rin' so! I can see Orville a-watchin' her—"

The door opened suddenly, and her mother entered. She was bristling with curiosity.

"Say, Emarine!" She lowered her voice, although there was no one to hear. "Where d' you s'pose the undertaker's a-goin' up by here? Have you hear of anybody—"

"No," said Emarine. "Did Orville stop by an' tell you to hurry up?"

"Yes. What's the matter of him? Is he sick?"

"Not as I know of. Why?"

"He looks so. Oh, I wonder if it's one o' the Peterson children where the undertaker's a-goin'! They've all got the quinsy sore throat."

"How does he look? I don't sees 's he looks so turrable."

"Why, Emarine Palmer! Ev'rybody in town says he looks so! I only hope they don't know what ails him!"

"What does ail him?" cried out Emarine, fiercely. "What are you hintin' at?"

"Well, if you don't know what ails him, you'd ought to; so I'll tell you. He's dyin' by inches ever sence you turned his mother out o' doors."

Emarine turned pale. Sheet lightning played in her eyes.

"Oh, you'd ought to talk about my turnin' her out!" she burst out, furiously. "After you a-settin' here a-quar'l'n with her in this very kitchen, an' eggin'

me on! Wa'n't she goin' to turn you out of your own daughter's home? Wa'n't that what I turned her out fer? I didn't turn her out, anyhow! I only told Orville this house wa'n't big enough fer his mother an' me, an' that neither o' us 'u'd knuckle down, so he'd take his choice. You'd ought to talk!"

"Well, if I egged you on, I'm sorry fer 't," said Mrs. Endey, solemnly. "Ever sence that fit o' sickness I had a month ago, I've felt kind o' old an' no-account myself, as if I'd like to let all holts go an' jest rest. I don't spunk up like I ust to. No, he didn't go to Peterson's—he gawn right on. My land! I wonder 'f it ain't old Gran'ma Eliot; she had a bad spell—no, he didn't turn that corner. I can't think where he's goin' to!"

She sat down with a sigh of defeat.

A smile glimmered palely across Emarine's face, and was gone. "Maybe if you'd go up in the attic you could see better," she suggested, dryly.

"Oh, Emarine, here comes old Gran'ma Eliot herself! Run an' open the door fer her. She's limpin' worse 'n usual."

Emarine flew to the door. Grandma Eliot was one of the few people she loved. She was large and motherly. She wore a black dress and shawl and a funny bonnet with a frill of white lace around her brow. Emarine's face softened and when she kissed her, "I'm

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so glad to see you," she said, and her voice was tender.

Even Mrs. Endey's face underwent a change. Usually it wore a look of doubt, if not of positive suspicion, but now it fairly beamed. She shook hands cordially with the guest and led her to a comfortable chair.

"I know your rheumatiz is worse," she said, cheerfully, "because you're limpin' so. Oh, did you see the undertaker go up by here? We can't think where he's goin' to. D' you happen to know?"

"No, I don't, and I don't want to, neither," Mrs. Eliot laughed comfortably. "Mis' Endey, you don't ketch me foolin' with undertakers till I have to." She sat down, and removed her black cotton gloves. "I'm gettin' to that age when I don't care much where the undertakers go to so long's they let me alone. Fixin' fer Christmas dinner, Emarine, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Emarine, in her very gentlest tone. Her mother had never said "dear" to her, and the sound of it on this old lady's lips was sweet. "Won't you come in an' take dinner with us?"

The old lady laughed merrily. "Oh, dearie me! You don't guess my son's folks could spare me now, do you? I spend ev'ry Christmas there. They most carry me on two chips. My son's wife, Sidonie, nearly rushed her feet off waitin' on me. She can't do enough fer me. My! Mrs. Endey, you don't know what comfort a daughter-in-law is when you get old and feeble!"

Emarine's face turned red. She went to the table and stood with her back to the older women; but her mother's sharp eyes observed that her ears grew scarlet.

"An' I never will," said Mrs. Endey, grimly.

"You've got a son-in-law, though, who's worth a whole townful of sons-in-law. He was such a good son, too, Jest worshiped his mother; couldn't bear her out of his sight. He humored



"All right," she said; "an' I want that you sh'u'd come."

her high and low. That's jest the way Sidonie does with me. I'm gettin' cranky's I get older, an' sometimes I'm

reel cross an' sassy to her; but she jest laffs at me an' then comes an' kisses me, an' I'm all right again. It's a blessin' right from God to have a daughter-in-law like that."

The knife in Emarine's hand slipped, and she uttered a little cry.

"Hurt you?" demanded her mother, sternly.

Emarine was silent, and did not turn.

"Cut you, Emarine? Why don't you answer me? Aigh?"

"A little," said Emarine. She went into the pantry and presently returned with a narrow strip of muslin, which she wound around her finger.

"Well, I never see! You never will learn any gumption. Why don't you look what you're about? Now go around Christmas with your finger all tied up."

"Oh, that'll be all right by to-morrow," said Mrs. Eliot, cheerfully. "Won't it, Emarine? Never cry over spilt milk, Mrs. Endey; it makes a body get wrinkles too fast. O' course, Orville's mother's comin' to take dinner with you, Emarine?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Emarine, in a sudden flutter. "I don't see why them cranberries don't come. I told Orville to hurry 'em up. I'd best make the floatin' island while I wait."

"I stopped at Orville's mother's as I came along, Emarine."

"How?" Emarine turned in a startled way from the table.

"I say I stpped at Orville's mother's as I came along."

"Oh!"

"She well?" asked Mrs. Endey.

"No, she ain't. Shakin' like she had the St. Vitus dance. She's failed lately. She'd be'n crying. Her eyes swelled up."

There was quite a silence. Then Mrs. Endey said: "What she be'n cryin' about?"

"Why, when I asked her she jest laffed kind of pitiful, an' said: 'Oh,

only my toomfoolishness, o' course.' She said she always got to thinkin' about other Christmasses. But I cheered her up. I told her what a good time I always had at my son's, an' how Sidonie jest couldn't do enough for me. An' I told her to think what a nice time she'd have here 't Emarine's tomorrow."

Mrs. Endey smiled. "What she say to that?"

"She didn't say much. I could see she was thankful, though, she had a son't to go to. She said she pitied all poor wretches that had to set out their Christmas alone. Poor old lady, she ain't got much spunk left. She's all broke down. But I cheered her up some. Sech a wishful look holt o' her when I pitched her dinner over here at Emarine's. I can't seem to forget it. Goodness, I must go. I'm on my way to Sidonie's, an' she'll be comin' after me if I ain't on time."

When Mrs. Eliot had gone limping down the path Mrs. Endey said: "You got your front room red up, Emarine?"

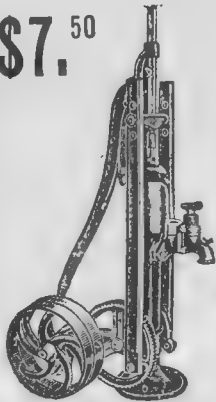
"No; I ain't had time to red anything."

"Well, I'll do it. Where's your duster at?"

"Behind the org'n. You can get out the wax cross again. Mis' Dillon was here with all her children, an' I had to hide up ev'rything. I never see children like hern. She let's 'em handle things so!"

Mrs. Endey went into the "front room," and began to dust the organ. She was something of a diplomat, and she wished to be alone for a few minutes. "You have to manage Emarine by contraries," she reflected. It did not occur to her that this was a family trait. "I'm orful sorry I ever egged her on to turnin' Orville's mother out o' doors, but who'd 'a' thought it 'u'd break her down so? She ain't told a soul, either. I reckoned she'd talk somethin' orful about us, but she ain't told a soul. She's kep a

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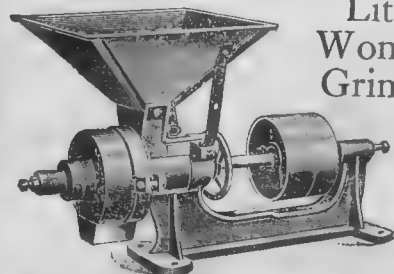
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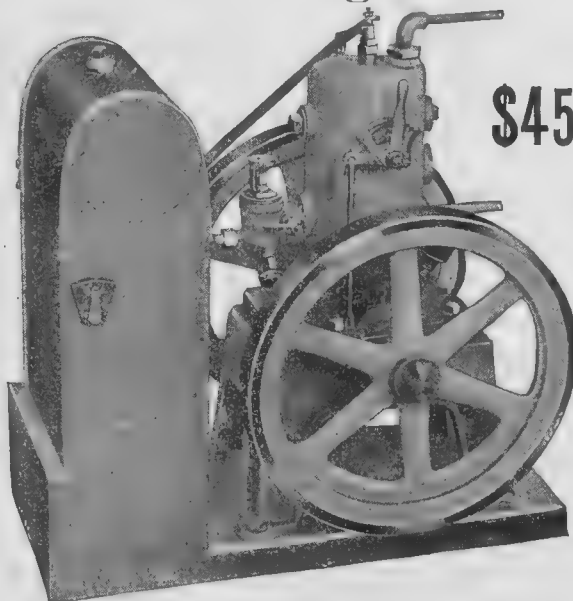
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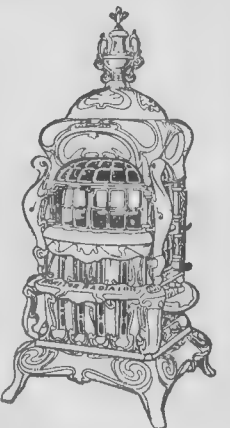


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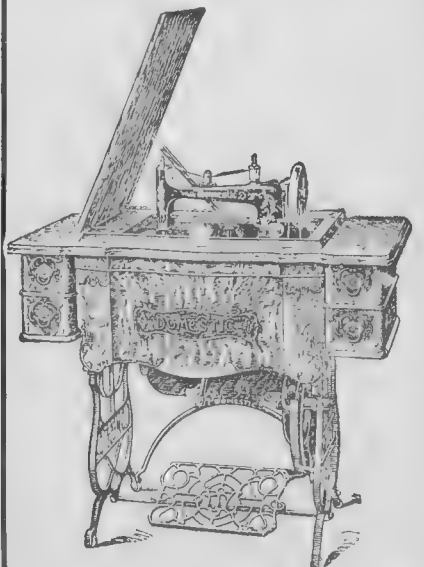
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stiff upper lip, an' told folks she al'ays expected to live alone when Orville got married. Emarine's all worked up. I believe the Lord Himself must 'a' sent Gran'ma Eliot here to talk like an angel unawares. I bet she'd go an' ask Mis' Palmer over here to dinner if she wa'n't afriad I'd laff at her fer kunklin' down. I'll have to aggravate her."

She finished dusting and returned to the kitchen. "I wonder what Gran'ma Eliot 'ud say if she knew you'd turned Orville's mother out, Emarine?"

There was no reply. Emarine was at the table making tarts. Her back was to her mother.

"I didn't mean what I said about bein' sorry I egged you on, Emarine. I'm glad you turned her out. She'd ort to be turned out."

Emarine dropped a quivering ruby of jelly into a golden ring of pastry and laid it carefully on a plate.

"Gran'ma Eliot can go talkin' about her daughter-in-law Sidonie all she wants, Emarine. You keep a stiff upper lip."

"I can 'tend to my own affairs," said Emarine, fiercely.

"Well, don't flare up so. Here comes Orville. Land, but he does look peakid!"

After supper, when her mother had gone home for the night, Emarine put on her hat and shawl. Her husband was sitting by the fireplace, looking thoughtfully at the bed of coals.

"I'm goin' out," she said briefly. "You keep the fire up."

"Why, Emarine, it's dark! Don't you want I sh'd go along?"

"No; you keep the fire up."

He looked at her anxiously, but he knew from the way she set her heels down that remonstrance would be useless.

"Don't stay long," he said in a tone of habitual tenderness.

He loved her passionately, in spite of the lasting hurt she had given him when she parted him from his mother. It was a hurt that had sunk deeper than even he realized. It lay heavy on his heart day and night. It took the blue out of the sky and the green out of the grass and the gold out of the sunlight. It took the exaltation and the rapture out of his tenderest moments of love. He never reproached her, he never really blamed her; certainly he never pitied himself. But he carried a heavy heart around with him and his few smiles were joyless things.

For the trouble he blamed only himself. He had promised Emarine solemnly before he married her that if there were any "knucklin' down" to be done, his mother should be the one to do it. He had made the promise deliberately, and he could no more have broken it than he could have changed the color of his eyes. When bitter feeling arises between two relatives by marriage, it is the one who stands between them—the one who is bound by the tenderest ties to both—who has the real suffering to bear, who is torn and tortured until life holds nothing worth the having. Orville Palmer was the one who stood between. He had built his own cross, and he took it up and bore it without a word.

Emarine hurried through the early winter dark until she came to the small and poor house where her husband's mother lived. It was off the main travelled street.

There was a dim light in the kitchen; the curtain had not been drawn. Emarine paused and looked in. The sash was lifted six inches; for the night was warm, and the sound of voices came to her at once. Mrs. Palmer had company.

"It's Miss Presly," said Emarine, resentfully, under her breath. "Old gis-sip!"

"—goin' to have a fine dinner, I hear," Miss Presly was saying. "Turkey with oyster dressin', an' cranberries, an' mince an' punkin pie, an' reel plum puddin' with brandy poured over it an' set afire, an' wine dip an' nuts an' raisins, an' wine itself to wind up on. Emarine's a fine cook. She knows how to git up a dinner that makes your mouth water to think about. You goin' to have a spread, Mis' Palmer?"

"Not much of a one," said Orville's mother. "I expected to, but I c'dn't

git them fall potatas sold off. I'll have to keep 'em till spring to git any kind o' price. I don't care much about Christmas, though—" her chin was trembling, but she lifted it high. "It's silly for anybody but children to build so much on Christmas."

Emarine opened the door and walked in. Mrs. Palmer arose slowly, grasping the back of her chair.

"Orville's dead!" she said, solemnly.

Emarine laughed, but there was the tenderness of near tears in her voice.

"Oh, my, no!" she said, sitting down.

"I run over to ask you to come to Christmas dinner. I was too busy all day to come sooner. I'm goin' to have a great dinner, an' I've cooked ev'ry single thing of it myself! I want to show you what a fine Christmas dinner your daughter-in-law can get up. Dinner's at two, an' I want you to come at eleven. Will you?"

Mrs. Palmer had sat down weakly. Trembling was not the word to describe the feeling that had taken possession of her. She was shivering. She wanted to fall down on her knees and put her arms around her son's wife and sob out all her loneliness and heartache. But life is a stage, and Miss Presly was an audience not to be ignored. So Mrs. Palmer said:

"Well, I'll be reel glad to come, Emarine. It's awful kind o' you to think of it. It 'ud 'a' be'n lonesome eatin' here all by myself, I expect."

Emarine stood up. Her heart was like a thistledown. Her eyes were shining.

"All right," she said; "an' I want that you sh'd come just at eleven. I must run right back now. Good-night!"

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Presly. "That girl gits prettier ev'ry day o' her life." Why, she just looked full o' glame to-night!

Orville was not at home when his mother arrived in her rusty best dress and shawl. Mrs. Endey saw her coming. She gasped out:

"Why, good grieve! Here's Mis' Palmer, Emarine!"

"Yes, I know," said Emarine, calmly. "I ast her to dinner."

She opened the door and shook hands with her mother-in-law, giving her mother a look of defiance that almost upset that lady's gravity.

"You set right down. Mother Parmer, an' let me take your things. Orville don't know you're comin', an' I just want to see his face when he comes in. Here's a new black shawl for your Christmas. I got mother one just like it. See what nice long fringe it's got. Oh, my! Don't go cryin'! Here comes Orville."

She stepped aside quickly. When her husband entered his eyes fell instantly on his mother, weeping childishly over the new shawl. She was in the old splint rocking chair with the high back.

"Mother!" he cried. Then he gave a frightened, tortured glance at his wife. Emarine smiled at him, but it was through tears.

"Emarine ast me, Orville—she ast me to dinner o' herself! An' she gave me this shawl. I'm cryin'—fer-joy."

"I ast her to dinner," said Emarine; "but she ain't ever goin' back again. She's goin' to stay. I expect we've both had enough of a lesson to do us."

Orville did not speak. He fell on his knees and laid his head, like a boy, in his mother's lap and reached one strong but trembling arm up to his wife's waist, drawing her down to him.

Mrs. Endey got up and went to rattling things around on the table vigorously.

"Well, I never see sech a pack o' loonatics!" she exclaimed. "Go an' burn all your Christmas dinner up, if I don't look after it! Turncoats! I expect they'll both be fallin' over their selves to knuckle down to each other from now on! I never see!"

But there was something in her eyes, too, that made them beautiful.

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WELL, Bernard, this is a very bitter hour for me. How little I ever thought to live to see such a day? the evidence against you is as clear as daylight. The money was handed over to you, a fact you don't deny. No one else was in the office at the time, and you say you locked the money away in your own desk and took the key home. In the morning the drawer was apparently intact, but the money was not forthcoming, and before twenty-four hours had passed away you are known to have paid off a debt of your own for the exact amount stolen."

"Father, I swear before God I know nothing of the money after I left it in my desk, as I have told you before, and I am as much mystified as you are," and Bernard Thompson faced his stern, unyielding old father without flinching, while truth seemed written on every feature of his face.

"Go, sir, before I curse you," thundered Mr. Thompson, "and remember it is only for your dead mother's sake that I do not have you arrested. By the memory of her love for you I give you this one more chance. Here is £100 an Allan liner leaves Liverpool tomorrow for Canada; see that you catch it, and never let me see your coward's face again."

"You shall not see me again, sir, until this hideous charge against me is cleared up," he answered and taking the envelope containing the money with a very unwilling hand, Bernard Thompson passed out from his father's presence into the darkness of the night. As he paused on the doorstep of his childhood's home, he lifted his cap and looking up at the silent stars, breathed an earnest prayer that the mystery might yet be made plain. At the same moment across the quiet stillness of the almost deserted thoroughfare came the sweet sounds of the old Christmas hymn "Hark the Herald Angels sing. Glory to the New Born King" bringing clearly back to the young fellow the face of his mother who had passed from their midst a year before. She would have believed in him, he felt quite sure, and bracing himself up with this thought, after one long mute look of farewell at the house where he had spent so many happy years, he turned and hurried down the street.

As he turned the corner of Park Avenue, he came into violent collision with another pedestrian, but after recovering from the shock, assayed to pass on, without looking at the man, when a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder and a well-known voice, that of his chum and companion in his father's office, Jack Carstairs exclaimed: "Well, Bernard, old fellow where are you off to in such a hurry at this time of night?"

"A variety of places, my boy, first I am going to say good-bye to Norah Wilson, then I am going to look up my old nurse and as her to take me in for the night, and to morrow I hope to get a berth on board the 'Victorian' bound for Halifax and St. John."

"Great Scott! What a programme," his friend replied, "in the name of all that's wonderful. What is the reason of this sudden departure? Come tell me all about it," and linking his arm in Bernard's he walked slowly up the street with his chum.

Bernard told his companion in simple, straight-forward language exactly what had happened and as he proceeded with the recital his friend's face grew stern and dark, and when Bernard added in heart broken tones that he was now on his way to see his fiancée, and that he had decided after telling her all, to offer her back her freedom, if she wished for it, before starting for Canada, Jack stopped suddenly and gripping his friend by the arm, muttered in horrified tones, "You shall not go alone, old fellow. I will at any rate not desert you, if you will have me," and so it was arranged two berths should be taken on the morrow instead of one.

Jack Carstairs slowly paced up and down outside the house in Chester Square where Norah Wilson lived, while Bernard, taking his courage in both hands, went to bid a sad farewell to his sweetheart. After telling her all, he offered her back her freedom at which she was very indignant, "Oh, dearest, how can you doubt me?" she asked. "As long as life lasts I am yours only. Do you think I question your innocence for one instant. My king among men! I will try and bear up if you feel it is best to go, but I shall leave no stone unturned to prove your guiltlessness, and mind," she added, "if you do not come or send for me in a year's time, I shall come out to you."

"I thought I knew your faithfulness, my love," Bernard whispered as he held her in a close embrace, "and now bitter though the agony of this parting is, I can go on in hope while I have the sweet assurance of your trust in me. God bless and keep you, my beloved, and grant us a re-union before many months have passed," and putting her gently from him, Bernard blindly groped his way out into the street and rejoined his friend.

"What luck, old chap," Jack asked, looking at his ghastly face. "Women are queer fish, so I suppose she has given you your conge, eh?"

"How dare you," Bernard exclaimed, "Norah is as true as steel and will be while life lasts. I thank my God for the love of a faithful woman. It is a glorious prize. May I prove worthy of it."

"I humbly beg your lordship's pardon," Jack responded, with a nervous laugh,

"but my experience in that line has not been similar."

Final arrangements having been made for the next day, the friends parted for the night, and Bernard wended his tired footsteps towards the home of his old nurse who received him with open arms.

Two days later the two friends stood together on the deck of the "Victorian" bound for Halifax and St. John. The moment for leaving Old England's shores had come and Bernard seemed for the first time to lose courage.

"Take my advice and go below, old fellow," Jack Carstairs remarked. "There is sure to be much weeping and wailing on the part of the ladies and as you feel a bit blue it will make you worse." But his friend refused to do so although when the warning bell rang out and that terrible cry "All for the shore" struck him with a shiver and seemed to wake him from the dreamy state he had lived in since his father's last terrible words, he felt more like jumping overboard and forgetting his sorrows in the calm waters, than starting life afresh.

After a pleasant journey the two chums reached Halifax from whence they went by train to Winnipeg, and then began an earnest search for suitable work which was soon rewarded by success. They

met a well-to-do farmer who engaged them to go and take charge of a fruit farm in British Columbia which he had recently bought. They felt quite elated, for besides their pay, they would have many advantages, and be practically their own masters, as their employer lived on another farm in the southern part of the province.

Bernard went to work with a good heart, cheered considerably by frequent loving letters from his sweetheart, and only one thing threw a shade over his contentment, and that was the strange alteration in his friend Jack Carstairs. He was no longer the jovial, bright companion he had hitherto been, but taciturn and sometimes very short with Bernard, especially if he touched on old times and the trouble that had brought him to that lonely spot, far away from home and friends.

Cedar Farm was a beautiful place not far from the Kicking Horse Pass, over which Bernard took his pigs for Vancouver market, and often the scenery, which must be seen to be appreciated, poured balm on his sore heart and while plodding slowly along he seemed to feel Norah very near to him, and firmly believed things would come right in the end.

They had been at the farm about nine months when Jack Carstairs took sick.

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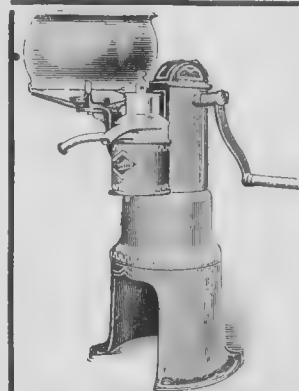
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Winnipeg - - - Man.

At first his friend nursed him as best he could, but then finding he got worse Bernard hitched the team to the buggy, and drove over the mountains to fetch the Doctor who lived thirty miles away. When he came he looked very grave, shook his head, and pronounced it to be a bad case of typhoid fever.

Now Bernard tried to repay his friend for coming with him, and nursed him with the devotion of a woman. At last his efforts seemed to gain ground for the fever abated and for a few days the hope of recovery was great. But something was keeping the patient back and Bernard was sorely troubled; when at last it became plain he was sinking fast, to him fell the task of telling his sick chum his hours were numbered, and a very bitter one he found it, and strong, brave fellow that he was he cried like a child, when at the end of his broken sentences of sorrow the sick man turned to the wall and uttered not a word. He seemed without any hope, but Bernard knelt beside him as the long hours dragged by and tried to rouse him to prepare for the long journey he was so soon to take.

He lay quite still with his head supported by Bernard's arm until just before midnight, when he was seized by a frenzy of fear and clutching his friend's arm with his wasted hand, he whispered, "Bernard, old chum, I have been a villain and a coward. Can you ever forgive me?" His companion thought his mind must be wandering and answered, "Why you have been a true pal to me always, old fellow. Don't fret about any little tiffs we may have had. Think now only of making your peace with God."

At the sound of that sacred name, a spasm of pain passed over the sick man's face.

"Oh no, God will never forgive me; I have been too wicked," he muttered.

"Ask him, old fellow," Bernard replied, "I remember my Mother used to teach us God was always willing to forgive if we were really penitent. Let me send Bob to fetch a parson. He could talk to you better than I can."

"No, no," the poor fellow replied, "I don't want any parsons. I only want to hear you say, 'Jack, I forgive you the great wrong you have done me as I hope to be forgiven myself.' Stay old man, don't interrupt me. My strength is going. At the bottom of my old trunk you will find a sealed envelope addressed to yourself. Read the letter after I am dead and send the enclosure to England, and say now that you forgive me."

The dews of death were gathering as Bernard bent over and whispered: "I freely forgive you, old fellow, whatever you have done, as I hope to be forgiven myself."

As the last word was uttered with a sad look of love and regret the soul of Jack Carstairs passed away to stand before the Heavenly Tribunal.

To Bernard fell the sad duty of laying in the grave all that was mortal of his chum. After the sad and simple ceremony was over he returned to the house to fulfil the last wish Jack had expressed. Seated on the old trunk, his faithful dog Rusty by his side he read with an almost broken heart, how his old friend, being sorely pressed, had yielded to the temptation and after his departure from his father's office on that fateful night had returned, as he knew the money would be paid that day and with a key that fitted the desk had abstracted the contents of the bag and got away, never dreaming that Mr. Thompson would fasten the guilt on his own son. Then as he knew it would be his Mother's death blow if she heard it, he had kept quiet, preferring even to let his chum suffer in his place.

Now indeed life was dark to Bernard when he realized Jack's treachery, but never for one moment did he mentally retract the forgiveness he had given his dying chum.

Bernard Thompson decided to stay on for the present at the farm, until he could think what could be done next, for his love for Jack and been so great he could not bear the thought of clearing his own name at the expense of his friend's, because he knew that at home was Jack's widowed mother who would be bitterly sorrowful if she knew the truth, for she loved him so much. When Christmas Eve came round again, Bernard was alone with the dog and hired

help on that far off homestead. What a lot of strange events had crowded themselves into his life during the past year. His thoughts went back to the last Christmas Eve and his parting with his proud old father, and then the sad farewell from his sweetheart. Then he thought of her last words and how she had said, "Come what might she would be with him again before another year was over."

"Another year is over tonight, sweetheart," he said standing alone on a bench overlooking the house, "and you are not with me."

"I wonder what the old folks are doing at home?"

Rusty pricked up his ears and sat in the attitude of listening, as round the bend of the road came a wagon drawn by four horses, laden heavily with freight and passengers.

"Rusty! Rusty, have you gone mad my boy?" called Bernard, as the faithful old dog ran forward to meet the wagon, "it is only someone freighting, no doubt and come to ask for a shakedown for the night." But he might as well have talked to the wind for Rusty, usually so obedient took not the slightest notice of his master, and as the passengers, an old man, feeble and bent with age, and a young lady, alighted from the wagon, the dog nearly had a fit, and ran round and round each in turn.

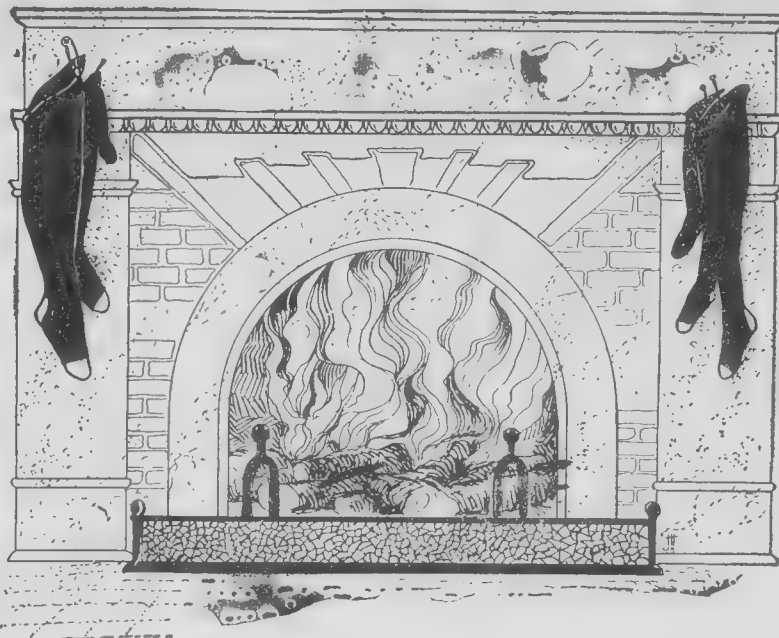
Bernard hurried forward to apologize to the strangers, but when the cloud of dust

surrounding the wagon had subsided, he stopped suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and thought he must be dreaming. "No, Bernard, it is no dream. Your faithful Norah has kept her word, and is with you again on Xmas Eve."

Oh, what a meeting was that, in the lonely homestead, and what greetings were exchanged. Norah had to tell how she had coaxed Mr. Thompson to bring her to keep her promise to Bernard, and what a race by steamboat, rail, and wagon they had to get there in time.

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Grain Growers Read Carefully

To the GRAIN GROWERS OF MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA:—

Throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan, and many parts of Manitoba, frost damage has reduced the grade of grain down to around feed quality. This reduces the amount of cash the farmer receives for his crop. It is, therefore, necessary, in fact imperative, that the farmer should get every cent possible out of his low grade grain, and there is only one way to do this. Ship your own grain and get a reliable commission merchant to handle it. Get one whose experience guarantees that he knows his business. This is important. If a farmer who has never shipped his grain is compelled to ship this year through the grade being so low that he cannot sell to advantage at street prices, we make this statement that it is the best thing that ever happened to him that his grain this year is low grade. It will initiate him into shipping his own grain, and the gain experienced in future years by shipping his grain will make this season the best he ever had. You cannot make money easier or quicker than by shipping your own wheat, oats, barley and flax.

We have been handling grain in Western Canada since 1882 through elevators, on commission, track buying and street buying and this experience has taught us the best way for farmers to get full value for their grain. At present we are commission merchants solely, handling car lots of grain on commission. It requires an experienced grain man to know the true value of low grade wheat, and farmers who have low grade wheat to market should have it handled by experienced men. Send us a six or eight ounce sample and get grade and value which you can compare with street prices. There will be a good, strong demand for high grade wheat (No. 4 wheat and higher) all season, and those farmers who are unable to get cars to ship it forward need have no fear of prices declining. In fact it will likely prove most advantageous if farmers are unable to rush it out as early as they would like, because we believe that prices later on will be much better than they are at present. This will also apply to No. 2 C. W. oats, No. 3 barley, No. 1 N. W. flax and No. 1 Man. flax. Farmers who began shipping to us several years ago are still shipping to us, as they realize that this is the best method to get good prices for their grain no matter what quality it may be. Anyone can easily see this. There is only one commission charge to pay, and if he loads his own grain from the loading platform there are no elevator charges to pay, and besides the grain is sold at the highest market price offered at the time the sale is made. Give this last sentence careful thought.

Write us for shipping instructions and any other information about grain you may wish, and we will try to answer your enquiries clearly. Shipping grain is very simple. The grading and weighing of the grain is attended to by Government inspectors and Government weigh-masters, and we send you a Government inspection certificate and Government weight certificate with each car lot of grain handled. We are licensed and bonded, and we refer you to the Bank of Hamilton, Winnipeg, as to our financial standing.

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Elementary Agriculture.

By McNeal. C. James.

Birds.

Few things in nature have given man more pleasure and have been of more interest to him than have birds. They are to be found in all parts of the world, and at all times of the year. Their habits of feeding, nesting and migration have been the subject of prose and poetry for ages. Their song has been a source of pleasure to man from time immemorial. If birds were of no use other than the pleasure they afford they would be worth preserving. Their economic use to the farmer, however, is very great. For this reason, more than any other, they should be protected.

The damage done by injurious insects was discussed in the article on Agriculture in the October number. It was said there that an authority on insects has declared that they cause an annual loss of over \$300,000,000. This is more money than is spent for all educational purposes in this country for the same time. Authority claims that injurious insects would soon destroy all plants if their enemies were held in check. One of the most efficient enemies of insects is the bird.

Not all birds can be classed as useful, because some do little good; others do

the bark but they do little harm, while if the insect were left alone, he would in many cases destroy the tree. The yellow bellied sapsucker is the bird which really harms trees by pecking holes in them to get the sap. He is a migrant here, and he should be destroyed. But the red-headed woodpecker, flicker, or yellow-hammer, and the other members of this family should be protected.

The birds spoken of above catch insects from the ground or from trees but the swallows catch their food from the air while on the wing. They are very beneficial, never doing any harm. They should be encouraged to build their nests in and about the barn.

More dangerous, often, than injurious insects in North Dakota are field mice and ground squirrels. The first-named animals often destroy meadows, trees, cereals and vegetables. In Europe there have been many real plagues of meadow mice. There have been great numbers of them in America. The writer has seen much clover destroyed by these little animals, and has seen hedge fences killed outright by them. It is estimated that the loss to the nurserymen near Rochester, N.Y., during the winter of



The Last Feed.

much harm. These, however, are very small in number. They should be destroyed as any other pest, but no innocent bird should suffer for the sin of his cousins. Among our most beneficial birds are the robin, prairie-horned lark, meadow lark, woodpeckers, swallows, and many hawks and owls. The robin often eats fruit during berry or cherry season and for that reason is sometimes destroyed. But the harm he does in this way is far overbalanced by the injurious insects he kills. Farther south he does some harm and is slaughtered in immense numbers. In one small town in Tennessee where large tracts of cedars grow, whose berries attract robins, 120,000 robins are killed and sold each year, for five cents a dozen. The larks are the most distinctly beneficial of any of our feathered friends. They eat a great many injurious insects of the field. All know the meadow lark by his cheery note and by his yellow vest and black neck-tie. Seventy-three per cent. of his food is made up of insects. The prairie horned lark is about the size of the English sparrow. He is one of the few winter residents in this state. He is usually to be found in the open field in the winter. He is a grayish brown bird with black markings about the eyes. He feeds upon some of our most injurious weed seeds during the winter months.

The woodpeckers are often destroyed because it is thought they injure trees by pecking holes in them. This is a mistake. They do pick holes in live trees to get at the insect which is in or under

1912, caused by mice gridling the fruit trees, was over \$100,000. In one apple orchard of 480 acres in Kansas, 5,000 trees were killed in one winter by these little pests. The most effective enemies of these harmful creatures are the hawks and owls. No other class of birds suffer more as a class for the wrong doings of their relatives than do these birds. The Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk are very destructive to small birds and game birds. But the sparrow hawk, the marsh hawk and in fact all we have here as summer residents are very beneficial. The same thing can be said of the owls. These two families of birds are so often destroyed, because they sometimes are caught killing chickens. But chickens form a very small part of their diet. This is not all. Only a few hawks and owls kill chickens, but the farmers are prejudiced against all because of a few. The chief food of both owls and hawks is mice, gophers, and injurious insects.

A very common little hawk which should be protected is the Sparrow hawk. It is a summer resident here. It is more sociable than most hawks as it stays close to dwellings and along public highways. When scientists wish to find whether a certain bird is beneficial or injurious, he has many of these birds collected over a wide range of territory and during every month of the year. The stomachs of these birds are examined to find out exactly what these birds have eaten. In this way he can make no mistake. Out of 320 stomachs of the Sparrow hawk examined, eighty-

nine contained mice, while twenty-four had eaten other animals; 250 of these birds had been eating insects, largely grasshoppers, crickets, beetles and caterpillars. One stomach contained 30 crickets; another a gopher and 38 insects; another, 35 grasshoppers and 24 crickets.

The marsh hawk is a large hawk and he is often seen flying over meadows, quite low. He has a distinct white rump which aids in recognizing him. This bird feeds upon meadow mice, rabbits and ground squirrels, mainly.

Much less often seen, but as beneficial, are owls. These birds fly at night so are little known by most people. They have a very peculiar habit of swallowing their food in large chunks; hair, bones, skin and all, are eaten. After the digestible part is taken from this mass eaten, the bird throws up the indigestible parts. These have been rolled into balls by the action of the bird's stomach and are called pellets. On examining 675 barn owl pellets 1123 skulls of mice were found. Fifty stomachs of the long eared owl contained 114 skulls of meadow mice.

A great many more figures might be given to show the value of these birds, but enough has been said. Such birds as the English Sparrow should be destroyed, as they are almost altogether harmful. But before one makes war upon a bird he should be sure that that bird is largely harmful. By all odds most of our feathered friends should be carefully protected.

The Effect of Feeding on the Dressed Carcass.

The most valuable part of the carcass, from the consumer's standpoint, is the lean meat, but not all the lean meat is of the same quality nor is it all equally valuable. The lean meat of the carcass consists of the muscular part of the body of the live animal. The most tender lean meat comes from the muscles that are least used—those along the back from which the sirloin and porterhouse steaks are obtained. In fowl, the tender white meat comes from the breast, the muscles that are little used in life. The loin and rib roasts are the most valuable part of the carcass and together will probably make up about 30 per cent. of the weight of the dressed carcass. Butchers also tell us that about 65 or 70 per cent. of their customers want meat from these cuts.

It is well understood that feeding will not materially increase the muscular tissue of the animal body. This is especially true of the mature animal, but not to the same extent with young stuff. Young cattle develop muscle as they grow, and proper feeding is always essential for good muscular development. In feeding two and three-year old steers, if they have not good muscular development to begin with, no amount or kind of feeding will make any decided increase in muscular tissue. In feeding animals we must have the natural muscular development, feeding will interpose fat within them and between the layers of muscular tissue and produce that "marbled" appearance in the cuts of meat that is so pleasing to the butcher. In this way the weight of the animal is increased and the quality of meat much improved both in taste and keeping qualities. The carcass of a well fed and finished animal will ripen in the cool and improve in texture and flavor, while the poor animal will yield a carcass of poor quality and one which will decay before it will ripen. The muscles of the fattened animal will expand and become heavier by means of the fat cells deposited within and around them. This produces what is termed "marbled" meat—when a muscle is cut crosswise the streaks of fat are seen interspersed throughout the piece of meat. In an animal that has not been fed, the lean meat is of a solid red color with little or no fat within the tissues, consequently it is usually tough.

Different types of animals will deposit fat in different ways. Heifers and cows usually are not so heavily muscled as steers, and also, when fed, develop a larger amount of internal fat. The same thing is true of dairy animals. Their meat may be just as well flavored,

of just as good texture, and just as tender, but they will deposit a great amount of internal fat and their total muscular development is too small. A Jersey steer might have as great a percentage of loin steak to total carcass as an Angus but his total amount of meat is small and he is therefore not a desirable butcher's animal.

So much in general for feeding. We will call them for convenience Steer No. 1 and Steer No. 2.

Steer No. 1 when slaughtered weighed 1,330 pounds, his dressed carcass weighed 800 pounds, thus giving a dressing percentage of 60. Steer No. 2 weighed 1,000 pounds when slaughtered, his dressed carcass weighed 526 pounds, giving a dressing percentage of 52½. Both were shrunk for 24 hours before killing. Steer No. 1 when placed in the feed lot last fall was practically of the same quality as steers No. 2 at time of slaughtering and weighed about the same. At slaughtering time, steer No. 1 would be classed as a good to choice export animal and worth on the Winnipeg market about 5½ cents per pound. Steer No. 2 was bought two days before killing for 4¼ cents and was just an average fair butcher steer, the kind which are most in evidence at the yards. Steer No. 1, along with a bunch of others of the same type, had been fed on oats, barley and bran in the proportion of 5, 3, 2. Also, corn fodder and a little hay were given for roughage, feed which every western farmer can have in abundance.

The weights of the various cuts in the two steers, together with the price now charged the consumer at the Winnipeg butcher shops, are as follows:

Hind Quarter.			
Cut	Steer 1.	Steer 2.	Price
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Cents.
Wing rib	12	6	12½
Porterhouse	23	13	18
Sirloin	40	23	18
Kidney Suet	15½	5	10
Rump	51	44	12½
Shank	14	11	3
Flank	17	8	5
Fore Quarter.			
Ribs	48	30	12½
Plate (brisket cut) ..	40	23	6
Shank	13	11	3
Shoulder ribs	28	19	10
Chuck	62	48	8

From these figures it will be seen that feeding not only greatly increased the weight of steer No. 1 but that the valuable cuts in steer No. 1 are almost double in weight those from steer No. 2. For instance, there were 23 pounds of porterhouse in steer No. 1 and only 13 pounds in steer No. 2; 40 pounds of sirloin in the former and only 23 pounds in the latter, and these steaks retail at from 18 to 22 cents per pound, depending on the quality. Because so many people, 70 per cent. it is claimed, want the high priced cuts, the butcher has difficulty in disposing of the cheaper parts of the carcass. For this reason he must charge a high price for the good cuts and sell the poorer ones much more cheaply. Winnipeg butchers pay the abattoirs 8½ to 9 cents a pound for the dressed carcass, so it is evident that the retailers are not making an especially large profit.

The butcher wants the animal with the largest percentage of edible meat. Feeding improves the quality of the meat, increases the dressing percentage and enhances the value of the carcass. It is estimated that the average butcher's animal that reaches the Winnipeg consumer will not dress above 53 or 54 per cent. The export steers will dress around 60 to 62 per cent.

A writer points out that tourists go abroad, while they can have equally as fine scenery—and much more comfort—in the Scottish Highlands, and within 12 hours' journey of London.

Gey thrwart. After the evidence had been given against a man in Police Court, he said, "I can't hear; but I deny every word that has been said!"

Glasgow has now 98 miles of "tramway" open and in daily use. The city owns its own tramway system.

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1 cent per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over all Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us, to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg grain trade and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada and any of its branches; also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreet's and R. G. Dun & Co.

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The White Man.

By W. R. Gilbert.



LUCKY Brown was enraged.

He kept the grog shanty at the Dead Finish, away over the low-swalling ranges. He played many parts, principally that of the banker, who received the stakes of the district. For years he had dealt with all sorts and conditions of human nature in the raw state. And now, Fit Sims had dared to turn rusty and rebellious, when Clucky burst on him the announcement that his "beans" were done and the slate was clean.

It hurt Clucky to think a looting out-

which wasn't particular about the kind of company it kept, began to grow tired of Fit. He was cleaned out, not even a copper left, or an empty tucker-bag, and Clucky one day just knocked his hat down over his eyes, took him by the scruff of the neck, and gave him a helping kick off the premises. Like a spiritless brute, Fit went. With a mortgaged future, a blighted past, and a sorry present, he stumbled down the unchained track which lost itself at the first bend.

As he aimlessly tramped along day after day, his brain began to clear again, and his mutterings gradually ceased. Well, after all, he didn't mind it much. If it hadn't been Clucky it



Photos by Lafayette, Dublin

Queen Margaret of Sweden, the married daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

east like Fit should doubt his word. So he expressed himself unreservedly.

"Think I've been lambin' yer, eh? Well, yer can do a roll-up and pad the track. There ain't an ounce of manhood in the whole of yer weather-beaten carcass! Not an ounce of manhood! And yer can champ the bit on that."

It was a matter of three weeks since Fit arrived one evening at sundown, and dumping his swag down on the rickety sapling seat at the end of the verandah, stalked into the bar and flung down his cheque.

It represented many weeks' hard toil, and Clucky held it with a mortgage grip.

When steady Fit was a crack shearer his tally was hard to beat, and rumor had it, he had been boss of the board more than once.

But drink would master him and hold him down. So he bowed to the inevitable, and loafed round, getting liquor from sundry sources. But even the miscellaneous crowd at the Dead Finish,

would have been someone as bad. But there was something that Clucky had said which haunted his memory with a strange persistence. Something about an ounce of manhood! Ah! he had it now, "There ain't no ounce of manhood in the whole of yer weather-beaten carcass!" That was it. And somehow it had left a sting which smarted.

As he entered the box flat a big black crow cawed at him, mockingly, then the bush magpies took up the refrain, while the twelve apostles twittered it incessantly. "Not an ounce of manhood, not an ounce of manhood!"

It was giving him the blues. It dogged him at every turn. He dropped limply on to a fallen log and buried his face in his hands. He suddenly realized that he felt tired, and lonely, and old. His boots were cut and useless. His feet were sore and bleeding. His hands and face were blistered, and his head seemed thumping like a sledge-hammer, while he ached in every limb.

He thought of his wife, whom he had

not seen for—it must be three years. Then there was young Fitwell, called after him—God help him to make a better thing of life than his father had done. And there was little blue-eyed Nellie, who could just say "Dad, dad," when he started on the road. He could almost hear her now. Perhaps she had forgotten that word. Dad had only been a short-lived memory in her life. Ah, "I never wish to set eyes on you again. You've spoiled my life. I wish you were dead!" His wife had said with a world of bitterness in her voice.

Poor Annie! Poor girl! It was all true, every word. She'd had a rough and tumble time of it with him. No wonder she grew hard and bitter. The wonder was she'd stuck to him so long. Yet he would like to see her once more her and the little ones. But, "not an ounce of manhood." He was stabbed through and through by his own conscience.

tion was "bluff" on their part, and Fit knew it. He had seen many sights like that in the bush.

But somehow the thing seemed different this time. The utter hopelessness of the birds appealed to him strangely. The odds were too heavy. The puny efforts were so pitifully unavailing. It seemed something like his own life. The veins on his forehead began to rise like whip-cords. He felt a sudden tremor through his blood. In a moment he had seized a branch, and hit the brute savagely. It was his turn to say something. He said it. Only one phrase would come. "Not an ounce of manhood, you brute. Not an ounce of manhood."

The words came out with unsuppressed emotion at each telling blow. It did Fit good, cleared the sting right out of his system. He felt decidedly better. When the iguana lay at his feet a shapeless mass, he smiled grimly.

"Good iron mate. Go it! Death on



Princess Patricia, who will join her parents the Governor General and the Duchess of Connaught at Ottawa before Xmas.

Hard, strangling sobs shook him from head to foot. The tears began to course down his sand-rasped face till they fell on his scrubby beard.

"I wish you were dead!" she had said. It had come to that, then. That the best thing he could do for her was to die. Well, he could soon settle that—over there by the clump of wattle. A few weeks of hot, blistering sun, and the white bones would be unrecognizable—only another bush tragedy added to the long list.

Suddenly there was a quick movement among the dead timber. The dry leaves crackled protestingly. With a rush a big "pfella" iguana sprang up a tree to where a nest lay cunningly hidden in a protecting fork. There was a terrible outcry when the galahs and the apostles saw the danger. The air became alive with plaintive cries. The parent birds faced the marauder gamely. But it was no use. The iguana showed fight, opening his ugly jaws, and snapping them threateningly. The birds' demonstra-

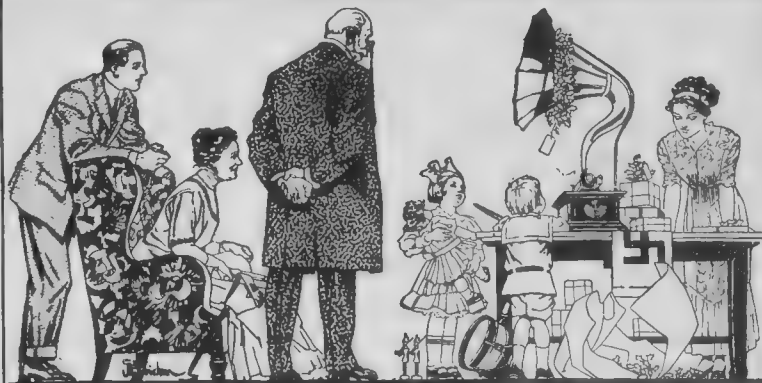
goaners."

Fit looked round quickly. There stood another member of the great "tramp" family. His rags were so ventilated that he seemed almost clothed in sunshine. He looked hollow-eyed, and limped painfully. Fit briefly explained. "The brute was tackling the birds, and they wasn't his own size. That was all."

The new-comer nodded sympathetically. Then he threw himself full length on the ground, and prepared to chum up. He yarned away mostly about himself and Jenny. And Fit had no desire to check him. Anything that could break monotonous silence was welcome.

The story the stranger had to tell was not particularly refreshing. He had really hard luck. "Took 'influenza' just as the shearing season started. And he knew whips of sheds that would jump at him. His tally took some beating. But he had no show now, and he was 'broke.' That was the worst of it.

He didn't care for himself. He was



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What I have to offer you is the biggest bargain in warm, winter foot-wear that you ever had offered to you. It is the greatest bargain I have ever seen myself and I have been years selling honest foot-wear. I offer you a guaranteed boot for \$1.75 to \$2.00. This boot is made by my Company especially for Canadian Winter wear. They call it **LUMBERSOLE**, because it has a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick sole of especially prepared English beech wood. I find this sole better able to keep out cold than leather, rubber, felt or steel. Wood, being a non-conductor of cold, **keeps out the cold** and keeps the **natural warmth of the foot in the boot**. That is the secret, pure and simple.

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used to roughing it; but there was Jenny. She was his little girl, and blind. He had had a small selection once away on the Mudgee road and a fire broke out, and—his wife was burnt—to death—and Jenny—she was a baby—and she's never seen since. She lives with her old granny now. And some chap had his boy cured in Sydney, so he wanted to get a few notes together to pack Jenny and her granny off. That doctor could cure Jenny. That was a certainty. Only for the pesky "influenza" he'd have a big cheque now, and they'd be off right enough.

Then Fit started and told his mate about Annie and young Fit, and little

blue-eyed Nellie, just as if he'd been through it all lately. It was great!

All the bitter strife and shameful experience of the past few years seemed wiped out. Hunger, and stiffness, and swollen feet, and the buzz of the mosquitoes, and even Clucky Brown's taunt, had no power to hurt now. Then Fit went on to tell his mate of a likely patch they might strike over the blue range yonder. It only looked a stone's throw, but Booralagi was ten miles as the crow flies. However, after a night's rest they could tackle it.

Fit had worked there last year. The tucker was first-rate, and would set them up in no time. And they'd stick

together these two, till they reached the big Branch Off.

So the two struck out for Booralagi at sunrise next morning. The country was rough and broken. As the day grew on the air blew scorchingly. But they "padded it" cheerfully. They had taken a powerful fancy to each other.

Fit's heart swelled with hope. His pulses beat rapidly. He felt quickened into new manhood.

His mate yarned on about Jenny, and what the doctor could do for her, and what a grand thing it would be when she could see again. And Fit felt himself growing quite interested in the little blind, motherless girl.

They met the overseer at the Goose's Neck. Fit knew him at once. Yes, he wanted a man—only one though. He looked critically at the two men; neither of them struck his fancy. They seemed as if they could do anything save hard work.

"H'm!" he said shortly. "Not much to choose from; neither of you look fit. Either of you ever worked on Booralagi before? Old hands get the first show. What about you?" turning to Fit.

Fit's mate looked at him. And Fit read the look. It was the eyes of blind Jenny's father that met his.

In a flash he thought of Annie, and his boy and little blue-eyed Nellie. A great longing came over him to hear her say "Dad! dad!" again. He knew he looked more the thing than his mate. That weighed with the overseer. He had only to say "Yes." And yet—oh, God! "Not an ounce of manhood," Clucky Brown had said.

His nostrils had quivered; he gripped himself hard, and stifled hope.

"Are you deaf?" said the overseer angrily. "Can't you answer a civil question." And a heavy frown gathered on his forehead.

"No, ain't deaf, and I wouldn't graft at Booralagi under you," said Fit, scowling.

The words and the tone were sullen to a degree—as Fit intended.

"Then you can take your brake (be off). And you," turning to the other, "can make a bee-line for the homestead. Ask for Johnston. Say I sent you, and that he's to tucker you up a bit, and rig you out decently. Now, put some hurry in it," he shouted, cantering off.

They watched him for some time, past the slip-rails, till the clouds of dust hid both horse and rider.

Then for a measureless moment the eyes of the two men met again.

"So long!" said Fit, a bit unsteadily, "I hope the doctor chap 'ull fix up little Jenny's eyes alright!"

The other man spoke then. Putting out his hand, he said hesitatingly: "Say, mate—will yer shake—y'ere the first white man I've struck this side the Macquarie—and, mate—would yer tell us year earmark—yer see—little Jenny—she sez prayers and all that kind of thing—and when I tells her wot yer done—she'll want ter—yer know—"

Seeing Fit hesitate, he went on hurriedly, "No matter, mate, no matter! She'll pray fer the white man—little Jenny will—fer the white man wot done her daddy a good turn at Booralagi—and—I guess—God'll know the brand—mate!"

Then the two hands knotted, and seamed, and horny, met in a close grasp. And Fit went down the long bush track and made for the ranges, where the quivering, misty haze hung like a pall.

Two Compliments.

When the present King of Portugal was a youth of seventeen he visited London, and there met Sir Edwin Landseer. Being very fond of natural history, the young king was delighted to meet the great animal painter, and said so.

King Carlos spoke English very well, but like all persons who have learned a language by grammar and dictionary, he used words in an equivocal sense.

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Sir Landseer," he said, with much enthusiasm. "I am so fond of beasts!"

Landseer accepted the compliment as it was intended, and always protested that with one exception it was the greatest he had ever received. The "exception" came from a dog-seller, who was walking along a London street with a terrier under his arm. Landseer was attracted by the bright little face.

"His ears are not cropped," he observed.

"No, sir," replied the dog-seller, "Landseer says ears ought not to be cropped."

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Journey of a Soldier from Quebec to Fort Garry.

How a Royal Engineer reached the Red River.

TRANSPORTATION is civilization. The difference between the state of North America sixty years ago and its present conditions may be gauged by comparing the days, weeks and months of tedious and tortuous travel, and its delays, difficulties, discomforts and dangers with the few fleeting minutes and hours in the smoothly speeding modern hosteleries on wheels now operated by the railways.

Opponents of the grand old pioneer fur traders may rant of the obstacles placed by them in the way of settlement on the Red River: but it was nature herself which made the wilderness, in the centre of which the visionary Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, planted a colony, surrounded by such physical difficulties of access and distance of trackless wilds as would have rendered the digging for diamonds unremunerative until cheaper means of carriage were provided. When a settler deliberately goes and immures himself in a lonely location, far from any railway or immediate prospect thereof at the present time, while we may admire his adventurous spirit, and he may be the pioneer of nations yet to be in that region, few would be disposed to agree with him if he wished to be considered a martyr to a sensible government which refused to construct thousands of miles of roads for his individual convenience and private benefit.

Lord Selkirk had been able to obtain a huge land grant for the sum of ten shillings sterling, and in consideration of his placing, within the space of ten years from the date of the grant, 1,000 families of settlers thereon. To fulfil the latter—the main—condition became his object, and he ransacked the Scottish Highlands and Ireland to procure emigrants, employing for the purpose agents, who appear to have grossly misrepresented the prospects and to have made promises, for the fulfillment of which no provision was made, to the poor people, who were thus induced to flee from known evils to encounter greater ills in an unknown and distant land. That the descendants of the victims of these misrepresentations and unfulfilled pledges should now forgive and forget them, and be anxious to raise a monument to the would-be feudal lord of Assiniboia, is fresh proof of the Christian spirit which has ever actuated them and their fathers before them.

The Oregon Dispute.

In the year 1846 our American cousins were determined to extend their northern boundary on the Pacific to latitude "Fifty-four forty — or fight" Great Britain. To guard against any incursions which might have been made on the Red River Settlement, Colonel Crofton was sent with a wing of the 6th Foot and detachments of the Royal Artillery and Engineers to Fort Garry. From Cork his force came by Hudson's Bay to Red River in about two and a half months, arriving on 18th September, 1846, and departing in the summer of 1848, after the danger was over, by the same good, old-fashioned route. Lt.-Colonel Crofton was relieved in the summer of 1847 by Major Griffith, and it was to join his command that the two young officers undertook the journey hereafter related.

Quebec to St. Pauls.

In June, 1847, Lieutenant Browne, R.E., and Captain Darling, of the Commissariat, were detached from the garrison at Quebec to join that at Fort Garry. By the steamboats of those old days they journeyed by Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Niagara to Chicago,

where they arrived on the 9th of July. From Chicago they sent on their baggage by wagon to Galena on the Mississippi, following it by stage, which, travelling day and night, accomplished the distance of 180 miles between two o'clock a.m. on the 14th and 7 p.m. on the 15th.

At Galena, which Browne says was the hottest and most uncomfortable place he was ever in, they waited for the steamer coming from St. Louis bound for St. Peters. Meeting two Red River freighters there, arrangements were made to join company with them and have their baggage freighted from St. Peters to Red River.

Gladly leaving Galena by the steamer "Cora" on the 17th, they arrived at the village of St. Pauls on the evening of the 21st, and disembarked, as St. Pauls, eight miles below St. Peters, and on the east bank was more convenient for the Red River people.

"St. Pauls," says Browne, "is a wretched place and its inhabitants are about the greatest known blackguards. There were a good many Sioux Indians about, generally drunk."

On the 22nd they called on Captain Eastman, in command of Fort Snelling, who gave them the mail which had come round that way for the Red River garrison. They then visited Mr. Sibley at the American Fur Company's establishment, where they were civilly and hospitably received. The good dinner was very acceptable, as there was nothing but salt pork at St. Pauls. After mailing letters at the last post office on the route at the fort, they returned to St. Pauls.

On the March to Fort Garry.

The party, consisting of eleven men and a boy, with fifteen Red River carts drawn by horses and oxen, and Browne's wagon, left St. Pauls on the march to Fort Garry on the 23rd, but camped, after making nine miles, at the Falls of St. Anthony to await the steamer with expected freight for Red River. The steamer arrived on 27th July, but not the freight; so next morning they resumed their journey without it, Browne and Darling on horseback.

Passing Drunken, Corn, Rum and Elk Rivers, Bear Island, and the Chain of Lakes on the 27th, 28th, 29th, they camped at Sac Rapids on the 30th, and next day forded the Mississippi, about 50 miles above St. Peters, in safety.

A few miles beyond the ford they met a large party of half-breeds whose carts were laden with dried buffalo meat from a hunt near Lake Travers. These hunters told them they would fall in with buffalo and elk on the trail, and that a large party of traders from St. Pauls for Red River were three days ahead; also that one party of Sioux of 180 and another of 72 warriors had crossed the trail going eastwards on the warpath against the Chippeways.

Delayed by carts breaking down, by Captain Darling falling ill, and wet weather, they only crossed the Sac River on the 4th August. Darling having become too unwell, with fever and ague to ride, the seat of Browne's waggon was removed and a bed made for him, which he used the rest of the journey. They reached the edge of the great plains and the Sioux country, and set a night watch for the first time.

The Height of Land between the Mississippi and Red Rivers was reached on 7th August, and they crossed the trails of several war parties of Sioux on that and the following day. Next day they came to what had evidently been the encampment, a week before, of Chippeways also on the warpath against the Sioux. That evening a terrific thunderstorm came on and the rain lasted all night, much to the discomfort of Browne, who had given up pitching his tent, and adopted the

voyageur habit of sleeping under a cart.

Browne a keen Sportsman.

All the way Browne had been on the look-out for game, bagging chicken and ducks successfully, but unable to over-

take a buck elk on horseback. They now entered on the buffalo hunting grounds, and, after breakfast on the Mimence Prairie, two men went ahead towards the Otter Tail River to look for buffalo. Sighting objects which seemed to be Indians off to the right,



Merry Christmas—here is Big Ben May he wish you many of them

Don't waste a minute of this merry day. Have the presents ready Christmas Eve. Hang each stocking up. Arrange the presents that won't go inside in little piles around each stocking.

Then when all have gone to sleep, sneak into each bedroom a jolly-faced Big Ben.

He'll ring the merriest Christmas Bell you have ever heard and get the family down to see the presents bright and early so the whole day will be yours to fully enjoy.

Big Ben is a gift worth the giving, for he is a clock that lasts and serves you daily year after year.

He is not merely an *alarm clock*, he's an efficient time

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Big Ben stands 7 inches tall. He's massive, well poised, triple plated—His face is frank, open, easy to read—his keys large, strong, easy to wind.

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till camping time at the bend of Goose River. Large herds of buffalo were now all around them. By this time they were all as tired of bull meat as they had been of salt pork, so, on the morning of the 20th, Browne and Kitson, with several of the men, sallied out after fat cows. Each of these gentlemen secured one cow, but no mention is made of the number which fell to the "men," who were professional hunters. In the evening Browne got his sixth bull, and the whole country being covered with animals, he regretted not having two or three more horses to run them. "A wounded bull will often charge if a man gets too close and his horse is not well trained, but," he adds, "the principal danger is from your horse putting his foot in a badger hole and falling."

Nearing Fort Garry.

On the 21st they camped on Turtle River, near the place where Mr. Thomas Simpson, the Arctic explorer, was found slain in October, 1841. By the 23rd Captain Darling had somewhat recovered, and, the principal danger from war parties being left behind, the two officers, with Miller, the Sioux interpreter, Campbell, and two brothers named Spence, pushed on ahead of the party, with the waggon and two lightly laden carts, hoping to reach Fort Garry in four days. Dining at Little Hillock Creek that day, they crossed Turtle River and reached Pembina on the 24th,

having been detained by the waggon and cart breaking down. Next day they passed Grand Point and encamped at Scratching River. On the 26th August Browne rode ahead to Fort Garry to send back fresh horses for his companion. He made the forty mile ride between 5 and 11 a.m., and was joyfully welcomed by Major Griffith and the garrison. Captain Darling arrived the next day, and the baggage four days after.

Itinerary.

Quebec to Montreal, 180 miles, conveyances.
Montreal to Kingston, 186 miles, by steamboat.
Kingston to Toronto, 188 miles, by Steamboat.
Toronto to Niagara, 40 miles, by steamboat to Queenstown, thence by horse tram.
Niagara to Buffalo, 23 miles, by waggon to Chippeway, thence by steamer.
Buffalo to Chicago, 1,075 miles, by steamer "Niagara," through Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan.
Chicago to Galena, 180 miles, by stage coach; baggage by waggon.
Galena to St. Peters, 328 miles, by Mississippi S. S. "Cora."
St. Peters to Fort Garry, 600 miles, on horseback; baggage by Red River cart.
2,800 miles. Time, from 28th June to 26th August.

Military Record of Lieutenant Browne.
James Franklin Manners Browne was born in Dublin, 24th April, 1823. His father was Dean of Lismore, and second son of Lord Kilmain; his mother being daughter of Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency.

He entered the Royal Military Academy in 1838, and received a commission in the Royal Engineers in 1842. March 1845, he was sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Promoted to 1st lieutenant in April and moved to Quebec in 1846. In June, 1847, was sent on special service to Fort Garry, from which he returned in the following summer to Quebec. Returned home to Ireland in 1851, was promoted 2nd Captain 1854, and took command of 1st Company Sappers at Chatham. On 5th January, 1855, he embarked for the Crimea, where he did arduous duty in the trenches. Promoted 1st Captain on 1st June, 1855, and rendered conspicuous service in successful attack on the Quarry covering the Redan. Captain (now Field Marshall Viscount) Wolseley of the 90th regiment acted as his assistant engineer on that occasion, and Captin Browne reported highly of his conduct. Was twice mentioned in despatches, 8th and 9th June, for gallantry and zeal, and in July obtained a brevet majority. After the repulse at the Redan, Major Browne acted for two months as R. E. director of the right attack on Sebastopol. On 24th August he was severely wounded and was in-

valided home. For his service in the Crimea he was created C. B. and Knight of the Legion of Honor, and received Crimean, Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the Order of Medjidie (5th class), and was gazetted, 26th December, 1856, Brevet Lt.-Colonel. A pension of £200 a year was also awarded him for wounds. Recovering from his wounds he was quartered in Dublin till July, 1859, when he went to command the Engineers in Bombay Presidency. Commanded R. E. at Mauritius March, 1860 to August, 1861. Returning home, he became Assistant Commandant at Chatham, Brevet Colonel, 26th December, 1864, and Regimental Lt.-Colonel on 2nd May, 1865. On 1st January, 1866, Colonel Browne became Asst. Adjutant General for R. E. at the War Office, and in 1871 Deputy Adjutant General. He became Major General (antedated), 22nd February, 1870, 2nd June, 1880, appointed Governor of Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, which he retained seven years. Lieut-General, 13th August, 1881, General on 12th February, 1888. Retired on pension, 5th May, 1888. On the 6th April, 1890, he was made a Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers, and on the 26th May, 1894, he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath.

Thus full of honors and of years, he died at his residence in London, on the 6th December, 1910.

(Continued on Page 48.)

A Merry Xmas a Happy Home

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Quarter Cut Oak 42 inch Top

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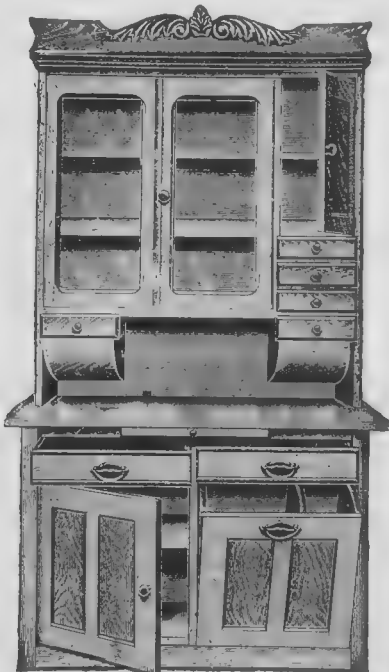
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Joseph Price.



THE accompanying photograph shows the massive shaggy heads of thirteen buffaloes, which have been splendidly mounted by Mr. E. W. Darby, of Main St., Winnipeg. They form what may now-a-days be considered an almost unique collection. These animals were formerly members of the "Pablo" buffalo herd in Montana, and were shot by their owners last winter, owing to their refractory conduct whilst a further number were being rounded up from the herd for delivery and sale to the Canadian Government. The passing of the American Bison, for although commonly known as the "buffalo" among Anglo-Saxons, it is quite a distinct zoological species from the true buffalo which is found in South Africa and other places, is an interesting subject for reflection. As the only living specimen of the ox family indigenous to

over all the wide lands lying beyond the Mississippi river and from 63 degrees N. lat. into New Mexico.

The extermination of the "buffalo," caused principally by the reckless and wanton manner in which they were hunted and slaughtered by the Indians and the pioneer settlers was a very rapid business, for although even early in the 19th century "buffaloes" were still to be found roaming wild in certain parts of Ohio, in 1886 some representatives of the Smithsonian Institute who had been sent out to obtain specimens of buffalo hides and skeletons reported that save for a few herds, strictly preserved in Yellowstone Park, Montana, and Texas, the species was extinct.

In their palmy days the buffaloes used to migrate and travel together over the country in solid columns numbering tens of thousands, which columns could, by reason of the tremendous pressure resulting from the movements of the massed animals behind, scarcely turn or stop. This peculiar formation of the animals when travelling used to be taken full

they used to stampede them and rushing the buffaloes over a precipice secure great numbers. Save in the herding season the male and female buffaloes lived apart in separate herds, the latter, however, usually being accompanied by a few aged bulls.

Quiet and inoffensive in the ordinary way the buffalo was when wounded a most formidable opponent, and it required a tremendous amount of dexterity and pluck upon the part of a hunter to escape with his life when attacked by a wounded animal. The bulls in the herd would often fight among themselves, but it is said that the grizzly bear was the only other wild animal that would ever venture to molest a buffalo in his prime, although the very old and consequently weak animals often fell victims to packs of wolves in winter.

Apart from the excitement of the chase it gave him, the buffalo was indeed of an inestimable economic value to the North American Indian. Its flesh, similar in appearance and texture to a somewhat coarse grained beef, was tender, juicy and of good flavor. The buffalo

tongue and marrow-bones were considered the great delicacies, whilst its hump from which the finest pemmican was made was most highly esteemed. The Indians rendered down the buffalo fat into tallow, and from its bones they made various domestic articles. Buffalo skins provided them with clothing and with coverings for their tents and their canoes. From buffalo hair they manufactured cloth. The passing of the buffalo—there is a certain tinge of sadness in the thought. This noble animal one time indeed the natural lord of the western prairies, older in origin, so the scientists tell us, than even the redman himself who played so active a part in its destruction, now practically extinct, deserves a better fate.

But it was once again the enacting of the grim old law of "the survival of the fittest" and the buffalo had to go and give way to the wide forward sweeping advance of civilization.

The buffalo's wild free ranges were wanted for a nation's homes. "The old order changeth and giveth place to new." One can only say, "It had to be."

A Rapid Conveyance.

By Owen Oliver



FLINT," said Stone. "Stone," said I. We are Flint and Stone, Solicitors, of Millbank, England. Local wits call us the Millstones; but this is a jest.

"I have been thinking," I rubbed my hands. "If we had an enemy—"

"No!" I protested.

"A person who entertained feelings of animosity towards us; and with whom we had declined further correspondence?" He looked at me over his eye glasses.

"If we had occasion to approach him in the way of business," I suggested, "of course—"

"We should forgive him!"

"Stone," I said feelingly, "you are a good man."

"Andrew McKenzie did not behave well in the matter of that land, but "

"He is an ill-conditioned person." I shook my head.

"His last letter was scarcely polite."

"Almost offensive. He insinuated we were lacking in truth and honesty!"

"Still we bear him no ill-will."

"None whatever."

"The offer that we made him was liberal."

"Almost reckless. It was £1,700."

"The price he asked was excessive."

"A bare-faced attempt at extortion!"

I said warmly. "£2,100 indeed!"

"He cannot help being a Scotchman," said my partner soothingly, "and this is a season of good-will."

It was within a week of Christmas. I nodded approvingly. "If you would like to make him an offer—shall we say £1,800?"

"£2,100," said Stone quietly. I looked at him in amazement.

"It is barely worth £2,000!" Stone held up his finger.

"If the Slowdown and Golightly Railway should propose to build a good station there?"

"Ah!" I said. "Oh!"

"A little bird," he remarked playfully, "has whispered to me that they do. I fear they will have to give at least £2,500." He passed me over a letter from the—ahem!—little bird.

"I should be sorry," I observed, "for McKenzie to imagine that we bore him any malice. Suppose we offered him £2,000." Stone shook his head.

"He would haggle till after Christmas. I—I do not want any weight on my mind at that happy season." He coughed apologetically.

"One must not carry sentiment too far," I reminded him. It is a little weakness of his.

"I was thinking," he remarked, "how people talk over the festive board. If the intention of the company should become known—"



the North American continent, save the musk ox of the sub-Arctic regions; roaming as they used to do all over the country, free and untrammelled in innumerable herds (estimated by naturalists to have numbered in primitive times no less than sixty millions) the buffalo were indeed the natural lords of the western prairies and held an undisputed sway

advantage of by the wily Indians who would quickly get ahead of a big bunch of travelling buffaloes, and hastily construct a big enclosure or "pound" of high banked snow into which they would drive the herd and kill thousands. It would sometimes happen, too, that the Indians would sight a herd travelling in a mountainous district. In that case

"I was wrong to question your kindly instincts, Stone," I admitted. "I had an idea of visiting Slowdown today. If I can do anything to establish friendly relations, it will be gratifying."

"Highly gratifying, Flint; especially at this season."

I went over by the 11.15 train. McKenzie became civil as soon as I explained the object of my visit, and assured me that there was no ill-feeling on his part.

"We'll deal with the matter in a generous spirit on both sides," he said. "An' mak' it £2,150?" He is a man with no conscience whatever!

"Stone would never agree to a penny more than twenty-one hundred," I declared. "It's out of the question?"

"Ye'll mak' it a free conveyance?" "No, no! But we'll do it cheaply; and quickly."

"By the New Year?"

"By Christmas," I promised. So we closed the bargain.

Stone rubbed his hands when I told him.

"We will take it over for signature on Tuesday," he pronounced.

We had investigated the title during the previous negotiations. I saw to the matter myself, as Stone was busy trying a new motor—a form of conveyance of which I do not approve. I was reading the document for the last time, on Monday morning, when my partner rushed into our room.

"The conveyance?" he cried.

"Just finished." I held it up. He snatched it from my hand.

"Put on your top coat and hat and come." I looked at the clock.

"We're just too late for the train."

"We'll go on the motor."

"Umph!" I must confess that I did not trust it. "I don't see why we need be in such a hurry."

"His brother is going over by the train. He has heard something about the station."

"The meddlesome ass!" I rushed into my coat. "How did he find out?"

"Some rascally clerk in the company's office. He ought to be dismissed."

"A gross breach of trust," I agreed, putting on my gloves.

"Come on!" Stone clapped my hat on my head and we went out.

The motor was at the door, puffing and rattling in an unpleasant manner. I did not like venturing on the thing, but Stone hustled me into a seat. Then he turned a wheel and it bolted forward with a jerk that threw my hat into the road. It was nearly a new hat, and some small boys were playing football with it when we turned the corner.

"Why didn't you stop?" I demanded.

"We've barely time to beat the train."

"I shall catch my death of cold."

"Tie a handkerchief round your head," he suggested.

I commenced knotting my handkerchief at the corners; but Stone turned too sharply at the end of the High Street, and we ran against the curb. In catching hold of the car to save myself I let the handkerchief go. Stone's umbrella went also. I will not say that I was glad, but I hoped it would be a lesson to him, and I told him so.

"One must take these little things philosophically," he said. "I've a spare handkerchief that I'll lend you."

It was a large silk one, and made an excellent head covering, but unfortunately it was bright red in color, and excited remarks from people we passed.

"It goes," he remarked, with satisfaction.

"I shall be glad when it stops," I replied. "I don't consider it is under proper control."

"My dear Flint, I can guide it to an inch. See me run over that piece of orange peel; and that fragment of paper. Now round that old woman—Good Heavens!"

He had overlooked a heap of stones, and we mounted right over them. I turned a backward somersault on the seat, and only saved myself from going out of the car by claspings him round the neck with both legs.

"You've knocked my cap off!" he complained. "With this cold wind I shall be laid up for a month."

"One must take these little things philosophically," I reminded him. "You had better make a capout of another handkerchief!"



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"Umph! You'll have to steer while I do it."

"I don't understand the apparatus."

"You just turn it the way you want to go. It's quite easy. The road is wide enough."

"It's wide," I agreed doubtfully. "But I don't know if it's wide enough!" However, he insisted upon my taking the

"We shall be summoned," he corrected, "if we are not killed." He made a furious attack upon the brake, but only succeeded in upsetting the steering. We scraped along a wall, snapped off the projecting branch of a tree, and uprooted a mile stone. Then we turned an angle of the road upon a milk barrow.

"Hi!" I shouted. "Hi! Get out of the



Mischief.

wheel, while he fumbled with a muffler—a yellow one spotted with green.

"There's a trap coming," I shouted in alarm.

"It's a mile off. Mind the boy!" I tried to mind the boy, but the thing went straight at him. However, he got out of the way somehow. "Keep to the left. You'll be into the trap!" There was a grating sound, and the man in it pulled up and shouted after us.

"You turned the wheel the wrong way," Stone explained. "You've smashed

"Why don't you finish the cap, and steer yourself," I demanded.

"It takes all my time to look after you. Where are you going? The right, man, the right! You're going into Break-neck Lane!" He seized the wheel, but we were already in the Lane.

"It's the quickest way," I declared.

"Quickest! It's unrideable. Look at the policeman!"

A constable was standing in the middle of the road, waving his arms and shouting to us to stop.

"Put on the brake!" I cried. Stone grabbed at a lever, but without effect.

"It won't act," he declared. "We shall run him down!"

We rushed upon the policeman like an avalanche. He bolted for the footpath, shouting something about the County Council and ten miles an hour.

"You will be summoned," I warned Stone.

way, man?"

The man got out of the way but he left the barrow. We dashed through a rain of milk and cans. One of the latter hit me in the face and another blacked my partner's eye. I could not see what happened to the barrow. I suppose the pieces were too small!

"Carts!" I shouted warningly. "Any number of them. Blow the—the fog-horn!" He blew it, and the carters drew up hastily on one side of the road, using most shocking language.

"They've escaped from an asylum," cried a lady as we passed. "Look at their caps."

"We shall never hear the last of his," I reproached Stone. He smiled with a sort of foolish satisfaction.

"If we arn't smashed, we shall beat the train by twenty minutes. It means four hundred pounds."

"Less damages," I corrected. "If we—Oh!" The car skipped over a rough place, and I nearly went out.

"Hold tighter," he told me.

"How can I?" I asked indignantly, I was holding as tightly as I could.

It was necessary. The machine was no longer running, but taking long leaps, and whenever we turned a corner we went up on one wheel. When we came to Slowdown Road we were going forty miles an hour.

"The last half mile!" he said cheerfully.

"And the steepest!" I groaned.

"It will bring us almost to his door."

"The cow! The cow!" I shrieked.

There was a soft thud, and the remains of a cow were bundled out of the way. "More damages!"

"It has checked us a little," he consoled me. He is of a foolish sanguine disposition! "It is up-hill when we reach the pond."

Just as we came to Slowdown Green, a brewer's van galloped out from the yard of the "Three Keys." Stone turned hurriedly to avoid it, and we reached the pond—at the deep end reserved for swimmers! There was a terrific splash. We were swept from our seats by a torrent of water. I do not remember anything more, except a violent explosion, till some clumsy yokel got me out with a pitchfork.

When I had got some of the water—and the fork—out of me, I looked round and saw Stone wringing his garments and his hands.

"The conveyance is ruined!" he wailed.

"Get it out of your pocket," I cried.

"before it's too wet!" He stared at me for a moment. Then he pulled it out. It was scarcely hurt at all.

"I had forgotten this conveyance," he owned.

"Come along," I commanded. "The train isn't in yet."

"Flint!" he said warmly. "Your presence of mind is invaluable."

We toiled up the hill as fast as we could, and reached McKenzie's just as the train was whistling in the distance.

"Guid Heavens!" he cried, when we entered his room, dripping and breathless. "Weel, weel!"

"We came by motor," Stone explained.

"I thocht ye'd come by sea!" He laughed loudly. Persons of his nationality have a perverted notion of humor.

"We had an accident. If you will sign the conveyance—"

"Ye'll change first," he suggested, pretending that he was trying not to grin. "Ther's nae sich haste."

"Business before pleasure," I reminded him, trying to laugh.

"Some folk tak' their pleasure sadly!" He laughed, as if he had said something funny.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. McKenzie," said my partner with dignity.

"If ye could see yersels, mon!" he cried, holding his sides. "Luikin' mair lik' a pair o' brigands than honest solecitors!"

I was about to retort with some asperity upon his looks—he is a great rawboned, red-headed and red-bearded man—when Stone waved me aside.

"We want to get back by the 12.40," he said. "If you will call in your clerk to witness the document, we shall be obliged."

"But we mun hae a wee drap fist tae keep oot the cold," he proposed affably.

"Afterwards," I said, "afterwards." So he called in his two clerks. They were ill-bred young men, and giggled audibly when they looked at us; but we affected not to notice them, and hurried through the business. We had barely concluded, when Donald McKenzie rushed in.

"Is the conveyance signed?" he demanded.

"It is," we tol him.

"You are a pair of thieves!" he roared.

"Thieves!" said Stone, turning to the clerks. "You heard that, gentlemen?"

"Yes," they said, leering idiotically.

"Disreputable, underhand, lying, pettifogging scoundrels!" he shouted.

"And you heard that, gentlemen?" said I.

"We did," they assured us.

"There is such a thing as libel," I mentioned.

"And false pretences," said Donald McKenzie. "When you proposed to buy the land—"

"We have bought it," I pointed out suavely.

"You have heard that the Railway Company wanted to build there." We rubbed our hands.

"We keep our ears open," said Stone, blandly.

"I told you this morning that I had heard something about the Company and the land."

"We are obliged for the hint," Stone acknowledged politely.

"Otherwise you would have stayed in Littlebury and—"

"Keep our ears open," I suggested jocularly. He banged the table.

"If you had, you would have heard that the Company have decided to build—"

"—we rubbed our hands—'elsewhere.'"

I looked at Stone and Stone looked at me. "We will go, Stone," said I. "We will go, Flint," said he.

The McKenzies rose together.

"You will go!" they said.

When we picked ourselves up at the bottom of the stairs, Stone was in favor of an action for libel, and I for assault. Ultimately we decided to bring neither.

It is also our endeavor to benefit others. So we would add that the land in question has lately much increased in value, and affords an exceptionally favorable opportunity for investment. The price which we put upon it is merely nominal—£2,500, and any offer addressed to us, care of the Editor, will receive prompt consideration.

Wit and Humor.

A well known public man in Maine, some twenty-five years ago, used to tell this story: He found, one time, that he had two or three days to spare, and inquired of the hotel clerk where he could find some good shooting. A countryman who stood near by said he "ought to go out on the Scarborough road, about six miles over the bridge, and he'd find a pair of bars on the left hand side. Put the bars up again, because the critters might get out, then go up the hill, and that will bring you out right by old Squire Risley's barn, and like enough he'll be around there himself; he's most always around." "But I don't know Squire Risley's," said the stranger, "and don't know his barn from any other barn." "Oh," replied the countryman, "you'll know him the minute you set eyes on him. Everbody knows him. He'll have on nankeen trousers at this season of the year. His wife makes them for him out of a piece he took for a bad debt. And when you see him once you'll know him, for he's pleats all over—that's the way his wife makes them. He's like the morning sun—all rays."

A dozen years ago there used to come a rusty old dealer in farm produce to Boston. One Saturday night having sold everything but a keg of apple sauce, he exchanged this in a tailor's shop for an overcoat, which the tailor told him fitted him perfectly. Next morning, on the meeting house steps, all his friends began to disparage his purchase. "Why, it's all plucked up behind; it don't touch you nowhere." "Well," said the farmer, "I couldn't see it behind when I bought it, but I took his word for it; he seemed to be a nice sort of man. But I guess

I ain't got much the worst of the trade, after all. I guess when he comes to eat well down into that air keg of apple sass, well down towards the middle, I guess he'll find it just about as puckery as this coat is."

The staid Yankee sees the difference between things as they are and as they ought to be as quickly as any man in the world, but he would dread the character of a professed joker. In a Vermont village a tall and awkward beau called to see his young lady, and found her engaged with other company. To set matters right he gave riddles. "There was two boys playin' on the sidwal, and a man asked one of them whether they were any relation. The boy replied, 'Sir, that there boy's mother and mine was twin sisters, and

yet we ain't cousins.'" The girls guessed at it for half an hour and gave it up. "Is there any solution to it, Mr. Brown?" one of the girls asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it's easily explained. That there boy lied."

Enraged over something the local newspaper had printed about him, a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his resentful gaze on the chocolate-colored office-devil clearing out the waste-basket.

"Me?" rejoined the dorky, grinning

from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah's de cul'ud supplement."

Journey of a Soldier from Quebec to Fort Garry.

(Continued from Page 45.)

Compiled from article by Colonel R. H. Veitch, C.B., late R.E. in the Royal Engineers' Journal by Isaac Cowie.

Note.—Captain Darling married Margaret, daughter of Chief Factor William Sinclair, at Fort Garry. They went away with the 6th Foot by Hudson's Bay to Britain in 1848, and were stationed afterwards at Gibraltar, Malta, and other places. General Darling died at the Cape, during the Boer War.



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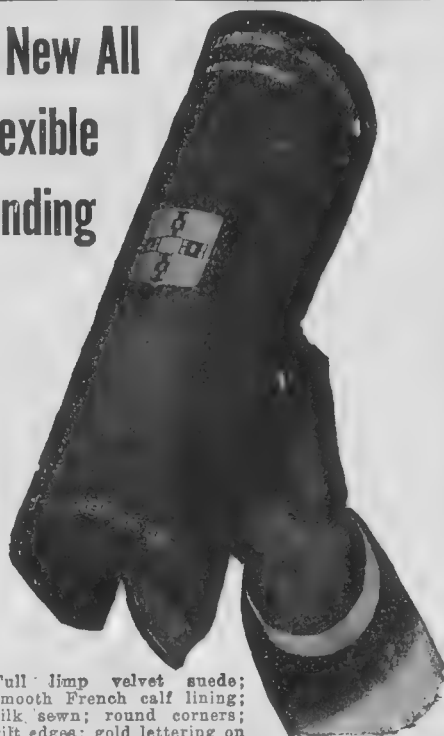
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THE PHILOSOPHER.

Christmas is the most widely celebrated and distinctively Christian of our holidays. It is the feast of kindness. Of kindness there is, of course, abundance at all seasons of the year; but it is rather to the credit of humanity that it is practised more than it is talked about. A man will boast of his courage or his cleverness, but he would be ashamed to make a parade of his domestic affections or friendships. He regards "gush" or sentimentalism as a mark of weakness. He sometimes likes to say a kind thing in a rather gruff or jocular way, but at Christmas he "lets himself go." Needless to say, kindness is of the very essence of Christianity. This does not mean that kindness was first proclaimed by the Sermon on the Mount. It has always existed in abundance, like friendship, air and sunshine. But what Christianity did was to draw attention to the vast possibilities of kindness as a regenerate force, not a mere amiable weakness. The moment we utter the words "generous," "kind," "forgiving," "benevolent," that moment we pierce the core of Christendom. Christians, in the word of the Apostle, are a community "kindly affectioned one to another." Men had been seeking religion in ceremonial and doctrine and prohibitions. Christianity says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Fresh air and sunshine we have always with us. It is only in recent years that we have realized fully their curative power in tuberculosis and other diseases. Science tells us that all nature is a vast laboratory of strengthening and healing agencies, and that all we need to do is to use with intelligence the simple things that are provided for use in such abundance. Christianity does the same in the moral and spiritual world. It proclaims that the springs of kindness, of courage, of justice, of honor, are divine, just as all physical force is borrowed from the power of the sun—and its teaching is what we should get into the sunlight. This is the significance of Christmas, and the source of its power.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

There is a species of crank who insists that people should be given at Christmas exactly those things which they would receive in any event. He is utilitarian in the extreme. Unable to grasp the truth that the beautiful is as useful as the useful, he would reduce the holiday season to the drab monotony of every-day life. Fortunately he is an insignificant minority, and his grumblings are lost amid the general rejoicings. It may be that the ideal gift is that which combines usefulness with appropriateness, being at the same time of such excellence as to rank as a luxury so far as the every-day requirements of the recipient are concerned. But who will question, especially at the Christmas season, those inappropriate gifts which bear, despite their uselessness, a message of love which money cannot buy? Many a mother will be moved to tears of thankfulness by the ill-tied parcel—inappropriate, perhaps almost ridiculous—which carries with it the love of her growing boy. Christmas, after all, is supremely a time of sentiment; and among the gifts on Christmas Day there will be those chosen with care and admirably designed to please, which will fall short of the spirit of the season because they are the tributes of duty rather than of love. And there will be others, ill-chosen, but with a mark of affection upon them, perfectly useless but perfectly right.

THE SOLID GROUND WE LIVE ON.

The hero in Tennyson's "Maud" on one occasion hoped, in his anguish, that the solid ground might not fail beneath his feet. About the solidity of the ground, as a general rule, he, like everybody else, entertained no doubt. Nor would his certainty have been seriously disquieted by reading the report of the Canadian Chief Astronomer and Boundary Commissioner, though that report has much to say of tremblings of the ground, imperceptible to our senses. The casual reader may be inclined to express surprise, by the way, as to why the functions and duties pertaining to star-gazing and boundaries should be vested in one and the same official. It is not necessary here, however, to enter into explanations of the fact that, on land as well as on sea, scientific observations having to do with the measurements of the earth's surface must depend upon a study of the heavenly bodies. In addition to his other duties, the Chief Astronomer must also keep his ear to the ground. That is to say, it is his duty to record and classify earthquakes. He is our national cataloguer of disturbances of the actual surface of the globe we live on. During the twelve months from April 1, 1908, to the same date in 1909, covered by his latest report, there were 49 earthquakes. The seismograph, of course, records earthquakes that occur anywhere in the world, no matter where. Forty-nine of them in one year would seem to cast serious reflections upon the solidity of the ground; not, however, that there is anything to be seriously alarmed about. Besides these 49 earthquakes there

were a great number of almost imperceptible tremblings, of which the scientific name is microseisms. These, it appears, go on almost continuously. To read the scientific explanation of them would almost give you the idea that the earth is like a big mould of jelly. The gentle disturbances with the long and formidable name are not produced like sure-enough earthquakes, but are due more to changing air pressure and atmospheric disturbances generally. They are internal troubles, and so are not at all dangerous—in fact, we would not know anything about them if it were not for the extreme degree of minute perfection to which the instruments that record them have been brought. To return to real earthquakes, however, Canada had a bad one in 1863, which occurred in Quebec and lasted some six months off and on. Since that disturbance Canada has been a very steady portion of the earth's surface, and is regarded by scientists as well outside of the earthquake zone. Particularly is this the case of the prairies. On this, as on other continents, the great sea-like expanses which appear to have been rolled smooth by Dame Nature's rolling pin, are declared by scientists to have the most stable and solid foundations under them, and to be entirely free from any danger of earthquake.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

Champ Clark is undoubtedly probably quite right when he says that nine men out of every ten men in the Republic would like to see this country joined to the United States. Why, indeed, should not nine out of every ten men in the United States desire to see so fine a country as Canada forming part of their country? But what would such an expression of desire mean, any more than that if, for example, a public man in Manitoba were to declare that nine out of every ten men in Manitoba would like to see the boundaries of Manitoba extended so as to take in the States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota? The people in the United States who would like to see the Stars and Stripes flapping over this country do not dream of "annexation" by force—or, if any of them do, they are indulging in dreams of sheer craziness. What is meant by sensible people in the United States when they say they would like to see Canada join the Union, is that they would like to see Canada "come in." But Canada has not the slightest desire to do anything of the sort. Mr. Jones may desire greatly that Miss Smith should marry him; but if Miss Smith absolutely refuses to consider the possibility of becoming Mrs. Jones, that settles it does it not? Annexation is not a possibility. It is absolutely out of the question.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

The world is waiting to see what China will do when the Oriental version of the French Revolution is over and a new state of affairs emerges from the ancient state of affairs in that vast empire, with its teeming millions of people. Let us hope that the result will be freedom and order, and the development of the great resources of that empire. What kind of a man is the Chinaman? On this continent we know very little of him. He is seen only as the laundryman, the cook or the domestic servant, and these employments tell against him. Moreover, all the Chinamen on this continent come from one province only of the eighteen provinces in the Chinese empire, namely the province of which Canton is the chief city. Chinese merchants and financiers have a high reputation for honesty and good business principles. The Chinese laundryman whom we see in this country is not deficient in these respects. He is courteous and good-natured. At the Christmas season he loves to present his customers with tea, nuts, preserved ginger, Chinese lily bulbs, and sometimes even with silk handkerchiefs. Butchers and grocers say that Chinamen are very satisfactory customers. When the world at large, outside of China, knows the Chinese people better, there is reason to believe it will regard them with well-founded respect.

POLITICS NEAR AND FAR.

The year 1911 has been an eventful one in Canadian public affairs. It has also been an eventful year in other countries, and though it is in its last weeks, who knows what great world events may happen before the bells ring in the New Year. The political pot is boiling ever more and more busily in Great Britain, and next year will see general elections, with Home Rule, Lloyd George's plans for sick and disability benefits and old age pensions, Tariff Reform, and who shall say what else. The sweeping success of the Democrats in the United States, too, 1912, will see the Presidential elections. The sweeping success of the Democrats in the Congressional elections last year seemed to portend the return swing of the pendulum, but last month's elections did not bear this out as much as

might have been expected. Still it is certainly true to say that low tariff sentiment is steadily growing in strength. The increased and increasing cost of living is driving home its lessons in regard to tariff exactions. In Germany there will be general elections in the first month of the new year. With German politics the average Canadian has little concern, perhaps, but, as the London Times said recently, the German elections in January will be sensational enough to compel the attention of the whole world. The Socialists, expect to achieve unprecedented success in January. That they can win a majority of seats in the German Parliament seems hardly possible, for the cities and industrial towns where their strength is are grossly under-represented, no redistribution having been made for forty years. Still, if they elect 115 members in a chamber of 397, which is considered by unbiased observers to be within the range of possibilities, the Government will have difficulty in massing a "bloc" from the other diverse parties. And should the Socialists hold the balance of power, they may compel the war barons to curb their extreme militarism and may force a cessation of the piling up of naval armaments. This possibility is not too remote from probability to make the coming elections in Germany interesting to Europe and the British Empire.

A "SINGLE" TAX.

The little German principality of Russ-Greiz made a bold decision, that set Europe talking, when it decided to tax bachelors and spinsters. Drastic as the legislation appears to be, the original resolution called for a programme even more radical. It was proposed to include all unmarried folk of more than fifteen years, and even childless widows and widowers who did not marry again. One of the members of the legislature of Russ-Greiz, defending those whose preference was for a single life, wanted to know if women were to be fined for making every year leap year. In spite of his opposition, it was decided to impose a 5 per cent. additional income tax on all unmarried persons of both sexes, more than 30 years old, having an income of from \$750 to \$1,500; and a 10 per cent. tax on incomes greater than \$1,500. There are fears in Russ-Greiz that all the bachelors and spinsters may cross the frontier, for in the city of Greiz alone there are 76 bachelors, with a total income of \$150,000. It may be that the spinsters and bachelors will organize, and that in the social intercourse that follows Cupid may find fair game. Worse means might be found of defeating the legislature. Curiously, the original proposer of the measure is himself a bachelor. Whether he is on the brink of matrimony or defying the taunts of his married friends and declaring his willingness to pay heavily for the privilege of bachelorhood is not known.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES BROKE AWAY.

From the department of history and political and economic science in Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., the Philosopher has received an historical monograph dealing chiefly with the attitude of Lord Chatham towards the revolting American Colonies. It is written by Professor W. L. Grant, son of the late Principal Grant, who did such excellent work for Canada in his day, notable among those services being his writings about Western Canada in the years when the spanning of the Dominion by the railway tracks was only a project. The present production from the pen of his son raises a question of perennial interest, though, it may be said, of not the least practical importance now. Could the American Colonies, which declared their independence in 1776, have been held in the British Empire by a broad-minded conciliatory policy, such as Lord Chatham, looking at the substance and not at forms, favored? If he had been able to have his policy acted upon, would the present United States be under the British flag? Who shall undertake to answer that question? Those who would answer it in the negative can point out that the American Colonies that revolted would soon have exceeded Great Britain in population, and that the difficulty of forming an Imperial federation in the closing decades of the eighteenth century would have been immeasurably greater than in modern times, as there were no cables and no steamships to bind the parts of the Empire together. But however that may be, and however much there is to be said for Sir Roger de Coverley's famous view that there is a great deal to be said on both sides, there can be no question now that Lord Chatham's policy of conciliation and liberty was right. It is plain as daylight now to everybody on both sides of the Atlantic that his was the wisest, more foreseeing, and most statesmanlike view. Had that view governed the policy of the British Government, the American Colonies that broke away would either have remained in the Empire, or the connection would have been severed peaceably, without any severance of friendship. Under the policy that was adopted by the advisers of George III., the severance was made by war.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

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THE UNIVERSE A UNIT.

Christmas is a Christian festival which has projected itself into the social realm and having permeated the social realm it has also touched the commercial, for, from the retail standpoint "Christmas trade" is something which is as certain as the tides and as sure as gravitation. The truth is that the universe is a unit. There is only one room in God's house and everything is in that room. You cannot mark a dividing line between science and theology or religion and morality. Henry Drummond tells us, in his preface to "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," that for a long time he kept his science and his religion in distinct compartments of his mind, thought he would lecture continually on both. Gradually, however, "the wall of partition showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled."

MEMORIES.

How Christmas kindles a fire in the throne room of the soul! For on the walls of that chamber there hangs a thousand pictures painted by the hand of memory. And these pictures—scenes of departed days—seem to take on new life and reflect a strange unthought of beauty when Christmas chimes and Christmas music, once again, go ringing through the world. Said Dr. Alexander MacLaren, once, to his congregation: "But let me bring the thought a little closer. There is not a sitting in our churches that has not been sat in by dead people. As I stand here and look around, I can repeople almost every pew with faces that we shall see no more. Many of you, the older habitués of this place, can do the same, and can look and think, 'Ah, he used to sit there; she used to be in that corner.' And I can remember many mouldering lips that have stood in this place where I stand, of friends and brethren that are gone. 'Your fathers, where are they?' 'Graves under us, silent,' is the only answer. 'And the prophets, do they live for ever?' No memories are shorter-lived than the memories of the preachers of God's word."

CHRISTMAS 1911.

Christmas is the world's universal holiday, observed, alike, by all the nations and international divisions of our Christian civilization. It stands for the advent of a world-conquering hero. Christianity is a world-religion, with ideals for the world, redemption for the world, hope for the world, emancipation for the world—Christianity is the only religion with a world-program. Old religions are dying—a new religion is conquering the earth. In the early centuries, when a humble Christian preacher was preaching in the bazaars of the glories of the ascended Christ, a representative of a false philosophy and false religion approached him, with a sarcastic reference to Christ as a carpenter, and said: "What is your carpenter doing now?" Quick as a flash, with a thought of inspiration, the humble preacher answered: "Making coffins for the false religions on the earth."

WORLD THOUGHTS.

On Christmas morning, 1911, have a thought of sympathy for the whole world. Remember that a kind thought breathed in England touches India and the fragrance of tender thought mused upon in Canada is felt in China, just as the health of an obscure village in Africa affects the health of the entire planet; and thinking kind thoughts for the race we shall be nearer planning some noble work for those in darkness. Oh, needy world! Henry T. Chapman, of Leeds, England, quotes the author of a book on India as saying, "One day I stood near one of the great temples (of India). With me was a friend. While we stood there there came a native woman carrying a little child in her arms. She took no notice of us. But when she got to the foot of the temple steps she threw herself prone on the ground, holding up the baby in her arms. We looked and saw that the baby was ill-shapen, and had none of that beauty and loveliness which characterize infant life. Then she prayed this prayer: 'Oh, grant that my child may grow fair as other children; grant that it may grow comely, grant that it may grow strong! Oh, hear the cry of a mother, and of a mother's breaking heart!' And her prayer was finished; she arose and was passing away when the missionary said, 'Friend, to whom have you prayed?' She answered: 'I do not know; but surely somewhere there must be someone to hear the cry of a mother's heart, and to keep a mother's heart from breaking.'"

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of love. Our God is not a cast-iron God, seated on a cast-iron

throne, ruling by cast-iron laws and wielding a sceptre of chilled steel—our God is a God of love. Christmas enthrones the thought of love. And love is the opposite of hate, meanness and selfishness. Let us measure the distance of two thousand years between the commerce of ancient Rome and the business habits of our modern life. Let us enthroned the spirit of Brotherhood. For meanness listen to this: "The man ready to make gain out of his neighbor's misfortunes is of long descent. In Mr. Warde Fowler's "Social Life at Rome," it is related of Crassus, a capitalist with an eye for "business," that observing (in Sulla's time) "the accidents that were familiar at Rome, conflagrations and tumbling down of houses owing to their weight and crowded state, he bought slaves who were architects and builders. Having collected these to the number of more than five hundred, it was his practice to buy up houses on fire, and houses next to those on fire; for the owners, frightened and anxious, would sell them cheap. And thus the greater part of Rome fell into the hands of Crassus."

A VIEW POINT.

A Frenchman once said that no man can study a picture while standing. The body must be at rest. We must sit or recline. We must be at ease. So also we must have a proper position for the picture. It must not be too high or too low or too far away. Everything depends on the view point. Christmas is a point of view for the soul. The Incarnation is the highest point in history. Rest there and the mists roll away. And to these cogitations I add a thought which has helped me. "The reason some men think they know so much is because they know so little. The world of an ant is a circle about an inch and a half in diameter, and that is all it is able to see at one time. An animal eight and a half inches high would have a world whose circle is two miles across. The eagle has a better conception of things as they are. The man whose education will cover the area of a circle whose radius is three-fourths of an inch touches only about five inches of ignorance surrounding the circle, and he makes the mistake of thinking that five inches is all he doesn't know. If the radius is a mile he discovers that he is in contact with about six and one-half miles of ignorance. As he learns more he discovers that he knows less. It is that way clear up the scale."

No. 1.

Sin is selfishness. And selfishness is a universal sin. I find it in the capitalist and in the laborer, in the mistress and in the maid, in the preacher and in the parishioner, in the man on the street and the man on the carpet. Selfishness as between man and man! Can a man sin against God? May be and perhaps—but man's chief sin is against man: "From the beast and the number of his name." Dr. Matheson, the blind preacher, who died a while ago, says that the name of the beast in Selfishness, and the number of his name is Number One.

RETURNING GIFTS.

Send a gift to somebody—where there is no possibility of return. Gift for gift and present for present is a paganized form of Christmas celebration. Surely there is an empty hand and an outstretched arm reaching your way. Dr. Grenfel, the saint of Labrador, when in this country last July, told how when he was in one of the hospitals at home in England he saw a little blind boy. He was waiting to be operated upon for cataract. He used to sit in his cot with his hands outstretched. One day a sister was asked why he sat like that. She said, "He hopes someone will come along and take hold of his hands."

YOUR INSPIRATION.

An inspiration is the soul's lightening flash. An inspiration is caused by a breeze from off the eternal highlands striking the close atmosphere of human thought. That lightening flash gives you, in one moment, a new and vivid view of life. May the picture never fade from your memory. Next to a de-throned ideal is—a lost and forgotten inspiration. An English writer remarks: "The blind poet, Marston, once had a tragic experience. He sat down at his typewriter one day, in a frenzy of inspiration. As he wrote, he gloried to find that he was at the very top of his creative bent. He wrote on and on fervidly for hours. At last he finished, and was sitting spent with the long-sustained effort, but still in the glow of achievement, when a friend came in. Marston told him that he had just finished the finest thing he had ever done, his masterpiece, and asked the friend to gather up the sheets and read, and tell what he thought of it. The friend picked up sheet after

sheet until he held them all in his hand, and at last he had to tell the poet that he saw no poem, nothing but blank sheets. The ribbon had been removed from Marston's typewriter, and he had absolutely nothing to show for his inspiration and his toil."

VEN. ARCHDEACON FORTIN.

Thirty-six years marks the span of a splendid ministry. What memories must gather about such a pulpit and what holy meditation breathe in such a life. What infant lives have been blessed, what aspirations of maidenhood and resolutions of youth have been confirmed, over how many graves has the final benediction been pronounced "Earth to earth—dust to dust—ashes to ashes," and how many of earth's bereaved and broken-hearted have been cheered and comforted. We never pass the rectory of Holy Trinity without a feeling of profound gratitude for such a life. Here are our congratulations to the Venerable Archdeacon and the queen who presides at his fireside. We know something of the tears and toils—of the tragedies and triumphs of a minister's life, but we never had faith enough in ourselves to believe, that we could stand before the scrutinizing gaze of a modern congregation in the heart of a growing city for three decades and a half and sustain a reputation for scholarship and fervor. Behind such a ministry there must be secret of strength and source of power and it is to be found in that word—CHARACTER.

BE GENEROUS.

Be generous! The meanest reputation is a reputation for being mean. After you have once built up a reputation for being mean you can never remove the memory of it in the minds of your fellow citizens. A reputation for meanness is built up on a ten cent basis and even a gift of \$500,000 to a public library will not drown the jingle of those original ten cent dimes, the battle for which caused men to class you as "close," "mean" and "too economical." "A lawyer once asked the question, 'How can one get rid of so many appeals for money?' The reply was, 'That is easy enough; just stop giving altogether, and in a little while the public will find it out, and will let you severely alone, as they do many others.' 'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'I suppose that is so; but what would be the effect upon me if I should stop giving?' 'Why, your soul would grow small just in proportion as your bank account grew large. You would become practically dead to the world.'"

CHAINS OF HABITS.

Thoughts are things. We live by thought. Love feeds on thought, affection is rooted in thought. A man's principles generate the radium of thought. We are building a thought-body. In that thought-body we must live and move and have our being for all eternity. Thought is the finest thing on earth. (So fine you cannot see it) and the divinest thing in the realm of spiritual beings. You are thinking yourself into a character, and character is eternal. You remember that in Dickens' Christmas Carol, Ebenezer Scrooge was visited on Christmas Eve by the ghost of his former partner, and counterpart in character, Jacob Marley. He had a long, heavy chain wound around him, made of "cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel." "I wear the chain I forged in life," said he. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it of my own free will, and of my own free will I wear it."

THE 20th CENTURY.

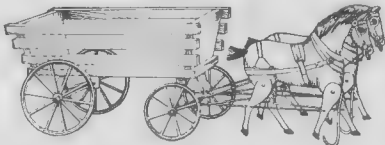
The twentieth century is God's last gift to humanity. In it we sing Tennyson's songs and think Browning thoughts. In it ocean steamers out-distance each other on the sea and airships possess the sky. In it kings conspire to serve the race and men battle for the universal good. Rev. David Baines Griffiths says: Mr. D. L. Moody went to Kansas City in November, 1899, for an evangelistic mission. Just as the work was well begun Mr. Moody's strength failed, and he was hurriedly taken to his home in Massachusetts, where soon afterward he "yielded his spirit to Captain Christ, under whose banner he had fought so long." I shall always regard it as one of the outstanding privileges of a lifetime that I could be with my old teacher and friend during his stay in Kansas City. On the Friday when he was to be taken to Northfield I spent some time with him alone. And in the course of that unforgettable conversation, Mr. Moody said: "Well, a man ought to be willing to give up the work," and then he added wistfully, "but I'd like a chance at the Twentieth Century." He believed that great spiritual movements would be taking place in this decade. Said he: "Fifty-nine is nothing to it."

SPECIALS TAKEN FROM OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

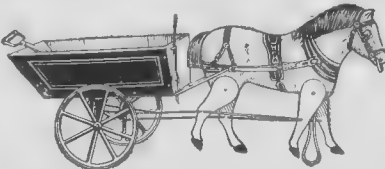
This page represents just a few items taken at random from the many pages of Toys and Games in our Christmas Catalogue. Order these articles by numbers



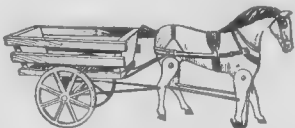
T3-60—Pony Pacer. Length 7 inches, height 3½ inches, packed set up complete. Price.... **10c.**



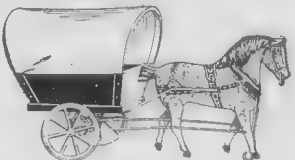
T3-57—Grey Beauty Pacer, length 19 inches, height 6½ inches, packed set-up complete, one toy in box. Price. **50c.**



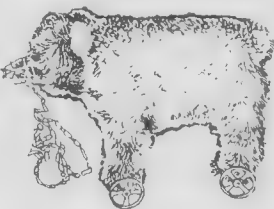
T3-56—Yankee Dump Cart with Shovel, a specially attractive and popular toy, strongly made. By pulling lever the cart is dumped. The best dump cart on the market, with the added feature of horse having life-like movements. Length 19 inches, height 8½ inches. Price..... **50c.**



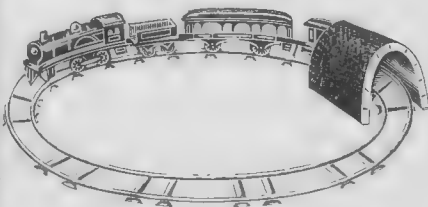
T3-58—Pacing Bob, length 13½ inches, height 6½ inches, packed set-up complete. Price..... **25c.**



T3-59—Cuban Cart, a most life-like toy, with cart having white canvas top. Well made and ornamented in bright colors. A toy that appeals to every child. Length 14 inches, height 8 inches. Price..... **35c.**



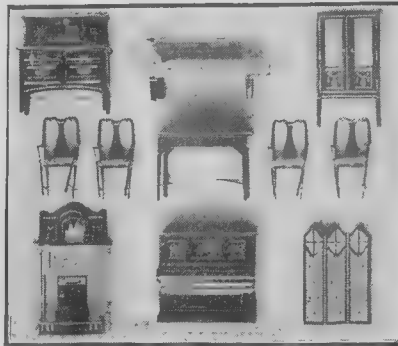
T3-135—Bear on Wheels. brown silky plush bear on wheels with chain and muzzle, 9 inches long, 6 inches high. Special.... **48c.**



T3-14—Train on Track, biggest values ever offered. Spl. 75c., 1.00 and **25c.**
T3-13—Railway Tunnel, made to fold. Special.....



T3-62—Butterfly Push Toy No. 28. When pushed along the wings flap natural as life, producing at the same time a humming noise which adds new interest to this popular toy. Beautifully ornamented in 10 bright colors, made of metal, strongly constructed, butterfly measures 10 inches from tip to tip. Furnished with 24 inch wood handle. Packed set-up complete.... **25c.**



T3-600—Tin Furniture Set, consisting of couch, sideboard, cupboard, fireplace, piano, table screen and four chairs all in box. **48c.** Special.



T3-601—Pretty Doll, very amusing to the children. **25c.**



T3-602—Character Baby, exact facsimile of an infant in every detail. Price **48c.**

The Lady of the Bay



T3-138—The Lady of the Bay, moulded with closing eyes and real eyelashes and silky curly hair, lace and insertion, 19½ in. high. Each **85c.**

SEWING MACHINE



T3-102—Sewing Machine and Stand Cabinet. The cabinet contains needles, pins, tapes, thimble and cottons. 10 in. **75c.** high.....



T3-43—Teddy Bear, rich golden brown Teddy Bear with growling voice and moveable joints, height 22½ inches... **\$1.75**
Ditto, 16 inches high..... **98c.**
Ditto, 15½ inches high..... **75c.**
Ditto, 10½ inches high..... **25c.**



T3-159—Ceasor Dogs, of beautiful marked white silk plush, the most wonderful toy of the season, when drawn along the legs move with that clockwork regularity that you almost imagine you have a live dog, yet no clockwork to get out of order. 8 x 7 inches. **\$1.50** Special price.....
Same with long silky hair..... **\$2.75**

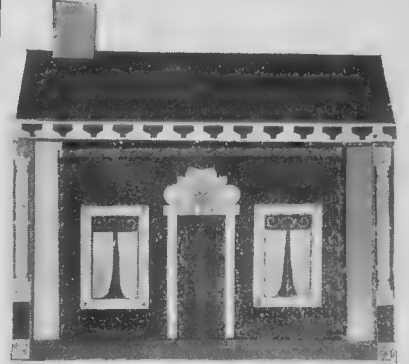


T3-180—Romeo and Juliet Dolls, made of white silky plush and fully dressed, making it an unbreakable toy. They measure 14 inches high. Special price for Christmas each. **\$1.25**

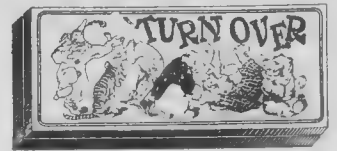
CHILD'S TEA SET



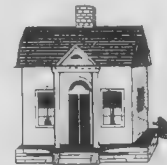
T3-152—Tea Set, highly glazed, unbreakable granite tea set, with cups and saucers, sugar, cream and jug in box 12½ x 11. Spe- **98c.** cial price.....



T3-604—Bungalows, nicely painted. **95c.** Special prices 28c., 50c., 75c. and.....



T3-605—Turn Over, consists of long box, with built up playing board, at one end are a number of numbered holes and it is the object of the players to roll the turnovers into these holes. Size of box 7¼ x 20¾. Wood frame. Special price..... **25c.**



T3-606—Architectural Blocks, this is a very practical and interesting toy. Special price..... **25c.**

T3-606

T3-608—Rattle, as per cut with celluloid doll face, very special. Christmas price. **25c.**

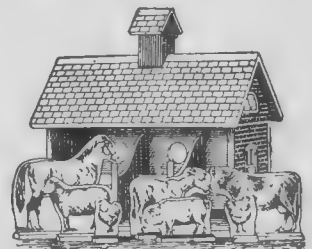


T3-607



T3-607—Bean Bag. This is a unique game representing the adventures of little Nemo and his friends—when the bags are thrown (if the aim is good) they disappear through the heads, the heads returning to proper position. 4 figure **49c.** size price.....
2 figure size price... **25c.**

T3-608



T3-71—Stock Farm, here is the finest stock farm ever offered, 19½ inches long, 9 inches wide, 17½ inches to top of cupola. The frame is made from ¼ inch stock, front closed with two sliding doors, inside the barn 6 stalls with mangers and cut out circular windows and containing 14 animals. Two horses, two cows, two pigs, two mules, two sheep, two hens, two roosters. Special each..... **\$1 00**

What the World is Saying.

MERGER-MADE WEALTH.

The fortunes being built on cement are concrete instances reinforcing the demand for investigation.—Ottawa Journal.

BANK CLERKS AND MARRIAGE.

Banker Rowley, of Calgary, says bank men should marry earlier. In this he is endorsed by some of the sweet young thing in our village—Calgary Rustler.

GOOD THINGS TO HAVE.

The first gold coins, coined at the Ottawa mint, were made from Porcupine gold. They are guaranteed to be the pure quill.—Fort William Herald.

AN APPETITE THAT GROWS.

It will be noticed that British members of parliament will be paid less than our members; which goes to show that an appetite for salary grows by feeding.—Montreal Star.

MARVELLOUS!

It is estimated that of the 25,000,000 gallons of whisky manufactured in Scotland last year, 50,000,000 were consumed in the United States.—Richmond News-Leader.

"FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD."

That Illinois legislator who confesses receiving a bribe says he took it "for the public good," but does not deny that he banked it for his private benefit.—Boston Transcript.

NOT A MATTER OF ELECTRIC WIRES.

"Wizard" Edison was unable to invent an answer when asked by Mr. Lloyd George how to get Parliament Bills passed in a hurry.—London Daily Mail.

THE BURDEN OF ARMAMENTS.

Austria's first Dreadnought is afloat and before the last one is launched the peasants in Bohemia and Croatia will have less to eat than they have today.—Montreal Witness.

TRUE ATTRIBUTES OF LEADERSHIP.

A leader who does not equivocate upon public issues, who does his duty as he sees it, regardless of consequences, is a leader the country will delight to honor.—Edmonton Journal.

NONE TOO SOON.

The C. N. R. is to build into Western Ontario, and will not ask for a subsidy. We are arriving at the stage where it is regarded as a privilege to be permitted to build a railroad.—Toronto Star.

HIGH WIRE-WALKING POLITICIANS.

A trained rat in Ontario does a high wire act. The rodent feat is nothing compared with the balancing stunts some of the politicians perform.—Vancouver Province.

THE CEMENT MERGER KNIGHT.

Edward Blake, W. S. Fielding, R. L. Borden, and some other great Canadians never received knighthood; but Canada would not like to place them in the same class as Sir Max Aitken.—London Advertiser.

SOLID AS GIBRALTAR.

The bank of England is carrying the heaviest relative cash reserves known for the season in more than a decade. This should mean that financially speaking the country is in the best possible position.—Wall Street Journal.

RUDE JIBE AT FEMININE FASHIONS.

The London fashion journals say that Queen Mary's clothes do not fit her. This is a tribute to her modesty and good sense, considering what some of the fair sex regard as a fit.—Ottawa Citizen

WILL HE SIT ON THE SAFETY VALVE?

The premier of New South Wales was formerly a boilermaker. He keeps a watchful eye on the political gauge and can easily tell when an explosion is imminent.—Victoria Colonist.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

A Grandview schoolboy who was asked to name the seven wonders of the world, answered by giving the names of the seven members for British Columbia.—Grandview Times.

THE BACKBONE OF CANADA.

The men who till the prairies are the backbone of the Dominion. J Saskatoon Capital.

WHERE THE FUN IS.

There is a deal more fun to be had out of opposing a government than out of defending one. J Cranbrooke Herald.

POLITICS.

Why not be honest about it and admit that the ideal is not the practical—for a party organ? Good men, forsooth! The issue is not good men, but "What is their politics?" The shame of it is that we all have so little backbone.—Peterboro Examiner.

EXCEPTIONAL, BUT SAD.

"Hailed out" is a sad story when general crop conditions are so good. It is only the exceptional individual who suffers and not the country generally, but this does not make it any easier for the man who loses his crop.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

GEORGE.

Naturally, George is now a favorite name for the boy babies of England, but in the early days of the House of Hanover the name was such a symbol of party strife that some of the clergy refused to bestow it in baptism on the ground that it was an "indecent and pagan name."—London Daily Telegraph.

A COSTLY MATTER FOR MEXICO.

Chinese killed by foreign mobs now come high, if it be true that the Chinese Government has demanded from Mexico about \$16,000,000 for the 323 Orientals massacred in the recent Mexican revolution. This is almost the European price.—New York Times.

THE CRY IS "STILL THEY COME."

Canada is the Mecca for touring British and American journalists. After viewing the wonders and resources of a nation in the making, they are in a position to inform their readers of the prosperity and development of a country of which, heretofore, they had a very imperfect conception.—Montreal Herald.

HOLDING HUMAN LIFE CHEAP.

At the Chicago aviation meet the death of one performer did not stop the programme, nor is it said that the game was called when the second perished. This sort of thing is noted at automobile races also. It is not evidence of healthy sentiment. People are thinking more of sport than of life. Montreal Gazette.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

It is getting very common to publish announcements of engagements in the newspapers. How would it do to make this publication obligatory? It would attain the object of publicity in the matter of marriage sought for in the Church of England in the revival of publication of the banns in churches.—Stratford Beacon

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

Each of Canada's 221 constituencies heard on an average of at least a dozen speeches of an hour in length during the recent campaign. The average speaker can deliver about 150 words a minute. Thus a verbal summarize of the campaign (221 by 12 by 60 by 150) amounts to 13,068,000 words. Toronto Telegram.

SAME WAY IN THIS COUNTRY.

Among certain negroes of Africa orators must stand on one leg while they orate. When the leg weakens the speech ends. But in this country it is not infrequent for orators to keep right on talking after they have not a leg to stand on.—Milwaukee News.

A GIBE AT PARLIAMENT.

It costs the country \$5000 a day while the Ottawa house is sitting. It seems like extravagance when a first-class circus could be run for less money. J Calgary Herald.

THE RIGHT RING.

A traveller in Regina asked the runner for the leading hotel a very usual question: "Is your hotel American or European?" "Neither," came the prompt reply, "it is Canadian." The man assures us that it took him an hour or so to recover. Such wit as this does more for the country than half a dozen anti-progress speeches. J Calgary News-Telegram.

A WORLD OF MYSTERY.

Experiments with underground wireless telegraphy indicate that wireless electrical waves can be picked up after passing through a mile of intervening rock, or else up a vertical shaft hundreds of feet, and down another a mile distant. Even the material world will soon be too great a mystery for the infinite mind to comprehend.—Nineteenth Century.

REINDEERS FOR TRAFFIC.

It is to be hoped the Dominion Government will pay heed to Dr. Grenfell's suggestion that reindeer be introduced into subarctic Canada. The introduction of reindeer into Alaska and Labrador has been wonderfully successful. They provide food, clothing and means of swift travel, and will do more to civilize the aborigines of the far north than all other agencies at the service of the Government.—Monetary Times.

SALARIES FOR BRITISH M.P.'S.

A letter just discovered in England, written in 1422 discusses the payment of members of Parliament in such a manner as to show that the question was what might be called a live political issue at that date. Four hundred and eighty-nine years later, in this year of Our Lord, 1911, the decision to pay members of the British Parliament was actually reached. They are in no hurry in England, but they generally get what they want in time.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

AUSTRALIA AND CANADA.

Australia is casting covetous eyes in the direction of Canada and is planning to attract immigration from here to her distant shores. The effort is a compliment to the sterling qualities of the Canadian settler, but it is extremely improbable that any appreciable number can be induced to abandon the certainty of comfort and the reward of energy and industry to venture into a distant land where the chances for success are more remote.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

Public sentiment is certainly moving in the direction of dealing with criminal on a different basis from the old system of severe punishment. It is just possible, however, that we are moving too fast in the latter direction. Crime is not well defined in our laws, and judges have too much titude in meting out punishment. This is where we should start in making a change.—Toronto News.

CHARITY NOT OVERLOOKED.

The widow of a Washington millionaire, in petitioning the court for a larger income than the will had provided for her, asks that she be allowed \$120 a month for theater tickets, \$60 a month for candy and \$15 a month for charity. Why lug in charity? J Chicago Tribune.

THE ENGLISH AND THE SCOTCH.

Volley of poetry and prose are being fired in the local press in the defence of the valor and supremacy of the English and Scottish races. History is being ransacked for evidence of racial superiority. Both belligerents are confident and ask for no favors, other nationalities will not be permitted to intervene. The casualties, so far, are light, and the internal peace of the Empire is in no immediate danger. J Vancouver World

WHY INDEED?

The Duke of Sutherland, who has just purchased a vast tract of land in Alberta for the purpose of converting it into tenant farms, is probably mistaken in his opinion that tenant farming can be carried on in Western Canada as successfully as in England. We don't believe it can be. Why should a man be content to farm another man's land when he can easily get land of his own to cultivate? J Kingston Whig.

FIRST EMPLOYER OF WOMEN CLERKS.

The announcement of the death of Benjamin Franklin, of Saco, Maine, serves to recall what a far-reaching revolution he introduced into retail commerce. In 1855 he employed in his dry goods store women clerks, thereby creating a tremendous sensation, and causing the women to boycott the store. Now this is regarded as a "fixture" in modern retailing, the women clerks far outnumbering the men. What makes one generation hold up its hand in holy horror is accepted by the next age as a humdrum commonplace. Thus spins the old world along. J New York Sun.

YOUR NAME

MAY BE HERE!

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY



Nearly 12,000 names were sent in from all over America, and the interest taken by the public and the valuable suggestions received are greatly appreciated by us. Prize cheques are now being mailed. The name "Coquitlam" must be retained, however, because of the decision of the Canadian Pacific Railway designating the new terminals as the "Coquitlam Terminals." We have been notified that the new station will be called Coquitlam. The townsite must certainly have the same name as the station and terminals to prevent the great confusion otherwise sure to arise.

Everybody Wants a Lot in the Townsite!

OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S PACIFIC COAST OPERATING TERMINUS AT COQUITLAM.

One of our eastern agents sold 175 lots in one day. Total sale to date about 1,500 lots, but so well distributed over Greenwood, St. Mary's Heights, James' Park, Shaughnessy and First Division, that a splendid selection remains available for any buyer.

The second division is not to be opened for ninety days.

Gigantic as was the success of the opening sale, considering the little advertising done, it does not seem so vast when measured by the foot rule of KNOWLEDGE of the Coquitlam situation—of the purposes of the greatest railroad corporation in America, whose activities are about to transform Coquitlam from a dot on the map to one of the greatest industrial centres in western Canada.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC TERMINALS AT PRINCE RUPERT. CANADIAN NORTHERN PACIFIC TERMINALS AT PORT MANN.

NOW COMES THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL, THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, AND ESTABLISHES AT COQUITLAM THE LAST GREAT TERMINUS OF THE LAST WEST.

12,000 People within 3 Years

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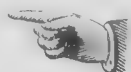
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R. G. Sanderson, Box 31, Grand Valley, Ont.
Miss E. G. Roberts, 242 15th Ave., E., Vancouver.
Blake Miller, Aylmer, Ontario.
Alice Smith, 237 5th Ave., New Westminster.
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Christmas, 1911.

A Greeting to Western Home Monthly Readers from Principal John Mackay, Westminster Hall, Vancouver.

Christmas 1911. The words bring a double message to all thoughtful minds. They remind us of the swift passing of 1911, a year fraught with great consequences to Canada. It has seen the rise of the tide of immigration, both as to quantity and quality, to a height never before dreamed of. It has seen the completion of hundreds of miles of railway and the growth of thousands of new communities in every part of our great Westland. It has witnessed one of the most unexpected political changes in our history. For good or ill we have announced emphatically once and for all that we mean to work out our own destiny in our own way, as an integral part of the British Empire, as good friends, but as in no sense political partners with our big neighbor to the south. The recent election was not so much a victory for any party or policy as an emphatic pronouncement, at the beginning of our real development as a great nation that we are proud of our British origin and

ly and sacrificed much for their fellow men. Some of them lived their lives and did their great work for humanity in poverty and those to whom great wealth belonged held it as a sacred trust for their country. Not one of them won his place by vulgar display or lavish prodigality. True it is that in the past, as in the present, worthless upstarts purchased titles and so-called honors, but they have rotted with their titles and only men of real worth live in the pages of British history. So must it be with us. We are rich beyond the wildest dreams of our ancestors in material wealth, but if we are not rich in manhood we are poor indeed. With much shouting and waving of flags we have claimed to be British, and in doing so have laid claim to the history, the traditions, the achievements of the statesmen and the warriors, the saints and the martyrs, the poets and the sages, yes, and of the common men of Britain whose sturdy manhood has made her what she



Rev. John Mackay, D.D.

mean to remain British in type and in affiliation. Not that we welcome to our shores only men of British origin, nor that we mean to perpetuate, in this new land, old European political feuds. We welcome men from every European country to make their home here and we believe that British justice, British liberty and British regard for law will make of them loyal Canadian citizens, and help to a better understanding between the nations of Europe. Britain herself stands where she does among the nations of the world because she has drawn so largely from the best elements of nearly every European nation, and we believe that Canada can welcome citizens from every part of Europe and still remain loyally British. But far more than mere flag waving and lip loyalty is needed if we are to be worthy parts of that mighty Empire. We must cling with all our might to the old British simplicity of living, with its reverence for home and country, with its eager quest of knowledge and its willingness to make any sacrifice for the sake of the things that are worth while. In this period of great prosperity, when fortunes are being made in a day, and undue emphasis is placed on the value of money and the things which money can buy, we need to be reminded that this is not British and Christian, but Oriental and Pagan. The men who stand high on Britain's roll of honor are men who have served great-

is. Are we worthy of such a heritage? Will the future find us loyal in character and conduct to all that is highest and best in the genius of the Empire, or shall we be content with a loud and vulgar lip loyalty, the last resort of traitors? I have faith in Canadians that they are sincere, but eternal vigilance is the price of anything worth while. And the very word Christmas reminds us that we are, at least, in name a Christian people and that the life and teachings of the Nazarene and our guide, in thought and life.

To the readers of the Western Home Monthly I can bring no finer greeting than the wish that they may be worthy of our great heritage, for character is its own reward, and we will each one be as happy as we deserve to be on Christmas, 1911.

John Mackay.

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy at school, the Dominie asked his class what part of speech "with" was? One boy said "a noun."

"You young blockhead!" cried the master, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

Scott came to the rescue. "I can tell you, sir," he said. "You know there is a verse in the Bible which says they bound Samson with withs."

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

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A Great Musical Conservatory.

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Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, the president, is delighted with the progress of the correspondence pupils, and will be pleased to forward full particulars to anyone interested in the study of music. The conservatory's address is Phoenix Block, corner of Princess Street and Notre Dame, Winnipeg.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A CHRISTMAS LESSON FROM THE SISTINE MADONNA.

The Sistine Madonna is remarkable for the beauty of symmetrically developed womanhood, marked by a perfect poise of character. One writer says of this masterpiece of all Madonnas: "Not one false note, not one exaggerated emphasis jars upon the harmony of the body, soul and spirit. Confident, but entirely unassuming; serious, but without sadness; joyous, but not to mirthfulness; eager, but without haste; she moves steadily forward with steps timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres. The child is no burden, but a part of her very being. The two are one in love, thought and purpose. Art can pay no higher tribute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, than to show her in this phase of motherhood. We sympathize with her maternal tenderness, lavishing fond caresses upon her child. We go still deeper into her experience when we see her bowed in sweet humility before the cares and duties she is called upon to assume. But we are admitted to the most cherished aspirations of her soul, when we see her oblivious of self, carrying her child forth to the service of humanity." This word description of the greatest of all Madonna's expresses the true Christmas spirit—one in love, thought and purpose—oblivious of self—carrying service to humanity.

I wish every girl who reads this page might have a copy of the Sistine Madonna in her room. To live in the atmosphere of such a picture would create character in any girl. If you have not a copy, cut one out of a magazine. Every Christmas one can usually find a copy of the Sistine Madonna in a magazine.

What a beautiful little story we have about the two dear little faces at the bottom of the picture. While Raphael was painting this wonderful picture, two little children came every day to watch him, and when he had finished the Madonna he painted the likeness of the two little faces, and there they are a part of the magnificent work of art—two little faces that touched the heart of the great artist until they became a part of his inspiration. In this part of the painting we have another Christmas lesson—all about us are little children watching earnestly, pathetically for a sign of recognition. Let us make their interest a part of the character painting we are creating from day to day.

Let us express our Christmas gifts this year not in dollars and cents, but in the spirit of the Madonna—one in love, thought and purpose—oblivious of self, carrying service to humanity.

THE CHRISTMAS ENGAGEMENT RING.

We hear of young men and older men being sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing, burglary and forgery and other similar crimes, and people criticize them bitterly, when in nearly every case a girl or woman is the real cause of the crime. Girls demand too much from young men. They expect expensive presents, automobile rides and extravagant entertainment in the way of theatres and suppers, and the young men steal in order to keep the girls satisfied.

Two of my classmates became engaged—one received an engagement ring set with a tiny diamond—the other was given a ring set with a large diamond.

The girl who wore the large diamond laughed at the other girl and ridiculed her for wearing her inexpensive ring, saying: "If a young man could not give me a larger diamond than that, I would not accept his attentions."

The girls, true to their engagements, married.

The young man who gave the girl the inexpensive ring gave what he could afford, and when they were married they followed the same plan—they

lived within their means, and now he can afford to support a good home, and his family enjoy comforts and luxuries. The engagement diamond was small, but his manhood was big. The young man who gave the large diamond gave what he could not afford and began his married life in the same extravagant way, and now he cannot afford the necessities of life. Foolish girl to measure a man's heart by the size of the diamond he gave!

During the Christmas season many engagement rings are bought. Some young men will buy them on the installment plan, others will deny themselves things they actually need that they may have the money, while still others will gamble or procure the money by questionable methods.

I know a young man who denied himself a heavy winter coat because the diamond engagement ring was expected that Christmas. He caught a cold that never left him as a result. Of course, many young men can afford to give expensive rings, and it is an ideal present when one can afford it, but I am referring to the young man who cannot afford to buy extravagantly.

I know that some of my readers are looking forward to the Christmas engagement ring. Mary and Kate have talked over their engagement and have discussed the promised rings. Mary wonders if her stone will be larger than Kate's and if it happens to be, perhaps a chilling difference will creep between the two girls after Christmas.

Meanwhile, Mary's sweetheart spends wakeful nights over his prospective purchase. He wants to give Mary a larger diamond than Kate will have, because he feels that Mary expects it.

Ah! diseased ambitions of selfish rivalry!

Girls, weigh the matter carefully and tell your sweetheart that you think it wiser for him to buy an inexpensive ring this year, that you regard far more than its commercial value, the love that it symbolizes. The young man will see in your face the true love light and your worth as his future wife will increase in value a hundred-fold in his estimation. Your kindly consideration will add much toward making his Christmas a happy one.

"HIS" CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It is only a short time until Christmas and many readers of this page are wondering what they shall give "him" for a Christmas gift.

First, do not give "him" an expensive present. If the young man likes you he will value the gift because it comes from you, not because of its value in money.

It is bad taste to give a man an expensive present. Many girls lose their friends just because of this mistake. A young man of my acquaintance received from his lady friend who was a stenographer, an expensive silver smoking set and a locket set with a diamond—all on one Christmas. He had her present bought, but when he received his present he was bewildered. It was up to him to "go her one better," as he expressed it, and in order to do so, he borrowed the money. A short time after Christmas he ceased his attentions. He told me that he felt as if she were trying to buy him.

The next Christmas his girl friend gave him a handkerchief with his initials embroidered—her own work.

He and this girl were married last summer.

When you give a man a present, you put him under an obligation, and no man cares to be placed in that position. Do not think of giving a man a Christmas gift unless your friendship is great enough to warrant your doing so.

Then do not give presents promiscuously. There are young men who receive presents from so many girls that

they sometimes decorate their rooms with them for an evening of sport, naming each present after the girl who presents it. Men like girls who do not sacrifice their dignity.

WINDOW WISHING.

There is a line of Christmas shoppers every year that I think of as window wishers. Their whole interests seem to be concentrated in an absorbing study of store windows. The decorating artist has carried out successfully his tempting display of Christmas gifts and the eyes of the window wisher are fixed upon something that she does not quite know how to obtain, but that she is determined to get. It is always something just out of reach, but which she is sure in the end to make it her own, though she cause unhappiness and trouble in her home before gaining her end.

A HINT TO NURSES.

There are nurses who are gentle and quiet in the sick room, giving the patient a feeling of restfulness, and there are nurses who talk so incessantly that they tire the patient or throw her into a nervous collapse.

I have in mind two nurses; one goes into the sick-room in such a sympathetic, gentle manner that she at once soothes her patient; the other enters the room with heavy step and hardened expression and performs her work in such a heartless manner that her patient becomes restless and often feverish. The first nurse regards her patients with a reverential feeling of sacred responsibility. The second nurse laughs at and ridicules her patients when out of their sight, and regards her

THE FARMER IN BUSINESS

THE farmer needs to know something of business customs and business methods. He has business relations with the merchant, the implement company, the insurance company, the railway, the elevator, and half a dozen other agencies. He can only act for himself and protect himself by being posted. Here is where a drilling in business customs, business law, commercial arithmetic, letter writing, spelling, etc., would be of great value. Write us for particulars.

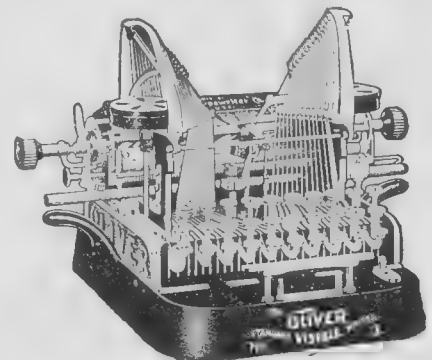
Central Business College

Wm. Hawkins, Principal

Winnipeg

services simply as the performance of a commercial contract. The first nurse never repeats any of the family affairs. The second nurse repeats everything she hears and a nurse is in a position to hear a great deal because she lives for a time in the very heart of the family.

Now, the first nurse has so many calls that she cannot accept half of them, and the second nurse complains because



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she cannot get enough to do.

The symptoms of sufferings, generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease, are very often not symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different—of the want of quiet, or of cheerfulness, or of sympathetic attention from the nurse.

Right here let me offer a hint for the sick room at Christmas time. The friends of a patient are usually profuse in their offers "to help" and the nurse might accept some of these offers and suggest Christmas remembrances.

Florence Nightingale in her Notes gave this bit of wise counsel: "The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects, and especially of brilliancy of color, is hardly at all appreciated. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment, recovery becoming more rapid. A small pet animal is often an excellent companion for the sick, for long chronic cases especially. A pet bird in a cage is sometimes the only pleasure of an invalid confined for years to the same room."

A COURSE OF READING FOR AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

Since I have had a great many requests from young women for a list of books that would be instructive and helpful to those who desire to follow out a course of good reading, I give here a list that I have used. It is really a very serious thing for a girl to waste her time on poor books, because she forms weak ideals in her mind from the portrayal of impossible characters. It is just as necessary to have good intellectual nourishment as it is for the body to have food that will create physical strength. I believe that most girls during their early teens have an appetite for trashy, sentimental reading. I well remember an attack I had. The disease was contagious in our class, and the first dollar I ever earned I used to buy "ten-dime novels." The next day after my purchase they very mysteriously disappeared. From the grave expression on my mother's face I realized I had not far to search for the thief. In a short time I realized my indebtedness to her for destroying my silly library.

It is a good thing for a young girl to read boys' books; she is apt to be jolly and companionable and she absorbs considerable wholesome courage and useful general knowledge. She will grow into a wide awake, interesting woman, able to converse intelligently with both men and women, if she read boys' stories. For the young woman who would be well read, here is my list of books in English literature:—

Scott.—Read thoroughly—all well regulated families have been brought up on Scott. Read first *The Lady of the Lake*, *Ivanhoe* and *Kennilworth*.

Thackeray.—Read all of Thackeray. Begin with *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond*.

George Eliot.—Every girl should read her books. *Adam Bede*, *Romola* and *The Mill on the Floss* are among her best. They are stern books and sad, but everywhere noble.

Dickens.—Read *Tale of Two Cities* and you will want to read the others. Dickens is the first revealer of modern life in fiction. He makes us see the world he watched.

Ruskin.—Ruskin teaches one the use of good English; he is a painter of word pictures. Read *Ethics of the Dust*, *Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Sesame and Lillies*.

Stevenson.—Read all of Stevenson. The stories of most interest are of modern romance; his verse, essays and letters are valuable. If you read Stevenson you will learn how to write good letters.

Matthew Arnold.—Get his collection of Wordsworth and his *Essays in Criticism*.

Charles Kingsley.—*Westward Ho*. Bacon.—Read all of his essays.

Carlyle.—*Heroes and Hero-Worship* and *Sartor Resartus*.

Charles Lamb.—*Essays of Elia*. Goldsmith.—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

Charlotte Bronte.—*Jane Eyre*. Jane Austin.—*Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility* and *Northanger Abbey*.

Macaulay.—*Essays and History of England*.

Newman.—A great master! Read *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Do not read Newman until you have formed a taste for heavy reading.

Gray.—*Elegy*.

Milton.—*Paradise Lost*.

Miss Browning.—*A Drama of Exile*.

Every young woman should have a Ward's English Poets in four volumes, and also *The Golden Treasury*. Become familiar with the great poets. Read a poem every day. Learn to know Milton, Browning, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson and Kipling, and make a life-time study of Shakespeare. A girl will find Shakespeare is full of helpful lessons for young women, especially in *King Lear*.

In this list I have not mentioned modern fiction in England nor have I mentioned all of the writers that really should be read, but I have given you a list that will create a desire for good reading, and a knowledge of these books will be a great education for any one. At a future time I will give a list of modern English fiction. I urge every girl to begin a library. If in time your library contain the books in this list you will have a valuable collection.

It is quality not quantity that constitutes a good library.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Canadian writers possess the ambition, mental vigor, and gifts of imagination common in the British race, and their literary productions rank high in the field of literature. Every Canadian girl should know the literature of her own country. In this list it is necessary for me to give the modern writers as well as the early authors. One cannot follow a successful course in any literature without a thorough study of the history of the country that produces it. Nearly all of the early Canadian authors wrote history. Canada has been blessed with many poets. Just now her literary people are producing novels. With our picturesque country, our productive resources, our cosmopolitan population, and the influence of an adventurous environment, I believe that the world will look to Canada for its greatest novelists.

I advise girls in the country, who cannot have the advantage of college education, to take up this course of reading. In the end they will be better educated than most college graduates. A book is the best Christmas present a girl can give or receive. While I do not expect one to read all of these books, a careful study of many of them will make a young woman feel that she is indebted to great men and women who have and are making history and literature, and a student of this course will be filled with such noble aspirations that she will in turn add purity and strength to our rich Dominion.

The list is as follows:—

Hon. William Smith.—*History of Canada*.

Rev. Joseph Abbott.—*The Emigrant*. Major John Richardson.—*Wacousta*, or *The Prophecy*, and *The Canadian Brothers*.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton.—*The Clockmaker*, *The Attache*, *Wise Saws*, and *Nature and Human Nature*. This author is regarded as the founder of the American school of humor.

David Thompson.—*History of the late War between Great Britain and the United States*.

Mrs. Catharine Traill.—*Lost in the Backwoods*, *Pictures of Life and Scenery in the Woods of Canada*.

Mrs. Susanna Moodie.—*Flora Lindsay*, *Roughing it in the Bush*, *Life in the Clearing* versus the Bush.

Dr. Ryerson.—*Loyalists of America and their Times*.

Hon. Joseph Howe.—*Poems and Essays*.

Daniel Strickland.—*The Experience of an Early Settler*.

Evan MacColl.—*Poems and Essays*.

Sir Daniel Wilson.—*Spring Wild Flowers*.

William Kirby.—*The Golden Dog*. Alexander McLachlan.—*Poems*.

Charles Lindsay.—*The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie* (contains an account of the Canadian Rebellion).

Charles Sangster.—*Poems*.

Professor Goldwin Smith.—*The United Kingdom, Canada and the Canadian Question*.

Robert Ballantyne.—*Hudson's Bay*, *Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America*. Ballantyne wrote more than eighty books.

Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.—*Poems*. Alexander Begg.—*History of British Columbia*.

Rev. William Wye Smith.—*Alazon and other Poems*.

Dr. Edward Hartley Dewar.—*Selections from Canadian Poets*. (This book contains an Introductory Essay on Canadian Poetry). *Songs of Life*, *Essays for the Times*.

William Canniff.—*History of Ontario*.

Mrs. Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon.—*Antoinette de Mirecourt*.

Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon.—*Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812: A Drama and Other Poems*.

Dr. Grant.—*Picturesque Canada*.

Theodore Harding Rand.—*The Treasury of Canadian Verse*.

John Reade.—*The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems*.

Amos Henry Chandler.—*Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets*.

Samuel James Watson.—*The Legend of the Roses*.

George T. Denison.—*History of Cavalry*.

Rev. Alexander Rae Jarvie.—*Thistle-down*.

Charles Mair.—*Tecumseh*.

Alexander Begg.—*History of North-West*.

Dr. Bryce.—*Histories*.

Grant Allen.—*Guidebooks*.

Agnes Maule Macbar.—*The Days of the True North*.

Pamela S. Vining.—*Poems of the Heart and Home*.

John B. Crozier.—*Civilization and Progress*.

Harriet Annie Wilkins.—*Poems*.

Rev. Arthur John Lockhart.—*The Papers of Pastor Felix*.

Robert Barr.—*In the Midst of Alarms*. Isabella Crawford.—*Poems*.

William Henry Drummond.—*The Habitant and Other French-Canadian Poems*.

W. A. Fraser.—*The Eye of a God*, *Mooswa*, *The Outcast*, *Thoroughbreds*.

James MacDonald Oxley.—*In the Paths of Peril*, *The Wreckers of Sable Island*.

Thomas O'Hagan.—*Poems*.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.—*Poems*. (Ranks among first of our lyricists).

Mrs. Harrison (Seranns).—*The Forest of Bourg-Marie*.

Sir Gilbert Parker.—An author of high rank: *Rear Seats of the Mighty* and *The Right of Way*.

Charles Roberts.—*Watchers on the Trails, and Poems*.

Ernest Seton.—*Wild Animals I Have Known*, *Lives of the Hunted*.

Dr. C. W. Gordon.—Another author of high rank. Read *Black Rock*, *Sky Pilot*, *Beyond the Marshes*, *The Man from Glengarry*, *The Prospector*, and *The Doctor*.

Miss Saunders.—*Beautiful Joe*.

Mary Morgan.—*Poems*.

Rev. Frederick Scott.—*The Soul's Quest and Other Poems*.

William Wilfrid Campbell.—*Poems*.

Bliss Carman.—*Poems and Essays*.

Archibald Lampman.—*Poems*.

Duncan Campbell Scott.—*The Magic House and Other Poems*.

John Mackie.—*The Heart of the Prairie*.

Mrs. Virna Sheard.—*A Maid of Many Moods*.

Miss Emily P. Weaver.—*Builders of the Dominion*.

Mrs. Jean Blewett.—*Heart Songs*, *Out of the Depths*.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson.—*Poems and Indian Legends*. (A valuable collection).

James E. Caldwell.—*Songs of the Pines*.

Thomas Stewart.—*Poems*.

Arthur Weir.—*Snowflakes and Other Poems*.

Mrs. Grace Rogers.—*Stories of the Land of Evangeline*.

Henry Beckles Willson.—*Harold, The Great Company*.

John Stuart Thomson.—*Estabelle and Other Poems*.

Miss Joanna Wood.—*Judith Moore*, *The Untempered Wind*.

Agnes C. Lant.—*Lords of the North*, *The Story of the Trapper*.

Agnes Deans Cameron.—*The New North*.

Arthur Stringer.—*Watchers of Twilight*, *The Loom of Destiny*, *Pauline and Other Poems*.

Nellie L. McClung.—*Sowing Seeds in Danny and The Second Chance*. (Descriptive of life in Manitoba).

Mrs. Arthur Murphy.—*Janey Cannuck in the West*.

Valance Patriarche.—*Tag or The Chien Boule Dog*. (A volume of rich humor).

Miss L. M. Montgomery.—*Anne of Green Gables*, *Anne of Avonlea*.

Marion Keith.—This author has written three books descriptive of life in Ontario.

Robert W. Service.—*Poems*.

A CHRISTMAS BEGGAR.

The problem that concerns many country girls at this time of year is the lack of spending money for Christmas presents. One girl says she begs her father every year for just a little money to spend in this way and if he hands her out a little it is accompanied with ugly oaths and a miserly remark of "I don't believe in this Christmas giving," and yet parents wonder why girls leave the farm. One father, who owned acres of land, made the Christmas season the most miserable time of the year in this way. As each member of the family who had been instrumental in helping him make his money, approached him for a little Christmas money, he turned every one away with an angry denial. Christmas day dawned and reddened eyes watched the sleighs of the neighborhood jingle past; happy voices shouted "Merry Christmas," but the miserly parents grunted a sickly response; his bank account swelled, his acres increased in number, and his children left home. One year they all came back; they bought a Christmas tree, loaded it with presents for the entire family, and for the first time in the history of that home they had a "Merry Christmas." The father sat in his easy chair and as he handled tremblingly the neat packages on his lap, packages that bore the label "For Father," he wiped the moisture from his glasses and exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion borne of deep regret—"How much I have missed! How much I have missed!"

This is a true story. Other fathers may read this page. If so, spare just a little for the daughter to spend at Christmas time. She does not want it for a selfish purpose—she wants to make others happy. Then in after years you will have no chance for regret, when she has gone from the old home. You may not realize it, but "the road will turn some day."

Gone.

"Gone!" wildly shouted the excited individual who was perpetrating acrobatics in the middle of the street. "Gone Gone!! Gone!!!"

Ten strong men emerged from under a sheltering awning and offered their sympathies.

"Did your cashier skip with all your funds?" queried one.

"No!"

"What, worse? Lose your watch or pocket-book?"

"Nay, nay!"

"Then, what in the name of thunderation is gone?"

"Why, yesterday, my friends—yesterday! And before to-day is gone you should take out a life insurance—"

But he got no further, for the ten strong and perspiring men picked him up and dropped him into a horse-trough.

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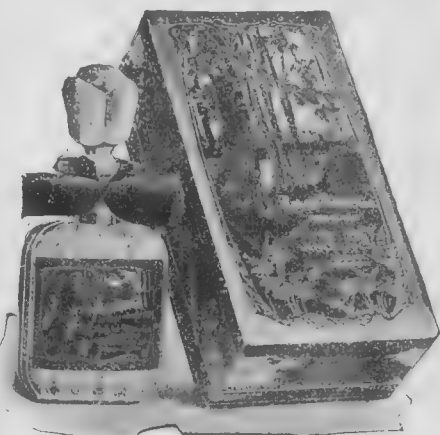
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The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap's to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry

This will be the last number before Christmas, and I have no doubt that, all through the West, women on the farms and in the towns are as busy as possible making ready for the greatest festival of the year. I picked up the quaint little verse at the head of this paragraph in an old Book of Days which I have been reading, and among other things it dwelt on the fact that the Christmas Tree, which is so familiar to all of us in Canada, was really introduced into England by Prince Albert, or Albert the Good, the husband of Queen Victoria. The Christmas tree was originally a German custom, the Germans more than any other European nation making the Christmas festival one for the children; the Christmas tree and the presence of Kriss Kringle to distribute the gifts is one of the great features of the German Christmas. Prince Albert had a Christmas tree for the Princess Royal when, I think, she was only three years old. But royalty could not have made the Christmas tree so popular had it not been for the assistance of Charles Dickens. Christmas had always been an English festival, though, during the time of the Puritans, it received a very serious setback, and from that time onward it seems to have been marked by graver and less serious celebrations. I think almost everyone will agree that England, and the whole world in fact, owe to Charles Dickens a very great debt for the popularizing of Christmas and making it a time of family reunion, and more especially a time of joy for the children. I notice that there are this year no less than three new and beautiful editions of the "Christmas Carol," perhaps the best evidence of all of how the English-speaking world connects the idea of Christmas with the great English novelist.

There is nothing new that I can say to the women readers about the keeping of Christmas, but I would like to emphasize the joy that may be given to the stranger within our gates, and especially to the strange children, by the smallest remembrance at this season. There is a great danger today of getting away from the real spirit of Christmas, and making the presentation of gifts almost a commercial business. And too often we hear someone say: "Oh, well, I must give her something this Christmas. She sent me such a beautiful present last Christmas." That is not the spirit of giving, and of Christmas giving especially. Christmas giving should be much more largely to those not able to give in return than to those who give to us something as good as or possibly better than we give to them. I am sure that every woman, if she will look back over the presents that she received at past Christmases, will find that the ones that gave her the greatest pleasure through the years were not the most costly, but the ones which showed that the givers had planned for her pleasure and her comfort. I have, in my own possession, a teapot tile which was given to me five Christmases ago. It was a very inexpensive gift, but I had broken one that I had had in use, and, as so often happens, had constantly forgotten to replace it. The one that was given to me for Christmas was pretty, and it showed that the friend who gave it had noticed my need, and had planned for something which would be useful to me every day. I pass this little suggestion on to those who are preparing Christmas gifts for the present year, and in closing this paragraph about Christmas let me wish every reader of the Woman's Quiet Hour a truly happy Christmas.

I am glad this month to present my readers with the pictured faces of Mrs. Charlton Salisbury and Miss B. A. Duncan, the two ladies who have been added to the Household Science staff of the Manitoba Agricultural

College. I have met them both. They are bright women, full of enthusiasm for their work, and come with the best possible credentials. Mrs. Salisbury is a graduate of the old and famous polytechnic of Rochester, N.Y. There will be a new departure in the House-



MRS. CHARLETON SALISBURY.

hold Science section of the Manitoba Agricultural College this winter, and one which I feel will be very popular with the women in the country districts. It is this: Mrs. Salisbury and Miss Duncan will spend one day of each week during the winter in visiting the already established Home Economic Clubs and in organizing new ones in districts where



MISS B. A. DUNCAN

they are called for. This will keep the women at home very closely in touch with the work going on in the College, and will tend, I am sure, to arouse a warmer interest in the Household Science section of the college and a keener desire to send their daughters to benefit by it. The accommodation provided for the Household Science class now in session is very comfortable indeed. I went through



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the rooms the other week, and anything more inviting than the little white iron beds, with their gay scarlet blankets with the college monogram in the centre it would be difficult to imagine. A number of the rooms open off the den, which is a large, comfortably furnished and beautifully lighted sitting room, which will be the exclusive property of the girls. Beautiful plants for the windows had been sent over from the greenhouse. There were simple but dainty curtains; the furnishings are all plain, but they are good; there was an air of brightness and home comfort about the place which will be very acceptable, I am sure, to the girls, many of whom are leaving home for the first time. I had a little chat with Miss Kennedy, who came to the college at the same time as Miss Juniper, and who has special charge of the sewing classes. Miss Kennedy is enthusiastic over the class of 1911. They had only been in residence a week, but she said that already they had shaken down into their places, and were showing the greatest eagerness and keenness for their work. The girls will take their meals in the same dining room as the boys, and I am sure that the presence of 25 or 30 of their sisters will have a refining influence on the boys, while the meeting together will be equally pleasant and profitable for the girls. I am a strong believer, and always have been, in co-education. The outlook for this section of the Agricultural College this year is very bright, and I am sure, when the girls go home next spring, they will be able to show that the money has been well and wisely expended.

The Congress of Farm Women, which was held at Colorado Springs during October, in connection with the Dry Farming Congress, was one of the greatest gatherings of women which has ever been held on the

American continent, and I think that all my readers will be interested in knowing that next year this Congress will be held in Lethbridge, Alta. Many of the cities in the United States competed for the honor of the seventh International Dry Farming Congress, but Lethbridge was the only city which was wise enough and courteous enough to include with their invitation an equally cordial one to the Farm Women's Congress to meet there also. The president elected for the year is Mrs. Stavert, who, though an American by birth, is now resident in Winnipeg. They also did the writer of this column the honor of appointing her on the executive. The gathering in Lethbridge next autumn should be a thing for which every woman on a farm will plan. It is not so much the value of the papers that will be read, or the addresses that will be made, but the great value to the women will be the coming together, the exchanging of views, and the getting acquainted. It will do the Canadian women good to meet the delegates from the States of the Union to the south of us, and I do not think that it will do the women from the south any harm to come into closer contact with the women of Western Canada, who have done so much to build up on this half of the American continent a strong and virile nation. Of course the plans for next year's Congress are very indefinite at present, but even now some steps have been taken towards the formulation of a programme, and it will be carried on with vigor all through the year, so that nothing that can be done to make this next Congress a success will be omitted. It would certainly be very humiliating if it in any measure fell below the standard set by the Congress this year, when it is held on Canadian soil. The Congress this year consisted of six sessions. For three days the women met morning and afternoon. Mrs. Stavert, who attended the convention, speaks well of the way in which the women responded during the various discussions, and the wonderful interest which they seemed to take, especially in such questions as sanitation for the home and the care of young children. Questions of this kind were dealt with by women doctors and women experts who had spent years in preparation for this work. I shall hope from time to time, as the year goes on, to give my

readers information about what is being prepared for next year's programme. This year delegates came all the way from South Africa to attend this Congress.

I know that many women in the Canadian West will be glad to know that equal suffrage finally won out in California, and I think many of them will be interested in this little editorial

clipped from the Spectator of Oregon. It says: "Probably women's suffrage would not be as good for the women as for the State. The Spectator believes that the hand that we know rocks the cradle, and which we say rules the world, is competent to cast a ballot for the best interest of the child in the cradle, and the larger children of the world. The big cities of California voted against women's suffrage; towns, villages and rural communities voted for it. In the opinion it expresses through the ballot box, the country is usually right. It is more frequently right than the city. Intellectual and political revolt begins in the country; When New York or Illinois or Pennsylvania would throw off the control of bossism, the salvation of the state is not worked out in Manhattan or Chicago or Philadelphia. Regeneration comes from "up" or "down" country. If the women of Oregon desired the ballot, they should appeal to the country. First, however, they should be certain they desire the vote. If woman can convince the men that equal suffrage is the thing that she wishes most of all, she will get it, and we have confidence enough in a woman to believe that when she gets it she will make good use of the ballot as does her brother, her husband or her father."

I have one or two requests for a reliable recipe for Christmas cake, and I will give one which has been used for many years; and then some modifications of it which may be helpful to those who find it difficult to make

Christmas Cake. The ingredients are: 1½ lbs. of fresh butter; 2 lbs. brown sugar; 2 lbs. currants; 2 lbs. raisins; 1 lb. figs; 1 lb. dates; 6 large or 8 small eggs; ½ lb. candied peel, orange, citron and lemon mixed; 1 cup black molasses; 1 cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg; and enough flour to make a batter than can just be stirred, and no more. The butter and sugar are to be creamed together; the currants and raisins added in the usual way; but the figs and dates are stewed together in the black molasses until they are tender; they should be allowed to become cool before being added to the cake, and just before stirring them in, beat into them 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking soda; this will make them foamy and easy to pour. They should be added to the cake before the eggs are put in. The eggs should be beaten and added in small quantities, alternating with the milk and flour. It is a good plan to beat the eggs separately, and add the whites the last thing. For my own use I always put about half a teaspoonful of red pepper in a fruit cake, and a few teaspoonsful of marmalade or any thick, rich jam. This helps to keep it moist. A cake of the kind requires to bake about 4½ hours. It may be steamed for an hour, and then baked, if that is more convenient, though personally I prefer the cake to be baked altogether, without the steaming. The fireless cooker is an ideal place to bake a cake of this kind. I have kept cakes from this recipe for an entire year, and had them moist and really better than when first made.

There is a modification of this recipe which may be useful to some readers, and which really makes a very nice cake for children to take in their lunch to school. It is sometimes known as farmer's fruit cake, and may be familiar to a number of my readers, but it may be helpful to some new comer. It is: 1 lb. cooking figs or 1 lb. evaporated apples; ½ lb. currants or raisins; 2 cups of black molasses; 1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup sweet milk; 4½ cups flour; 4 eggs; 1½

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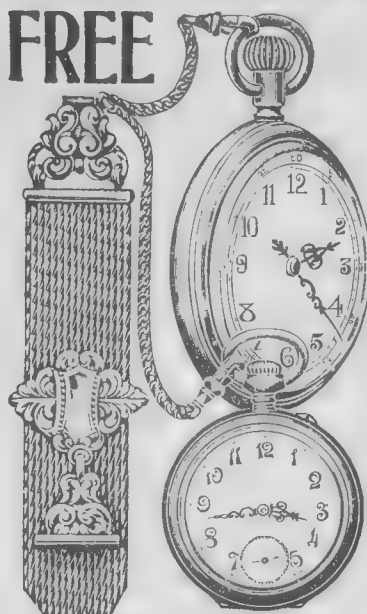
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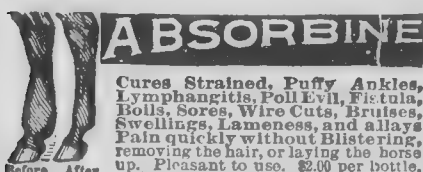
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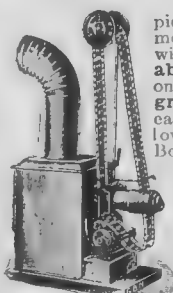
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teaspoonfuls baking soda; 1 teaspoonful each of the spices; 1½ cups butter, or, if this is difficult, nice clean dripping of any kind may be used. The dripping from a roast of beef will give excellent results, and so also will the dripping from a roast of pork, provided sage has not been used with the meat. The figs or the apples are cooked in the molasses in the same way as previously described. Although the recipe calls for four eggs. I have succeeded in making it very well with two. I know that, in many of the newer homes on the prairie eggs will be very scarce this winter, and where the families have not begun keeping poultry themselves, they will find them hard to get as well as very expensive. A cake made after this latter recipe and kept in a cool place with an apple in the box will last well through a month for the children's lunch, when they take it to school. The figs are better than the apples, but the apples really give very good results. If currants are not available, the cake is not at all bad made without them. I hope these recipes will be of use.

I promised, last month, to say something about "The Hill," which is supposed to be the best boys' story since "Tom Brown's School Days." I think this statement is fully justified by the book. It is a charming book from the first page to the last, and I can imagine no boy reading it without being stirred up to better things. The great public schools of England, Eton and Harrow, have given to the Empire some of her best men; and this book deals with the life at Harrow, just about the time of the South African war. The description of the gathering of former pupils of the school for the graduating exercises is one that I fancy will appeal to many a man in the Canadian West. I think, also, that for Canadian boys to read a story of this kind will give them a warmer feeling and a greater respect for their English cousins who have come to dwell among them. There is nothing priggish about the story, any more than there is about "Tom Brown," but there is a very high standard set, and there is much emphasis laid upon the fact that the boys of the present day, not only in such schools as Eton and Harrow, but in the schools all over the Empire, cannot afford to fall below the standards that were set by their fathers and grandfathers—men who have made the British Empire what it is today. I can think of no better Christmas box for any lad of from fourteen to twenty than Vachell's "The Hill."

Among the books being offered for Christmas this year is a new and very beautiful edition of "The Virginian," with illustrations by Russell and one or two by Remington, the men who have done so much with their brushes to immortalize the life of the early West. Anyone who has read "The Virginian" but has not a well-bound copy will be glad of this gift, and there are still people, I find, who have not read "The Virginian." To them, a handsomely bound edition will certainly be an acceptable Christmas gift. Owen Wister's "Virginian" stands without a peer among Western stories. I am sorry to say that the last bundle of books which reached me, while bright and interesting in themselves were not of a character to recommend to those who, when buying a book, wish to buy something which they can keep with pleasure.

I heard of a book club, the other day, which has been in existence in a small town in New Ontario for the past three years, and has been very

successful. In this particular town there are now forty people who belong to this book club. Every member, at the beginning of a new year, buys a book. That book is absolutely his own property. Having read it, he passes it to another member, and the books are kept circulating. Therefore, each member by paying the price of one book, has the opportunity of reading forty. There is a secretary for this club, whose business it is to keep the lists and see that the books are properly exchanged; and no one is allowed to keep a book longer than seven days. The book is the property

of the original purchaser, and may be kept or disposed of at will when once it has been read. It seems to me that this is the kind of a club which might be formed in almost any community, with profit. The secretary helps in the selection of the books to this extent that he or she writes to publishing houses for catalogues, and also appeals to those on well-known newspapers who are receiving books all the time, for an opinion on new books coming out. This club has, so far, not indulged in anything but fiction; but where the club is smaller and perhaps a serious group of readers are gathered together, they might have books of biography and history if they chose. If anyone desires more details of the working of this club, I think I can secure them from the present secretary, who wrote me recently for a list of books.

Onward Canada.

By Christopher James Byrne.

O'er the wide and level prairie
Where the hungry coyettes cry,
Where the sun in all its splendor
Turns to gold the western sky,
Comes the weary, grim surveyor,
Like an ever faithful guide,
With an unfurled banner bearing,
"Onward, Canada our pride!"

Scarcely had his work been finished,
When across that western plain
Comes the low and rolling rumble
Of a heavy rail-road train,
Bringing with it new ambition,
Wealth and progress, side by side,
Immigration of a nation,
"Onward, Canada our pride!"

And the weary, grim surveyor
Presses onward every day,
And the shining steel rails follow,
Onward, onward, all the way,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From each lake and mountain side,
Every echo seems to whisper,
"Onward, Canada our pride!"

Onward, onward, ever onward!
Stopping not to wait or rest,
Heart and hand in one endeavor,
Onward, onward, East and West!
Do we wonder at the coming
Of the immigration tide
To the "Maple Leaf" forever,
And to Canada, our pride!

Christmas Day in the Morning.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and His lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and His lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day on Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Young People.

A Song for the West

By Christopher Robert Stapleton.

Oh, that a singer would rise,
And sing us the song of the West.
With the eagle's glint in his eyes,
And the lion's soul in his breast!

Greater of heart than of head.
Stalwart as primitive man;
Son of a race that is dead
The pioneer Titan clan.

Knowing from childhood days
The trails through the lumbered hills.
Skilled of the searching gaze
For the well the rare rain fills.

Riding the deserts that blench
As scorched by the angered God;
Guide of the men that wrench
From Saharas the verdant sod.

Deft with a reeking team
To gallop a headlong grade;
Careless where bullets scream:
Of nothing from God afraid.

Foremost in forest lore;
Swift on the lurking foe;
Climbing where snow-heights soar
O'er highlands heaped below.

Proud of the garden-lands,
Where summer never dies;
Where beauty but commands,
And kindred beauties rise.

Such must he be who would sing
The song of the unsung West,
With the sweep of the eagle's wing,
And the note of his lion's breast.

Twice Blessed Work

"Happy? I should think so! The very thing I needed to keep me from stagnation, and to bring out what little good there is in me, to say nothing of the fun of it!"

Indeed, Julia was happy. She had returned from college to her old home, and the place she had left when she went away had closed up, and there was no room for her. Not that she was unwelcome—far from that; but the home duties had been assumed by others, and the church work had no pressing need of her, and everywhere in church and Sunday-school a younger set had come to the fore.

"A new king has risen that knows not Joseph," she said, as she returned from a meeting of one of the church societies; and when she went out to the first party after her return, she declared that she had "wandered lonely as a cloud" amid a swarm of youngsters whom she had always regarded as "kids," and who had had the impertinence to grow up in the four years of her absence.

It is a time of trial for young people who return home and have no immediate and compelling duty, and Julia's problem was that of many another girl.

"If I were a man, and had to go into business or a profession," she said, "or if I were engaged to be married, or were compelled to earn a living, it would be different; but here I am, not wholly useless, but a sort of half-homeless wanderer, dimly recalling the times when I was on earth before, and feeling alternately at home and a stranger."

For a time she dropped out of Sunday-school and stayed away from Christian Endeavor, and began to grow moody, dispirited and critical; but her good sense and real character re-acted from this mood, and she went back again.

On the very first night she attended the Christian Endeavor meeting the superintendent of the mission Sunday-school that met down in the mill district made an appeal for teachers. It was hard, he said, to get competent teachers for classes that required study, discipline, and the sacrifice of Sunday afternoon.

Sunday afternoon just then was a rather lonely time for Julia; and it was

more the impulse to dispose of that part of the day than any serious desire to help that impelled her to offer her services.

It was a class of boys, and an untamed lot they were; but she won them on the very first day, and loved them, every dirty-faced one of them. It proved the very thing she needed; and she gave to the work, not a grudge hour on Sunday, but many an afternoon and evening during the week. She became an unpaid missionary, visiting often in the homes of the boys, and bringing them often to her home.

"Miss Summer," said the superintendent, "I cannot tell you what a comfort you are. It is simply heroic, the work you are doing."

"Oh, please don't thank me!" she cried. "If you only knew how much good it is doing me! And to think how near I came to missing it!"

Good Work or None

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's order, but no one has a right to make him do work dis-

creditable to himself. Judge M.—, a well-known jurist living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to do.

He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily; "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished, there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

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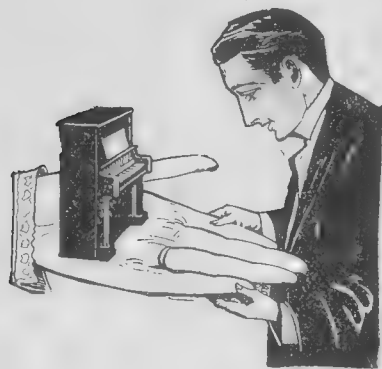
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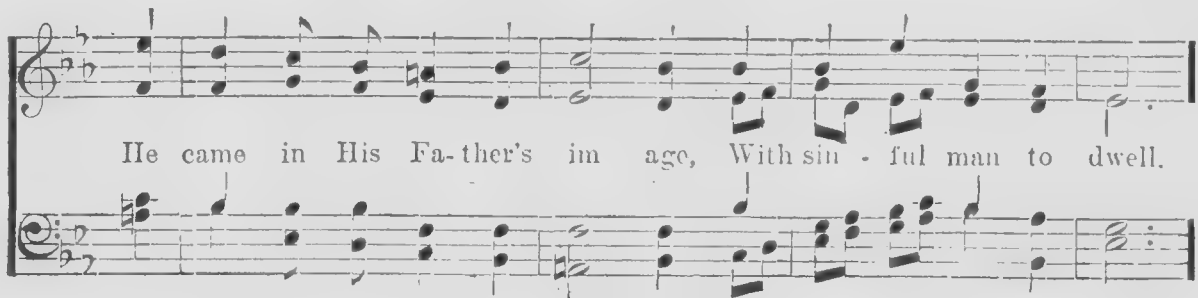
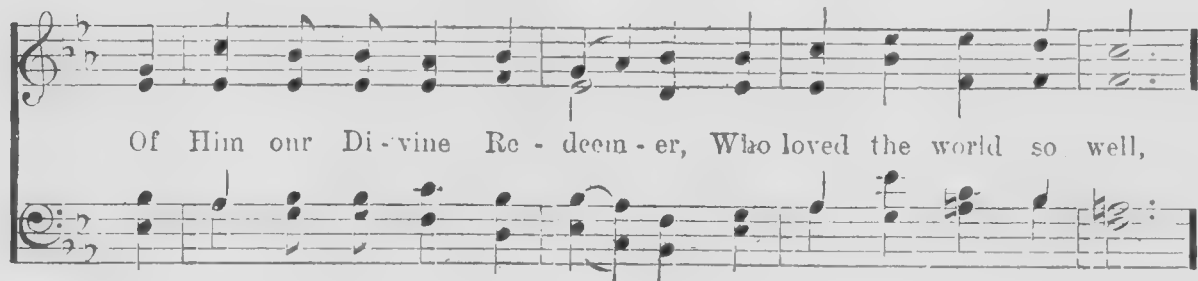
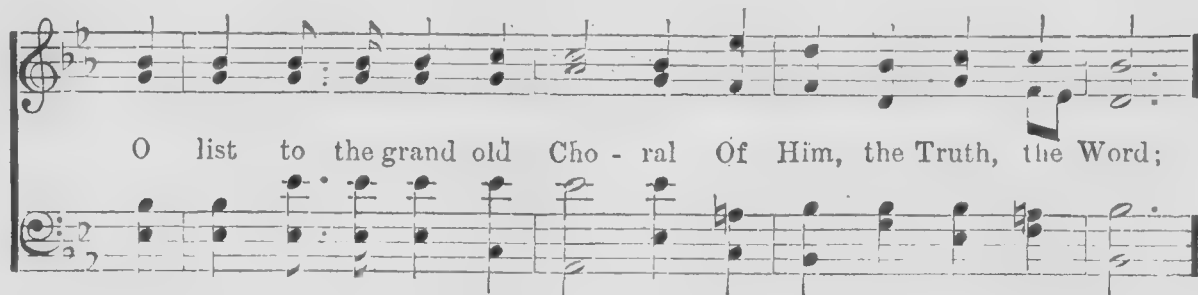
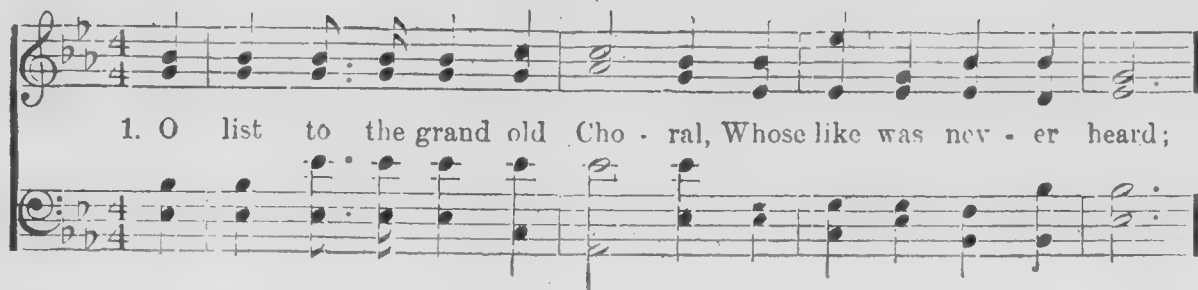
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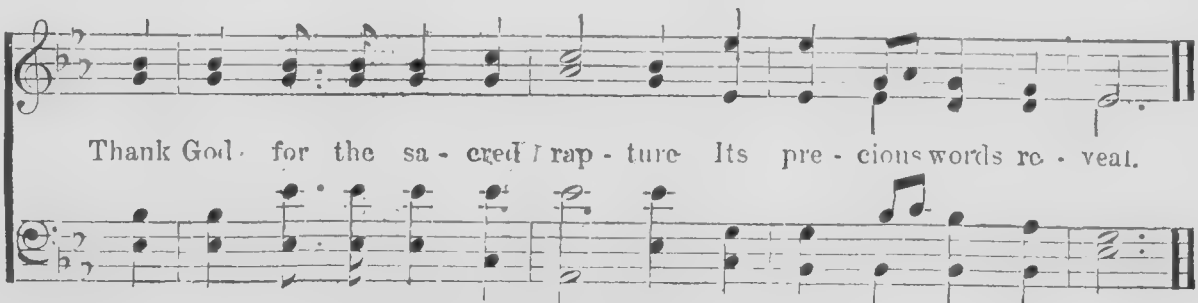
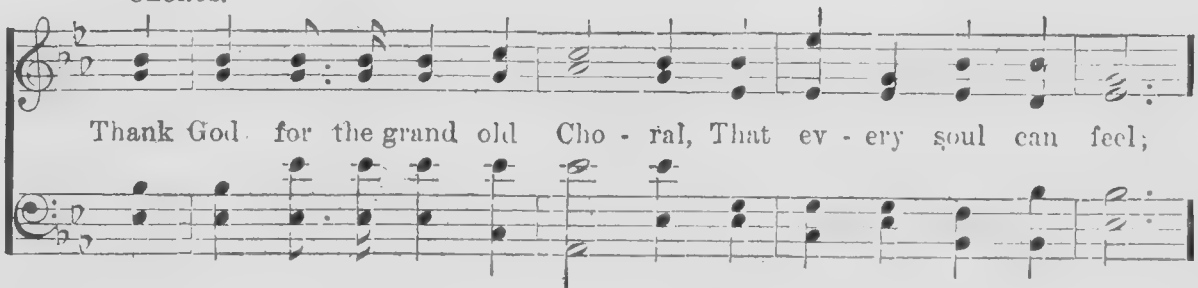
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The Christmas Carol



CHORUS.



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2 It tells how the earth was dreaming,
And all the waters slept,
While stars in their orbits moving
A silent vigil kept;
When lo! on the brow of midnight
A sudden lustre shone:
The sky was arrayed in glory
From God's eternal throne.

3 O night of celestial brightness!
O songs that rend the air!
O Babe in a manger lying,
With form so still and fair!
The years, while they bear us onward
Along the sea of time,
Are chanting the same old choral
In hallowed tones sublime.

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"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."
"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterwards, the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applications among master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.

The Balloon and the Bird

"There is a balloon man going by!" Sure enough there was. Ted and Tony rushed to the front door to see the balloons.

"Blue ones and red ones!"
"Just like a great bunch of grapes!"
"See 'em bob in the wind!"

"Oh, oh!"
Two pairs of boys' eyes gazed in an agony of longing at the balloons.

Uncle Mark was sitting on the porch. He now got up and came towards the boys.

"When I was a small boy I liked toy balloons."

"I guess all boys do," said Ted modestly.

"Which color do you want?" he asked, taking some change from his pocket. "Red," said Ted.

"Red," said Tony.
"Two red men," said Uncle Mark to the man.

"Oh, no," said Ted; "we don't want both red. They'll get mixed up."

"But I want red," persisted Tony.
"Well," said Ted, a little unwillingly, "then I'll take blue."

The man loosened from his bunch the strings belonging to a red and a blue balloon.

"Ketch hold, keeful now," he continued, "or they'll get away from ye."

"Let me," said Ted.
"No—let me," said Tony.

Two small hands were stretched out together to take the strings. And whose fault was it—whether of either or both of the balloon man can never be told—the string of the red balloon slipped away.

"Hold on!" screamed Tony.

But the balloon sailed away until it stopped against the branches of a tall tree, with the string hanging down. Uncle Mark tried to seize it, but it was just beyond his reach.

"I'll go and bring the step-ladder," he said.

On the way back with it he heard loud cries from the boys. He dropped the ladder and ran to them. It was hard to tell whether the cries were of terror or merriment.

What had happened?
A dozen or more sparrows had been hopping and chirping about, all busy looking out for stuff with which to build their nests. One pair of the bright little eyes had spied the string hanging from the balloon. A flash of brown wings—and the balloon was moving away.

"Look! Look!"
"It's going off with it!"
"You bring that back!"

"Whose balloon is it?" asked Uncle Mark.

"Mine," said Tony, half inclined to cry.

But it was so funny to see that sparrow hauling away the balloon that even Tony could not keep sober. They laughed and screamed and clapped their hands, until every one about the place came to look.

He meant business, that bird. They followed him as he flew with the string

around the side of the house. There on a ledge just under the eaves of the gable, they could see that he was building a nest. Watching him, they saw him begin to weave in the string.

"He's welcome to the string if he'd let me have my balloon," whimpered Tony.

"I wouldn't mind a bit if it were mine," said Ted. "It's so comical to see it bobbing in the wind while that little rascal works away!"

"I don't mind," said Tony. "You never had a balloon built into a bird's nest."

An hour later the string was much shorter. Before night the balloon was bound down to within a foot or two of the nest. And there it stayed for weeks, probably to the envy of all other sparrows.

At last, in a wind storm, it burst, and for the rest of the summer a little dab of red hung from the nest, which was the last of Tony's balloon.

The Game of Characteristics

By Charlotte Rice.

A most interesting way in which to spend an evening is by playing "Characteristics," a game which may be made attractive to any number of people. A leader must be chosen to read aloud a list of certain "characteristics" of noted people. From these "characteristics," which must aim to be descriptive, and from their initials, the assembled company must try to discover who the celebrities are. The "modus operandi" of the game is as follows: Provide each player with a pencil and a card, upon one side of which is written a list of the "characteristics" of certain noted people, leaving blank spaces opposite for the names of the persons described. Immediately after the distribution of these cards the game may be explained and the announcement made that half an hour will be given for the unraveling of the mysterious words to the left of the card. If desired partners may be selected. The giving of prizes should be optional. The following list of "characteristics" will doubtless suggest many others to intending hostesses:—

Literary.

Happy Children Appear.....H.C. Anderson
Explains Asia.....Edwin Arnold
England's Bright Bard.....E. B. Browning
Riotous Blustering.....Robert Browning
Rustic Bard.....Robert Burns
Terrible Complainer.....Thomas Carlyle
Tragic Career.....Thomas Chatterton
Shakespeare's Truest

Critic.....S. T. Coleridge
Weird Concocter.....Wilkie Collins
Woefully Crazed.....William Cowper
Comical Delineator.....Charles Dickens
A Clever Doctor.....A. Conan Doyle
Recognized Wisdom

Everywhere.....R. W. Emerson
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Touching Humanity.....Thomas Hood
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Interesting.....Washington Irving
Charming Levity.....Charles Lamb
Portraits.....Thomas N. Page
Wonderful Historic

Person.....W. H. Prescott
Winsome Stories.....Walter Scott
Perished By Sea.....P. B. Shelley

Her books Sell.....H. B. Stowe
Rebuked Society.....Robert Southey
Beguiling Traveller.....Bayard Taylor

Arthur's Troubadour.....A. Tennyson
What Magical Talent.....W. M. Thackeray
Makes Travesties.....Mark Twain
Charming Delightful

Writer.....C. D. Warner
Neat Parlor Writer.....N. P. Willis
Wrote Wondrously.....Wm. Wordsworth

Historical.

Naturally
Belligerent.....Napoleon Bonaparte
Came

Confidently.....Christopher Columbus
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Forerunner.....Benjamin Franklin
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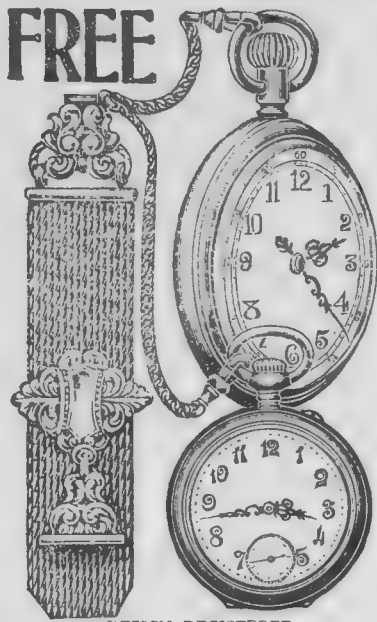
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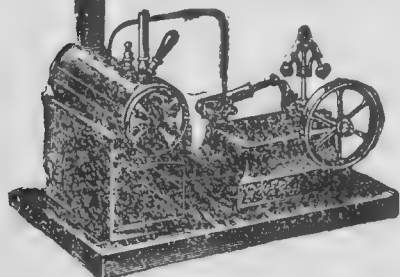


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A Farmer's Picnic in Winter

By E. Leora Waldemen.

The invitations to this novel picnic were written on plain, white, note-paper made into little books about five inches square, covered with birch bark and tied with bright, red ribbons. They invited us to "A Farmers' Picnic" to be held in the grove at Chestnut at eight o'clock on a certain evening. All were asked to come arrayed in picnic garb, and certainly the surroundings for such costumes were not lacking when the evening of the picnic arrived. The "grove" proved to be the three principal rooms in the house decorated to represent woods.

The costumes were many and odd. Red bandannas were numerous. They masqueraded as ties and head coverings and were also used for their more legitimate purpose. One young fellow was unusually imposing. He was six feet tall, and wore blue denim overalls that belonged to a man a foot lower in the world than himself. A blue-checked farmer's blouse, a hat, through the crown, of which his abundant crop of blonde hair protruded itself, and the inevitable red bandanna completed his equipment and made him appear like an overgrown farmer lad. There were others with big hats, boots, and full suits of blue denim. One youth wore a bushy, false red beard which seemed especially appropriate to the occasion. Old-fashioned gingham, calicoes, etc., and big picnic hats distinguished the farmer lasses of the party.

At noon (about nine-thirty in the

evening) the dinner was served. It differed in no way from the regulation menu except that lemonade was served instead of coffee or chocolate.

There was one cake on the menu of which I am sure all readers of this article will want to have the receipt, and once tried they will never allow their cooks to forget it: One cup of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one-third of a cup of grated chocolate melted, with a little hot water, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and two cups of flour, with almond frosting. It is called "devil's food," but under any other name it will taste quite as good. The sandwiches for this winter picnic were cut with a round cake-cutter in disks to represent tennis balls; others, for which a special cutter had been made by the local tinsmith, represented tennis rackets; a tiny olive pressed into the wide end represented the ball. The apples were polished until they shone, and were served from baskets. Altogether, there was a decided flavor of summer picnic in the air.

A Moonshine Party

By Edith Wheaton.

Consult the almanac for a moonlight evening. Decorate your rooms with the moonflower, or if you live in the country perhaps you can get some of the herbs called moonwort, sometimes known as honesty.

Provide each one of your guests with a blank card and pencil, and give them fifteen minutes in which to record a list as long as they can make it of the poems, songs, stories and other literature in which the moon is given a prominent part. The authors' names should also be given.

At the end of the allotted time let several or all of the company be called upon to read their cards. To the one who has the best list give an almanac or calendar in the form of a dainty booklet, with the moon's phases illustrated in gilt. Give a toy lantern for the booby prize. Some one can look over the lists and award the prizes during the rendering of the music which should be appropriate to the occasion. The hostess might call upon one or two of her guests to relate the story or legend which is noted on their cards, and which promises, from the subject, to be short and entertaining.

This idea might be utilized for a session of a literary society, by elaborating the programme with more music and other exercises. The members should respond to roll-call with a quotation about the moon. Or member might have a biographical paper about Doctor Moon, of Brighton, who gave light to the blind by the present convenient system of raised print. There should be a short scientific talk explaining a lunar eclipse, the tides or the phenomenon of the harvest moon. Assign this to some one who will be careful not to be too prosy, and who will illustrate it with large, plain diagrams. The last literary number should be something humorous, in which the moon shall have a prominent part.

The Compensating Way

Caroline Leslie left the doctor's office, the doom of his warning ringing in her ears. For he was a great specialist, and he knew.

"Above all things, Miss Leslie," he had said, "since you are obliged to use your eyes daily at your profession, you must spare them all additional strain. You must not read at night; you must not read on the cars. I only wish that you could give them the completest rest."

"The completest rest." How could that ever come to a busy private secretary whose salary, every penny of it, was needed at home? And how, too, was she, with her active mind, to stand the long evenings without her books,

the daily, dragging car ride without the companionship of reading? All this she thought of, brooded over, until at last she spoke her concentrated grief to her nearest friend, a woman ten years older than herself, and full of the keenest, quickest sympathy in the world.

"I feel like a cowardly wretch to be complaining this way," she ended. "I know it's a positive mercy that I have any eyes at all left. Only—"

"Only you love to read so much, and all the rest of it, Carol, dear. I know. But you won't let the discouragement master you. I'm sure, wise little virgin that you are! I'd as soon expect the sun to stop shining as to see the flame of your spirit burn low. Just try, child, and try again, and then try once more. You will surely find the compensating way."

A month later Caroline Leslie met her friend on the car, in the midst of one of those tired, late, disheartened crowds, a crowd that never seems to do anything but hang wearily to straps, nor to live anywhere but at the farthest end of the route. Yet in all this jumble of fatigue Caroline Leslie's face was contented, radiant.

"Well, Carol?" demanded the older woman, as she struggled to her friend's side.

"Angela, I've found the 'compensating way!' And such a funny one as it is! Listen, and I'll whisper it, because if people heard me they'd think I was crazy. You remember before this how I hated crowds? I loved my people in books, not in real life; I didn't know how interesting they could be. Even now I like them in a queer bookish sort of way."

"I mustn't read, you know, so instead I just try to imagine to myself how Thackeray would have drawn that sensible, solid-looking couple in the corner, and what Dickens would have said about that tired shop-girl opposite, or how Trollope would have described that prosperous politician. When I get tired of making up stories about the people, I stare out of the window at all those little suburban homes where every light seems to say, 'We're safe and happy! Safe and happy!'"

She broke off with a little apologetic laugh.

"You may yet find me a great realist, you know. You'll think me crazy, too, but sometimes I get so interested in my living book that I simply hate to leave it; which is what I must do this very moment. Gracious," with frantic gesture to the conductor, "I ought to have left the car two streets ago!" She nodded a quick farewell to her friend.

"Angela," she whispered with hurried humor as the car jerked to a final stop, "you see one has to walk back even on the 'compensating way!'"

All Book Names

Just as her car was coming, the new customer handed her gay bunch of flowers to the solemn and seductive black baby on the door-step, whose eyes begged them.

"Yo, Algy, stop suckin' yo' thumb an' thank the lady," admonished the child's mother, a stout, smiling colored laundress in immaculate plaid gingham.

"So his name is Algernon?" said the lady, nodding pleasantly as she hailed the car.

"No'm," rejoined the mother, proudly, escorting her to the curb, "she ain't a he, an' her name's Algebra."

There was no time for explanations, but next time the lady met the friend who had recommended Mrs. Jennifer's laundry-work, she related the brief dialogue, and asked if she could have heard aright.

Her friend assured her that she had. Moreover, there were seven little Jennifers in all, and they all had what their mother proudly called "book names." Mr. Jennifer was a janitor in a small branch library, and on the arrival of the first baby, his wife had bidden him ask the librarian, a good-natured and fun-loving young girl, to pick out for it a "book name"—something melodious and flowing and imposing, and above all, unusual.

She had obligingly named over a number of the heroines of romance as

she chanced to think of them, and he had reported back as many as he could remember. After some hesitation between Fedalma and Esmeralda, they chose the longer name, but reverted to the other when a second baby came.

The first boy they proudly christened Richard Coeur de Lion, and the second Nicholas Nickleby. The twins were Amyas and Ayacanora.

Then came the seventh baby, and the friendly librarian had been replaced, during an illness, by a sour-tempered person of whom favors could not be asked. So Mr. Jennifer, instead, asked a student whom he found poking about in an alcove, kindly to read over to him—he did not explain why—the titles of few of the books there. The young man did so, but without promise, until he reached the word "Algebra."

There Mr. Jennifer stopped him, and hastened home to report his euphonious discovery; and that is why the six little Jennifers are followed by one lone picaninny in mathematics.

The Family Photographs

There had been a succession of babies in the Perks family, and every baby had been fond of the photograph album. Baby Dan, indeed, learned to stand and walk by virtue of his frantic desire to reach it, and Baby May insisted, on more than one occasion, on taking it to bed with her. When they ceased to be babies and "began to be children," as little Mrs. Perks said, their interest did not flag. On Sunday afternoons and stormy holidays the album was an un-failing resource.

The father and mother had laughed at this, and thought no harm. But it chanced that, when his youngest child was four years old and his oldest had reached the age of sixteen, Mr. Perks had occasion to consult the album. He was a gentle and long-suffering parent, as the father of a large family should be; but he found reason for once to be severe.

"Can't they enjoy their bread and molasses unless they eat it over the album?" he asked, querulously. Little Mrs. Perks was dumb.

"I see somebody has taken a lead-pencil and marked mustaches on one of Dan's baby pictures," Mr. Perks added with a ghastly grin. Still Mrs. Perks said nothing.

"What's become of all our photographs of Bessie? There's not one here!" was Mr. Perk's next outburst.

"She has them up in her room," Mrs. Perks explained.

"Has, eh? Well, you go and get 'em! Every one of 'em! Right now!"

"What are you going to do, Rufus?" Mrs. Perks asked, anxiously.

"I'm going to make sure of getting the worth of my money—and keeping it," Mr. Perks answered. "If the children must have photographs to play with, I'll go to some photographer and buy 'em a bushel of old samples. These pictures are valuable to you and me and our descendants to the ninth generation, and I won't have them destroyed."

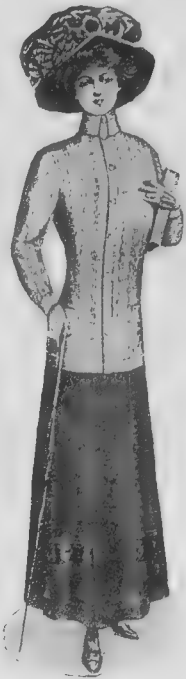
So Mrs. Perks confiscated the pictures in Bessie's room, and Mr. Perks removed from the album every photograph of himself, his wife, and their children, and the father and mother spent a long evening, one filled with pleasant memories, too, in arranging them for preservation.

They cleaned them as well as possible. On the back of each photograph they marked the subject's name and the date, exact or approximate, when the picture was taken. In the case of "snap shots," they noted the background, and sometimes the name of the amateur artist. The whole made a pretty complete photographic history of the family.

Then Mr. Perks emptied one of the drawers under his bookcase, and carefully packed away the pictures and locked the drawer.

"Now," said he, "they can be looked at on proper occasions and under favorable conditions, but they can't be—be mailed to obliteration. And that's as sure as my name is Rufus H. Perks."

"I think, Rufus," little Mrs. Perks said, softly, "some day the children will



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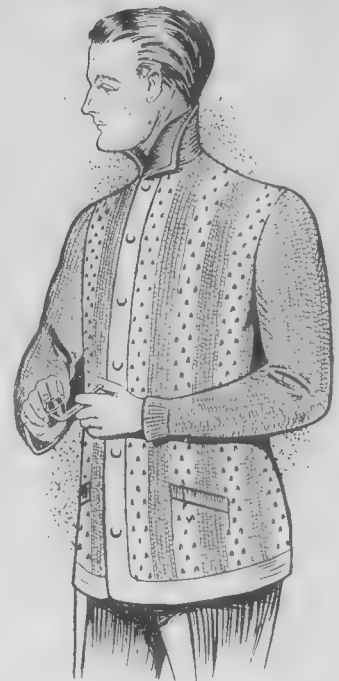
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he glad we have tried to take care of these."

A Party Programme

A good menu for a luncheon would be: Clear tomato soup with croutons, broiled chicken, rolls, olives, creamed potatoes, green peas, lettuce salad with French dressing, frozen strawberries, sponge cake and coffee. Decorate the table with roses. For place cards, cut out pieces of cardboard the shape of large rose petals, touch these up with pink water-colors, and write the names of your guests across the card. After luncheon you can play "Who Knows the Flowers," for which you can provide the following list of questions, leaving a blank space for the answers. A dainty prize may be provided for the one making the largest number of correct answers:

Whom did she dislike most before her marriage? Cockscorn.

What was she at her first ball? Harebell.

What did she look like on her best behavior? Primrose.

What was her object in matrimony? Marigold.

What was her conversation like? Allspice.

What was his rank and surname? Marshall Niel.

Where did she reside, and what was her disposition? London-pride.

What was she like when he kissed her? Blush-rose.

How far did he come to court her? Camomile.

What did he declare his love to be? Everlasting.

Who were the clergymen? Bishop-weed and Jack-in-the-pulpit.

What did they wear? Monk's-hoods.

What was the name of her favorite friend? May-blossom.

Who was the lawyer? Jonquil.

What was his money invested in? Stocks.

Who tried to make mischief between them? American Beauty.

What did she apply to his wounded feelings? Balm.

What time was the wedding? Four o'clock.

Who announced the hour? Bluebells.

What was the wedding gown made of? Queen Anne's lace.

Who gave her away? Poppy.

Who was the maid of honor? Bouncing-bet.

Who made the music? Sweet-william.

What was on the bridegroom's hands? Foxgloves.

What did he renounce? Bachelor's buttons.

What was her head-dress? Maiden-hair.

What was her bouquet? Pride's roses.



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The Boyhood of Radisson

Never had a boy more stirring adventures than had young Pierre d'Espirit Radisson, a French lad, who, when he became a man, explored the region about the head of Lake Superior, and is believed by some historians to have been the first to discover the upper Mississippi. Radisson was but seventeen years old, and had been but a year in America when, in 1652, he was captured near Three Rivers by a war party of Iroquois Indians. The lad was out hunting ducks along the St. Lawrence with two comrades when they discovered signs of Indians.

It was more ignorance and foolishness than courage which made him refuse to go back to the fort with them but to the Indians who, hidden in ambush, heard the conversation, it seemed like the type of bravery they most admired. When they shot at him and he returned their fire before fleeing, their admiration increased, and they did not kill him, as they did his companions, but took him up Lake Champlain and Lake George to their village, where he was adopted. His conduct as a prisoner increased their admiration, for he slept so soundly between his guards that he had to be awakened in the morning, and he was ever one of the most eager on the march.

To test his prowess, he was sent on

a hunting trip with an Algonkin captive and three young Iroquois. The Algonkin killed the Iroquois against Radisson's protest, and the two fled, but before they could reach Three Rivers they were overtaken. The Algonkin was killed, but Radisson, as a traitor to the tribe, was brought back for torture.

This time his sufferings were terrible. There were many other prisoners, some of whom were tortured in most horrible fashion while the boy was compelled to look on; but he displayed no emotion, although he was trembling inwardly. He was reserved for the second day of torture, and was left bound among the rest for the children to amuse themselves with. One gawped his fingers. Another cut them with a stone. Others burned the soles of his feet and shot darts into his body.

He bore it all without flinching, however, and made neither protest nor outcry when a warrior thrust his thumb into the bowl of a lighted pipe and held it there. The result of this was tremendous admiration among the Indians, and when the chief who had formerly adopted him made a plea for his life, his petition was granted.

For a year Radisson remained a member of the tribe during the horrible war of extermination carried on by the Iroquois against the Hurons. With a war party he made a long journey up the Mohawk and into the country beyond Lake Ontario, where a village of Hurons was exterminated. Radisson managed to save one woman from the village and lead her back to the Iroquois settlement, where she became his foster-mother's slave.

The boy soon sickened of the horror of the savage life, but the forest had



In Pastures Green.

a never-ending fascination for him. He learned it as the Indians knew it. He was taught how to make and to use bark canoes, how to follow a trail, how to read signs by which the presence of enemies or friends might be known, how to tell Indians of the different tribes apart, and how to speak their tongues. Indeed, he learned the very things that, when he finally escaped to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson,

gave him the best possible equipment for his life-work of exploration in the unknown Northwest.

The Sly Weasel

A sawmill in an Iowa town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and

bold, and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day a weasel came upon the scene, and at once declared war on the rats.

One by one the rats became victims of the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, strong fellow was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel attacked the big rat several times, but each time the rat proved more than a match for his slender antagonist, and chased the weasel to a hiding-place.

One day the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him, and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle, the rat proved too much for him, and he ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, almost immediately reappeared round the end of the pile, and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill was aroused, and they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the first end to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded, until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel, he quickly slipped on through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole, the weasel dodged in behind him, and catching him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round, finished him at his leisure.



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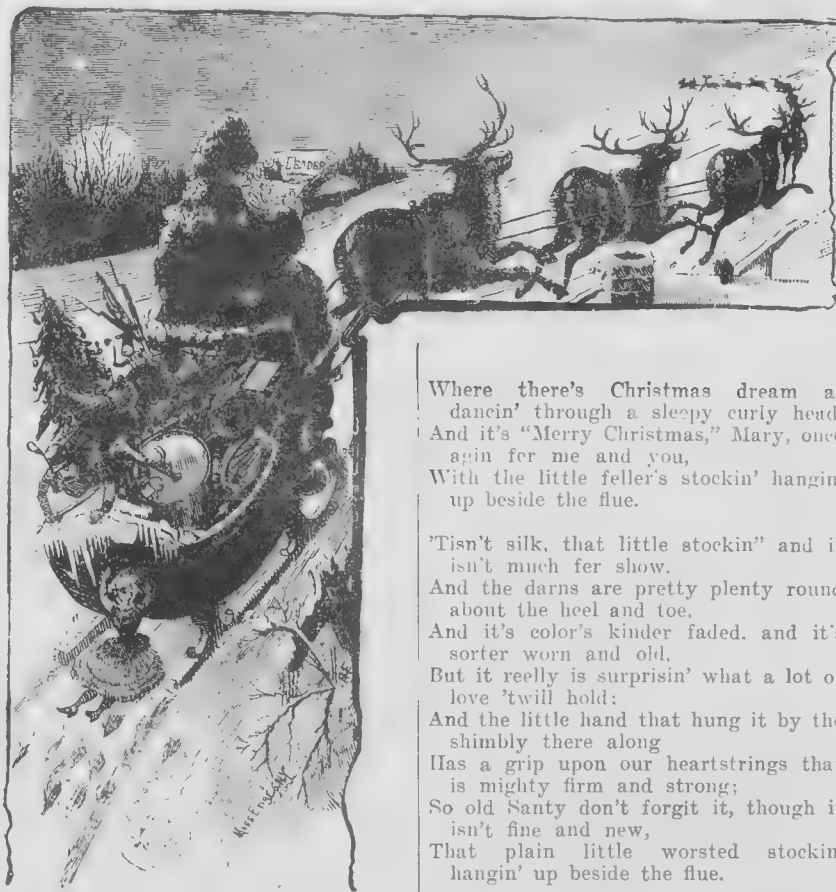
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324



The Little Feller's Stockin'

(Joe Lincoln, in the Saturday Evening Post.)

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight
and the Christmas air is chill.
And the frosty Christmas holly shines
and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle,
and the Christmas laughter rings.
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin'
home the Christmas things;

And up yonder in the attic there's a
little trundle bed

Where there's Christmas dream a-
dancin' through a sleepy curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once
agin' fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin'
up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin' and it
isn't much fer show.
And the darns are pretty plenty round
about the heel and toe.
And it's color's kinder faded, and it's
sorter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lot of
love 'twill hold:
And the little hand that hung it by the
shimbley there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that
is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santa don't forgit it, though it
isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin'
hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us
with our plans all gone ter smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy,
and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest so
long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—
won't there, Mary—every time.
And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's
a shower er two of rain.
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and
we'll try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds us
here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin'
up beside the flue.

Dainty Embroidered Aprons.

This is the season of the year when the cool days (which always seem to come upon us suddenly) bring with them the thought that Christmas gifts will be the next problem to vex the busy brain which every year has to find "something new," so we have planned to show in this column some suggestions which are attractive and yet will not take too much time to evolve. We are sure our readers will be interested in the pretty aprons illustrated on this page, and it will be seen that they have been selected to show some novel ideas

and are quite different in design and finish. Fine sheer lawn is the material upon which the first three have been embroidered, and the Butterfly design, No. 1426, is extremely dainty, the same idea being carried out in the bib. The sample illustrated is embroidered in dainty shadow colorings of pale pinks, blues, mauves and green, the scalloped border being white. The wings are worked in long and short or tipping stitch, and the dots in solid padded embroidery. The dainty strings and loops finishing this apron are of

soft pink ribbon, and it would be hard to imagine a more novel apron than this.

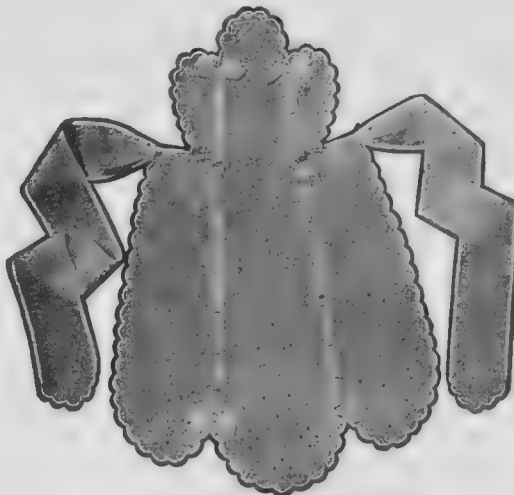
as the "work bag pattern" and has a deep hemstitched pocket which forms the lower edge, and soft ribbons are



No. 1426—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents.

No. 1428 has a very pretty design of fine French embroidery which has been carried out in white and shows an effective combination of eyeletting and solid work. Long eyelets form an insertion effect which run right up to the bib and through which pretty blue

run twice through the hem; the upper portion of the apron when not in use folds back into this, and the ribbons draw up the article into a deep work bag. One of the advantages of this apron is that it launders easily, and the eyeletting pattern (which is the only



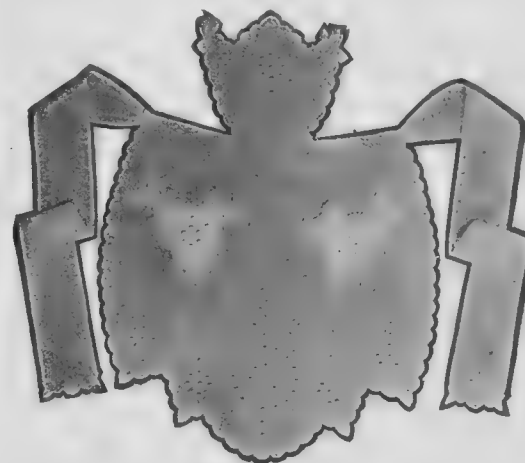
No. 1428—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents.

satin ribbons are laced. Dainty bows complete this pretty apron.

No. 1427 shows yet another idea which has been carried out in colored embroidery, for the dainty polka dot design has been embroidered in pinks with the white button-holed edges.

work needed on this apron, comes already hemstitched and made up), is very easily embroidered.

One of the most useful varieties of aprons is what is known as a "travelling apron," and anyone who has tried to dress in a crowded wash room,



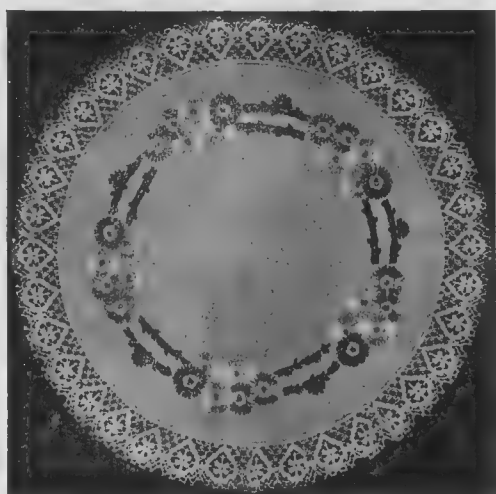
No. 1427—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents.

Ribbon bows complete this charming little apron, and strings are embroidered to match. Any of the three aprons illustrated above may be finished with a soft frilled lace edge underneath the button-holing, and makes a very dressy finish. These aprons are suitable to wear at the afternoon tea table and on many occasions upon which the woman of dainty tastes loves to wear these attractive little womanly touches.

Another apron which is one of the more useful variety, is widely known

where one cannot find a place to lay down many articles which are indispensable to one's comfort will appreciate the fact of being able to keep the needed articles each in its own pocket. No. 1425 apron is made up from brown linen bound with brown ribbon, and has the pockets to contain the soap, etc., rubber lined. The second apron, No. 1424, is bound with pale blue lawn, and has not the rubber-lined pockets. Some people prefer this one, as the pockets to contain the soap, etc.,

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Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

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Dear Madam

The National Cook Book Society is asking the co-operation of the Canadian housewife in the preparation of their **NATIONAL COOK BOOK**. This Book will prove to the entire world that Canada can lead and excel in savory cooking—thanks to the Pride of the Nation the **CANADIAN HOUSEWIFE**. Doubtless you, dear Madam, have a recipe for preparing a special dish in which you pride yourself, and on which you have been commended. Would you not like to have others share in this good thing, would you not like to have some of our hundreds of thousands of families taste that particular dish and commend on it too? We care not whether this recipe is for sauce, for a vegetable for a side dish, for a pudding, in fact anything and everything, whether cooking or baking, if you will just think of one or two recipes and write them out correctly, sending them to us, with your full name and address, both to be used in connection with the recipe we will greatly appreciate the favor and have no doubt but that your recipe will become as well known and as famous as some we read about in the newspapers and magazines.

We do not expect you to render this service gratis. The National Cook Book is being published with the co-operation of thousands of housewives and for this reason we have decided to pay our contributors a royalty on all sales of the cook book, which by the way, will be enormous. The National Cook Book will retail at Two Dollars. A royalty of 20% will be set aside and this amount will be divided semi-annually amongst our contributors. Just think of it, just for sending in a good recipe and without any cash investment whatever, you eventually derive a little income.

Kindly give this your early attention and oblige.

Very respectfully yours

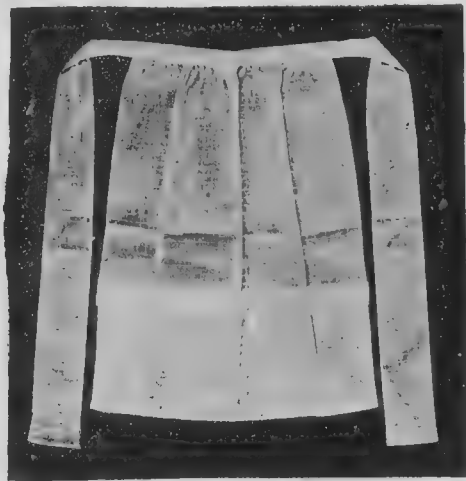
The National Cook Book Society of Canada
238 Chambers of Commerce, Winnipeg

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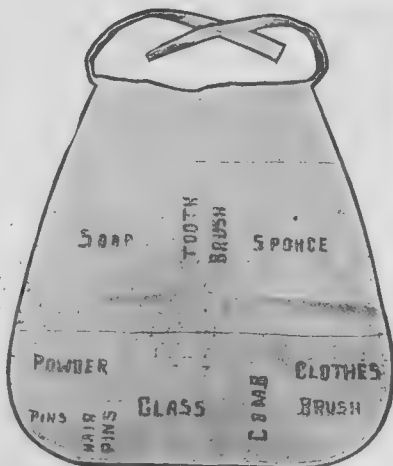
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No. 1324—40 cents.



No. 1424—75 cents.



No. 1425—\$1.00.

may be ripped, and lined with a thin oiled silk. This apron folds up into a smaller compass than the larger one, but both are of a convenient size, and take up a very little room in the travelling bag.

If these articles cannot be obtained from your dealer, or for further information regarding any of the articles contained in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted.

Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



GIRL'S DRESS, 7144.

with Round or High Neck, three-quarter, Long or Short Sleeves.



7144 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.

The simple little frock that is made with a straight gathered skirt is essentially useful. Here is a model that includes a round yoke and moderately full sleeves. It can be made with round or high neck and with sleeves of varying lengths, consequently it is adapted to a variety of uses. This dress is made of cashmere trimmed with a pretty banding and with a yoke of dotted silk.

The dress consists of the waist and the skirt. The waist is made with front and back portions that are gathered and joined to the yoke. The sleeves are cut in one piece each. The skirt is straight and the closing of the dress is made at the back.

For the 10 year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of silk for the yoke, 5½ yards of banding.

The pattern, No. 7144, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A FASHIONABLE COMBINATION.

Combinations of plain material with striped are exceedingly fashionable and they seem especially well adapted to young girls. This suit also includes a collar of velvet. The coat is one of the very latest, closed well to the left of the front, and it can be made either with a double collar as illustrated, or with the outer one only and the back of the outer collar can be made pointed or round. The skirt is cut in three pieces and can be finished with a belt or cut to the natural waist line. It gives the fashionable straight, slender effect, yet it is not exaggeratedly narrow. The

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Rare, peculiar and grey shades are a little more expensive. Ask for estimate. Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want.

You will be more than satisfied with the price and quality of these goods, and if you are not, return them to us promptly and we will return your money.

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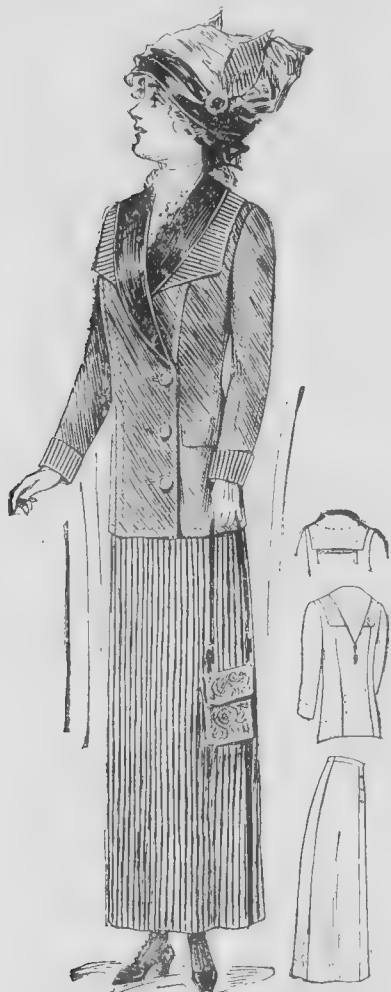
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coat can be made either in waist length or the one illustrated, and both are correct. The costume just as shown has a great many advantages, but the same model can be varied almost indefinitely. It can be used for one material throughout or it can be made of a plain material trimmed with a striped or fancy one. Serge trimmed with striped velvet would, for example, be handsome, and black velveteen could be trimmed with dark red broadcloth braided with black to be smart, while suiting materials include corduroy and also a new wool material woven after much the same manner as well as all the familiar cloths, serges and the like.

For the 16 year size the coat will re-



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7174 Double Breasted Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7149 Three-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

quire $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44 inches wide for the under collar and cuffs, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of velvet for the over collar; for the skirt will be needed $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Both the coat pattern, No. 7174, and the skirt pattern, No. 7149, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

THREE-PIECE SKIRT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7149.

with High or Natural Waist Line.

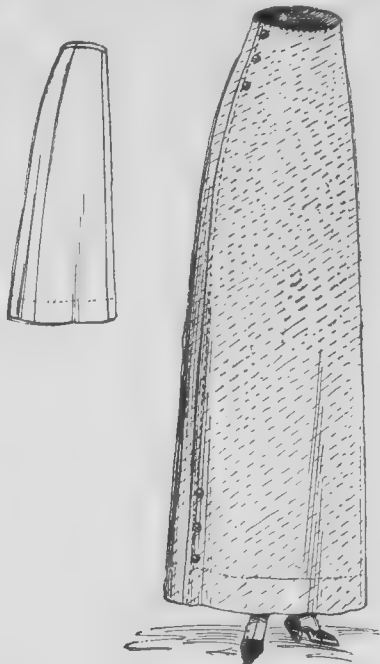
The three-piece skirt is a fashionable and a pretty one. It is admirably well adapted to small women and to young girls. This one is just full enough to conform to the latest decree of fashion while it gives long straight lines. It will be found adapted to all seasonable materials that can be made in so simple a style, but in the illustration French serge is finished with stitching and with buttons.

The skirt is made in three pieces. When it is cut to the high line it is arranged over a belt, when cut to the natural waist line it is joined to the belt.

For the 16 year size will be required $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or

44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The pattern, No. 7149, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age,



7149 Three-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women 14, 16 and 18 years.

and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

FOR LITTLE BOYS.

There is no suit that the little boy wears which is more becoming than the one in real Russian style. Here is a model that is buttoned right up to the shoulder, just after the original manner, and which will be found desirable for all materials that are used for boys' suits. This one is made of white galatea trimmed with banding. It is pretty and it is serviceable, and washable materials of the kind are much used at all seasons, but the suit could be made from serge or from wool cheviot, from shep-



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7189 Boy's Russian Suit, 2 to 6 years.

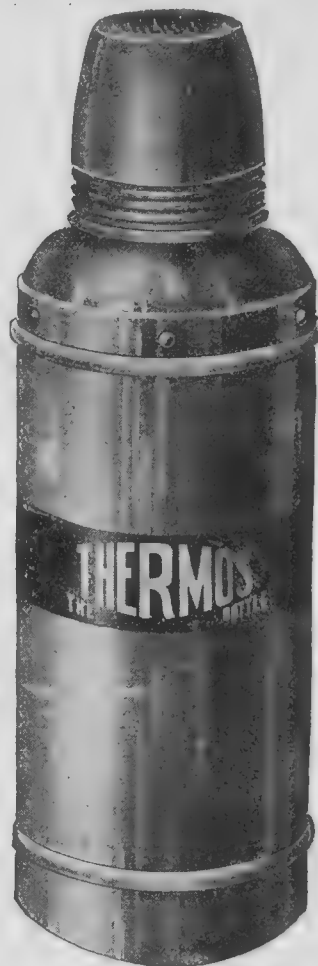
herd's check or from any similar suiting material with equal propriety. Also the model is a pretty one for the velvet suit worn upon very formal occasions. Blue serge with bands of black silk braid would make a practical, serviceable and handsome suit. White serge with bands of white braid would be extremely charming, and the model suits both equally well. The blouse is laid in a single box plait at the front and one at the back. It includes a pocket

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Think how much YOU would appreciate having a THERMOS Bottle, and you will realize how much others will enjoy it as a gift from you.

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If your flour is of the right quality, it ought to produce uniformly good bread. When the loaf comes out of the oven it ought to be appetizing and inviting in appearance. The

crust should be crisp, tender and sweet as a nut. The pores of the bread should be regular showing uniform expansion by the yeast and every loaf should be light, plump and should expand over the top of the pan. Bread made from Ogilvie's

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always comes up to the highest standard of excellence when made right. It is always uniform, and good to look at as well as good to eat.

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138

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, - WINNIPEG.

that is sure to appeal to the wearer. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, finished with hems and elastic at the knees and closed at the sides.

For the 4 year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2½ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of banding.

A May Manton pattern, No. 7189, in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

FANCY TUCKED BLOUSE, 7148.

with Round or High Neck, with or without Undersleeves.

This tucked blouse in peasant style is a pretty one, available for many materials. There are only the under-arm seams to be sewed up, yet a dressy effect is obtained. If narrow material is used the joinings can be made beneath the tucks so that such a model as this one becomes available for fabrics of all



7148 Fancy Tucked Blouse,
34 to 40 bust.

widths. The yoke is a novel and pretty one and can be made from all-over lace, fancy silk or from any contrasting material. In one illustration the blouse is finished without the collar and undersleeves, in the other both are shown. The two styles are equally correct.

The blouse is made in one piece and closed at the back. The yoke with the extension at the front is joined to the upper edge. The under-sleeves, when used, are attached beneath the trimming of the sleeves.

For the medium size will be required 2½ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 18 inches wide for yoke and sleeve trimming, ¾ yard for collar and undersleeves.

The pattern, No. 7148, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

CHILD'S APRON, 7143.

with Square or High Neck, Short or Long Sleeves, with or without Belt.

This apron that is made in peasant style is a pretty, attractive and practical one. It is simple and it means very little time and labor for the making. In one illustration it is shown with square neck and without a belt, in the other with high neck and long sleeves and with a belt confining the fullness at the waist line. The two treatments are

essentially different in effect, yet the model is the same for both. White linen banded with pink is the material illustrated, but all those that are used for children's aprons are appropriate.

The apron is made with front and back portions. The neck can be made



7143 Child's Apron, 2 to 8 years.

square or round and the apron can be cut high and finished either with a turned over or standing collar. The patch pockets are arranged on indicated lines.

For the 6 year size will be required 2½ yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 inches wide with ½ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7143, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

What To Read and How

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensation stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard someone say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read any thing that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I let you have one?"

"Yes sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

Some who do not read flashy and worthless books, and who read good books, read them hastily, and with very little attention. They seem to desire to be able to say that they have read certain books.



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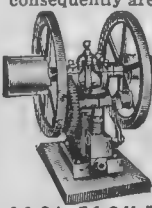
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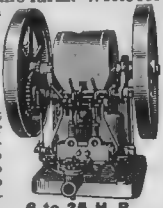
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Bess's Column.

By Mrs. Todd, Aldersyde, Alberta.

Gifts for 'Xmas Tide.

The glad and joyous Christmas tide will soon be with us once again, so as we must start betimes to make our Xmas gifts, a few suggestions may not come amiss. Many of the Western Home Monthly readers will have scraps of lace and of pretty satin lying by, that they think vaguely they "can make something of," but they do not know how to do it.

A Satin and Lace Photo Frame.

Let me suggest your making a photo frame. The cardboard for the photo frame must be cut to size very exactly. It can be shaped from another frame, by removing photo and glass, and marking the edges. The shape of the oval opening in front can be taken *c^d* the front of a photo frame on thin paper and drawn through it on to the cardboard. Fix the lace on to the satin with tacking threads, then button stitch all round it. If the satin underneath is colored, say yellow or pink, button stitch on the lace with that color of silk thread. When the lace is in place (and, by the way, it will save you lots of bother about finishing edges, etc., if you keep it away from where the oval is to be cut), cut out the oval neatly from the centre, and fix satin and lace on the cardboard with glue, seccotine or stikeen, or any of the adhesives which are on sale. Get a piece of glass cut to size, then a piece of cardboard for a back. Glue this on to other (satin covered) cardboard on the plain side, at top and two sides, leaving the bottom open for insertion of photo. Next cut a "log" of cardboard for the back, of a suitable length, affixing it in place with sticking plaster which will act as a hinge. Color the back with water color paints to match the satin. If liked, the two pieces of cardboard can be sewed together instead of using seccotine, the join being hidden by silk cord slip stitched in place. Another use for the scrap lace and satin is to make a

Handkerchief Sachet.

Sew the lace on the satin in the manner above described. Choose a suitably colored lining, quilt on to it a thin layer of cotton wool, sprinkle it with sachet powder—the receiver's favorite perfume if she has a preference. Sew the satin to the lining and hide the join with silk cord. From scraps of linen needle cases of various pretty shapes can be manufactured.

An Ivy Leaf Needle Case.

This is made of white linen cut into ivy leaf shape. No cardboard need be used for this needlecase unless liked, but if none is used the outside edges must be neatly and closely button stitched to prevent fraying. This and the veinings are best done in green silk. The leaves for the inside must be cut the least bit smaller, also ivy leaf shaped, and the edges neatly notched. These should be of flannel of different colors, all sewed together at the top. These are placed inside the two outside ivy leaves, and all sewed along the top, or eyelet holes can be pierced through all, being sewed in eyelet stitch first, then the book put inside finally yellow bebe ribbon being threaded through and tied in a brief knot.

Linen Remnants

Which can be bought, a large bundle for \$1.25 from many of the leading linen manufacturers, make very many useful gifts. I invested last year in a 5s. (\$1.25) parcel from Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, Ireland, and I cannot tell you the multitude of Xmas gifts I made from it. Hand hemstitched handkerchiefs (with initial marked in corner), a set of three for six different people. These I made from the tiny scraps and odd corners cut off after shaping some other things; slip-over-head corset covers of some of the lovely sheer scraps, of which there were many, a yard or a yard and a half long. These I did in shadow work, and exceedingly pretty

and dainty they looked. Other things I made were sets of table mats from scraps of damask, cut square and hemstitched, then some larger pieces of damask and fine linen I hemstitched, and lace edged for afternoon tea cloths. One or two pieces of damask were small table cloth length, these I hemstitched for breakfast cloths for my married sister.

Dresser Scarfs

Could also be made, also pin cushion covers and centre pieces, night dress and brush and comb bags. A pretty table cover could be made out of four square pieces, large handkerchief size. These four should be hemstitched, then joined with two long pieces of insertion down and across, forming one large square, finally finishing it off with an edging of lace. Dutch collars, button stitched with white or colored thread, jabots and belts to match could be fashioned out of short lengths, and many other things will also suggest themselves to the ingenious worker.

Hints on Present Giving.

Most of us, old and young, are fond of presents: fond of giving them, fonder still of receiving them. But the claims, and drains, on our pocket grow with the years, and few amongst us but finds a difficulty in reconciling suitability, goodness and prettiness with cheapness.

Sometimes it is Wrong to Give

a present, and that is when we cannot reasonably afford it. You will say, "we must do it," or "it is expected of us;" but that is no real excuse if we are not in a position to give. The worst form of this kind of present giving is when one gives it, and owes the money for it, or when one has borrowed the money from a friend to pay for it. This kind of present giving is little short of robbery, and did the receiver know of the method in which it was obtained, it would tend to make her feel "cheap," and to look askance at both the present and the present giver. Some girls think they must give very expensive gifts to their lovers to keep that same love, and never was there a greater fallacy! I read the other day of an instance when a girl gave a

Young Man a very Expensive Gift.

He was not even a lover, merely (let us call it) an admirer, who had seen the girl home from one or two social evenings. Christmas, falling soon after one of these meetings, the girl presented the young fellow with a set of gold vest buttons and sleeve links, a most expensive present, as the crestfallen young man at once saw. He wondered mentally how she could afford it, partly guessing, and correctly too, that she must have borrowed the money to buy it. Such an expensive gift disgusted the young man, whereas a simple gift of a book or something of that kind would have pleased and touched him, warming the budding love in his heart into bloom. The gift gave him an idea, somehow, that he was "being bought," and he thought he had just had enough of a "girl like that." He could not

"Be Behind Hand"

With a girl, so he bought her a diamond brooch, having to borrow the wherewithal from a chum, the paying back of which crippled his resources for many months, this fact not helping him to look any more favorably on "that forward girl." He gradually but decidedly dropped her acquaintance, and the girl wondered vaguely why! Therefore we learn that our

Present Giving Should be Adapted to Our Purse.

That duty belongs to ourselves. No one will thank us for expensive gifts that they know well we cannot have bought without a struggle of some kind. In the giving of presents, as in other

A "365" Day Liniment

YOU ARE SAYING TO YOURSELF—
"If I only knew of something to stop that Backache—help my Rheumatism—cure my Neuralgia, I would send and get it at once."

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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that."
—Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgar, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of goitre. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

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Dr. Higley, Whitewater, Wis., writes: "I have been using Caustic Balsam for ten years for different ailments. It has never failed me yet."

A liniment that not only heals and cures Human Flesh, but for years the accepted Standard veterinary remedy of the world.

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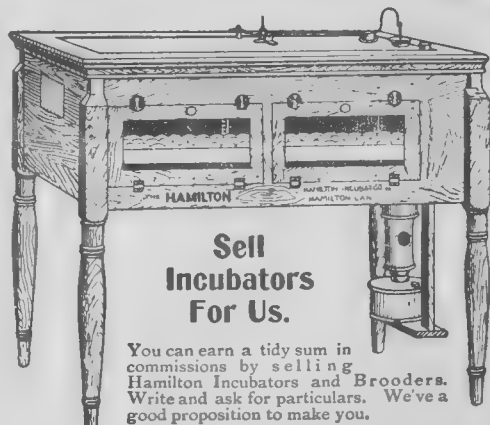
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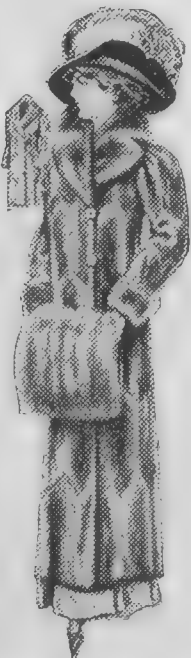
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social doings, we have a place that belongs to us, a niche into which we fit. A cheap but dainty gift, lovingly chosen and bestowed, will give far more pleasure than an expensive one, if we are not too overburdened with this world's goods, for the receiver will be pleased to have it, and have no "arriere pensee" as to "what we went without" to buy it for her. With Xmas now at hand our thoughts turn towards

Xmas and Xmas Presents,

And, girls, let me give you this hint: Start early with your presents, make as many of them as you can yourselves, and you will see how very much further the money at your disposal will go. Settle first, how much money you can spare without crippling yourself, then draw out a rough sketch of the receivers and what the gift might be for each. Many of the gifts can be made at home with the exercise of a little time, care and forethought, and thus will not cost so much, while those that have to be bought can be bought to a greater advantage when one has plenty of time to look around and make a good choice. It may console those who have little to give to know that the most

Costly Gifts do Not Give the Most Pleasure.

Commonsense, and a little loving thought, will enable us to give a present that no money without these can buy. Suitability is always to be aimed at. The person with a hobby will always joyfully welcome a book dealing with it, or a new appliance for it. Perhaps we see a pretty scarf, and think how "nice that would be for sister," then we think of her longing for a certain book, and knowing that "dry book," as we call it, will give the "little book worm" more pleasure than any article of personal adornment, we pass the scarf with a backward look and buy the book. And are we not repaid? "How did you ever know it was just what I wanted? How can I thank you for it?"

Carving, Fretwork or even Ordinary Carpenter's Tools

Make most acceptable gifts for the handy boy, even a good saw and a plane are not to be lightly passed over, and are what every youth ought to possess and know how to handle. Books on articles connected with chemistry or science form most acceptable gifts for any one whose tastes run that way. Articles of clothing are often given as presents and are always acceptable, the only drawback being that they are soon used up, and that kind of present is best which is always in use, perpetually reminding one of the kindness of the person who bought it.

Work Boxes Writing Cases, Inkstands

Are articles of this kind, and will last a lifetime. The girl who does pyrography, carving or marqueterie can produce articles of that nature that look exquisite and cost very little but her own work. Anything that helps to beautify the home always makes an acceptable present. Screens, small tables, vases and decorative needlework are always acceptable. Table centres in lace thread work, edged with "hair pin" drawn, placed over a slip of pale yellow or blue silk or sateen, look exceedingly well and cost but little. "Shadow" work on white muslin can be made into many useful and beautiful gifts, dachasse sets, table centres, cosy covers, etc.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,"

So when money is an object, would it not be wise to give less often? Bestow care and thought beforehand on the gifts, and the result will be a suitable gift, showing clearly that love and loving thoughts led the choosing of it, thus giving the receiver more pleasure than a hastily bethought of gift is likely to do.

Christmas Dainties.

The lengthening evenings and the dull days remind us that Christmas is approaching, and that we must begin betimes to prepare toothsome dainties for

the festive season. First among these, we will place

Shortbread—Reliable Recipe.

Take seven ounces of flour and one of rice flour, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound sugar, and one half teaspoonful of baking powder. Put all on the table or baking board and, taking the butter in floured hands, knead all the sugar into it, and then flour gradually, kneading well, and keeping the lump firm in both hands. When all is worked in, divide into two or three pieces, and make each piece round, square or oval as you desire. It should be half an inch thick. If you possess a mould, dust rice flour over it, and shake it well out again, then press the shortbread neatly into the mould. Turn out of the mould on to a tin covered with floured paper, and bake in a slow oven till it is of a light brown color. If you have no mould, then pinch the edges according to taste, and dust some sugar on top. Bake always in a slow oven.

Scotch Currant Bun.

Ingredients for the paste. Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into three good teacupfuls of flour, then mix in thoroughly a half teacupful of baking powder. Mix into a paste with water, and line the four sides and bottom of a square tin which has been previously well greased, with it; keep back what will cover the top of the cake—it is safer to roll it out and see if you have left sufficient. In the fruit, take 1½ pounds of currants (cleaned), 2 pounds stoned raisins or sultanas, 4 ozs. blanched almonds chopped small, ½ pound of candied peel, finely minced, ¼ oz powdered cinnamon, ½ pound of sugar and 1 pound of flour, a teacupful each of baking soda and cream of tartar, and milk or water sufficient to just moisten all. When all is thoroughly mixed, put it into the tin which is already lined with the paste, wet the top edges of the paste, put in the cover, prick the top, brush over with beaten egg or a little milk, and bake in a moderate oven two to two and a half hours. This cake will keep good for months.

Mince Pies.

Make some good puff paste, roll it out to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch, line some good sized patty pans with it, fill them with mince meat, cover with paste, and cut two slices across the top. Bake for nearly half an hour, brush over with the white of an egg, sprinkle with white sugar. Serve hot. Mince meat: Ingredients—Three large apples, one pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet, three lemons, one pound of sugar, two ounces of candied citron peel, two of candied orange peel, and two of candied lemon peel, one teacupful of brandy, one tablespoonful of orange marmalade. Chop the suet finely, grate the rind of the lemons, squeeze out all the juice. Bake the apples in their skins till tender, take out the pulp, and add to the suet, lemon, etc. Then add the currants, raisins and candied peel chopped up, also the sugar and marmalade. Mix all these thoroughly together, then pour in the brandy. Mix this well in, put the mince meat in a stone jar with a close lid, or tie a piece of brandied paper over. The mince meat should be occasionally stirred. By adding a spoonful of brandy every three months, this mince meat will keep good for a year. It is best to be made at least a fortnight before it is needed.

Christmas Plum Pudding.

Ingredients: One pound and a half of raisins, half a pound of currants (the raisins should always be in excess of the currants), a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, three quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of suet, six eggs, one wine glassful of brandy. Stone and cut the raisins in halves, wash, pick and dry the currants, cut the candied peel into thin slices and grate the bread crumbs finely. Mix all the dry ingredients together, then moisten with the eggs beaten up in the brandy, stir well that everything may be thoroughly mixed. Press tightly into a buttered mould or basin, one large or two small ones for this quantity, tie down with a floured cloth, and boil for

six hours. This pudding is generally made a few days before Christmas. When the pudding is taken out of the pot, hang it up immediately, and put a plate under it to catch the water that will drain from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water, and keep boiling for two hours, then turn out and serve with sweet or brandy sauce. Put a sprig of berried holly in the top of the pudding, pour a little brandy on the dish, and set it on fire before taking it into the dining room. Less eggs may be used in this pudding if liked, and a little baking powder used instead.

The Man Whom Women Like.

Women, above all else, admire manly men, even more than they do the good-looking ones. They like a man they can look up to, one who can be strong when trouble comes, who can be decided and firm—master of the situation in fact. They have no respect for the weak-minded individual they can "twist round their little finger," and for whom they have to decide all questions. They have a decided contempt for the "old wife of the male sex" who persists in meddling with the affairs of the house, who will go poking his head into the kitchen, asking questions and interfering.

Women like the man who is sympathetic as well as manly. They like a husband who notices if they look pale

her disappointment. How happy the wife, who, when the husband comes in, feels that the worst of the day is over. "The children are always so good with father, and our evenings are so comfortable and happy!" He, at least, carries out his compact of loving, cherishing and protecting.

They like, too, the husband who is tender and true, who gives them a tender protecting care, which is like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." They like men who speak well of all women, who are always courteous and kind, who do not dispense with the little civilities they used in the courting days. They like men who trust them, who give them their household allowance ungrudgingly and freely. They have a contempt for the man who asks them unblushingly to economise in household or personal expenses, while he himself abates not one jot of his own personal luxuries, his cigars, gloves and amusements. If retrenchment has to come, the true woman will retrench at once, ungrudgingly and freely, but she feels that retrenchment, to be retrenchment, must take place all round, not just in her own little particular corner

And also, women like a man who is sincere, whose motto is to " . . . look life in the eyes With calm undrooping gaze. Always To mean the high and truthful thing. Never to screen

Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise Of cunning, never tell the little lies of look Or thought. Always to choose between The true and small, the true and large, serene And high above life's cheap dishonesties The soul that steers by this unfading star Needs never other compass. . . .

Lastly, women like the men who have an undying and ever increasing respect for themselves, who claim her personally as their dearest comrade, truest friend, then life by his side would be truest happiness, fullest life. Trials might come, but they would be trials shared, and age for them would have no terrors, death no partings.

A Very Homely Article.

How to Knit a Stocking.

Almost every girl, in Scotland at least, can knit her own stockings, and we do not need to be told that it is more economical to knit these than to buy them ready made. Shop made stockings do not wear well unless one gives a good price for them, and after they have been darned once or twice, they are useless. Now home knitted stockings are quickly done, pleasant to work at, and when too much darned to be comfortable can be re-footed again and again, each time being as good as new.

Five-ply fingering make a pair of cosy winter stockings, and for summer wear three or four-ply makes a thinner stocking, thus more suitable to the season

The Knitting of a Stocking

is suitable work for any time of the year. In the summer or autumn we can take it with us to the garden or seashore, and in winter it seems the right sort of work for the cosy fireside. For beguiling the tedium of a long railway journey, there is nothing like knitting a stocking, and it is not so trying to the eyes as reading, which is to most people the sole resource when travelling. Also, to the book lover, it is a suitable work, as she can knit and read at the same time. A cheerful fireside company seems even more social when the ladies have knitting in hand, as their thoughts seem to flow freely in unison with the bright wires. Knitting is recommended by some doctors as a

Cure for Nervousness,

the rythmical movement of the wires seeming to calm the nerves, while as a headache banisher, there is nothing to equal the motion of the steel wires. Now, I shall give a few hints as to number of stitches, intakes, length, etc., which I hope may be useful to those

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or tired, and who is not above giving a little petting on occasion. They like him to notice their dress, say whether he likes it or not, notice any little extra adornment donned for his benefit. He would have noticed it in a sweetheart, how much more in a wife! It is rather trying to a wife to plan some extra ornament, a bit of lace or knot of ribbon, or to make herself a new blouse, all to look nice and please her lord and master, and never to have it noticed, much less commented on! The words, "How smart you are to-night, little woman, that's quite a nice blouse, and suits you down to the ground," will raise a blush of pleasure to her face, and repay her for her toil.

They like a husband who is unselfish. How many men there are, who, once the knot is tied, weary of the home life, and are constantly rushing out to "see some life," while the poor little hard-working wife, brought, perhaps, from a happy home circle, is left lonely at home to await his return. Then when there are children, it is even worse. The husband bolts his supper, and hurries off to spend his evenings elsewhere, while the wife is left at home to nurse the children and brood over his neglect and



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knitters who are anxious and willing to become proficient in the gentle art of stocking knitting. For five-ply fingering cast on 28 stitches on each of the three wires making 84 stitches in all, and knit about two inches of ribbing, two plain two purl, or two plain one purl. A stitch more or less may be added if needed for the pattern. In four-ply wool, cast on 91 stitches, both these numbers being for a full sized stocking. In all cases knit two to two and a half inches of ribbing. The rest of the stocking can be knitted either plain and purl or all plain as desired. Now, knit about four inches of plain knitting, keeping the odd stitch of the 91 as a seam stitch, and purling it every row. Now we are ready for the

Narrowings or Intakes.

Knit till you come to three stitches from the seam stitch, take two together, knit one, purl the seam stitch, then knit one and take two together. This gives a plain stitch on each side of the purl. Some people to get the intakes to slant the same way, namely towards the seam stitch, do it slightly different, in fact I always do this myself. Knit to one stitch, knit one, draw the slipped stitch over, knit one. Knit the seam stitch knit one plain, take two together. Try this, and you will see the intakes look very nice. There must be eight or nine of these narrowings, say nine, which will leave 71 stitches now on the wires. Between the first two intakes knit three rows, then next time four, next five, six, seven, eight, nine, then knit $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches without any intakes for the ankle. Now we are ready for

The Heel.

Divide the stitches in four, not counting the purl stitch. Put 18 on each side of the seam stitch on one wire, and 18 on each of the two small wires. You will now have 37 on one and 18 on each of the two others. The large wire is for the heel, which can be knitted plain or thickened. For the thickened heel start on the purl side knit one, slip one and so on to the end, knitting the purl stitch either plain or as it comes in the wire. Knit the next row plain, then on the purl side knit one, slip one again till you have done an inch and a quarter. Now we are ready to "turn over" the heel. Start on the purl side, knit to one stitch beyond the seam stitch, then take two together, knit one and turn, knit these three stitches plain on the one side, then purl the stitch, knit one, take two together, knit one and turn. Purl these three stitches, then do the seam stitch, knit till you come to the space where you stopped knitting, purl two together, one on each side of this space, knit one, then turn. Now, knit on the plain side till you come to the gap, take two stitches together, one on each side of it, knit one and turn. Knit on in this way till you take the two last stitches together, and finish on the plain side. If the seam stitch has been dropped, drop it also in turning the heel. Now we have to

Take up the Stitches

on each side of the heel. This is done by taking up each stitch in one needle and knitting it up with the wool. When you have the one side of the heel taken up, next knit the two short wires on to one, and pick up the stitches on the other side. Next divide the stitches left from the heel on these two wires where you picked up the heel stitches, and you are ready for the foot. Intakes have to be done at the end of the two heel wires. They are done in the same way as the leg ones. After knitting the big wire knit once round plain to the end of the big wire, then start

Narrowing the Foot.

Knit one stitch then another, slip one and draw the slip stitch over. Now knit plain till you come to the end of the other heel wire next the big wire. Knit till you have three stitches left, take two together and knit one. Do these intakes every alternate round, and take in till you have the same stitches on as when you started the heel, viz., 72 or 73. Now knit plain till you are ready for the toe. It is ready set, 36 on the long wire and 18 on each small. Start with the first heel wire, knit two, slip one; draw

the slipped stitch over, then knit till you come to the opposite end of the second heel wire, also next the big wire. Knit till three left, take two together, knit one. In the big wire, knit two, slip one, draw the slipped stitch over, then at the other end, knit two together, knit one. Do these every alternate round till you have eight, ten or twelve on the large one according to taste, then put the two small ones together, and knit the two wires thus left together, and cast off. Darn in end of wool at top and bottom.

Comfort for the Winter.

Winter is the time for warm garments as everybody admits. The shops are now showing, not gauzes and muslins, but woollens and furs, and the customers, thronging them, buy according to their needs.

The Feet.

It is impossible to keep well in winter unless the feet are dry and comfortably warm. Good food, and active exercise contribute largely to health, but clothing has likewise an important office, that of promoting and preserving the natural heat of the blood within, and guarding against cold and damp from outside. Home knitted woolen stockings are best for winter wear, and deserve to be universally adopted. They are warm and cosy, and if the feet are warm, it materially helps the rest of the body. Hand knitted stockings are greatly superior to those woven. Silk stockings, too, are warm, but those who know the comfort of hand knitted, four-ply fingering stockings will not readily abandon them for winter wear even in place of silk. Inside soles of felt or knitting or cork are comfortable and useful, while even a couple of folds of brown paper shaped to the boots add greatly to its warmth.

Wet Shoes.

Whatever shoes are worn outside in the winter time, should be changed on coming into the house. They may not feel damp, but after a time, they will strike a chill into the feet, which may continue cold for hours, without the cause being suspected. Several colds are often thus originated. In traveling, it is a prudent thing to wear warm overshoes or Alpine boots over the usual boots, and woollen or felt gaiters are also a protection. Elderly people and those liable to rheumatism will find great comfort from knee caps. If night socks are worn, they should be loose and large, and they will thus not impede circulation and will slip off when the feet have become warm.

Flannel Next the Skin.

In winter time especially, whatever is done the rest of the year, flannel ought to be worn next the skin, as it is an important preventative of cold. It acts as a non-conductor of heat, and it also gently stimulates the skin, and assists it in throwing off superfluous matter. Elderly people particularly, and those who have to take violent exercise, so as to produce frequent perspiration, likewise infants, should wear flannel next the skin. Thin flannel is best. Welsh flannel or thin knitted wool, suiting all purposes. Flannel worn next the skin during the day, should be taken off at night, and spread on a chair that the moisture may pass off. Remember that flannel next the skin keeps the body warmer, than any amount of furs or heavy woollens put on in lieu of it for outer wear. Sailors and fishermen who are much exposed to wet and cold know from experience the advantages of wearing flannel next the skin. In the case of children who are in any degree delicate, its employment is extremely important. Some people have the idea that by dressing them scantily, they "harden" them. Certain it is that many hardy children may be seen who have been reared by this process, but a good many have made an untimely exit from the world owing to an ignorant mother and this "hardening" process.

The Head Cool.

It is a mistake to muffle the head too much up, particularly in the case of children. The head should be kept cool

Cleared her Face of Superfluous Hair

Fashionable Society Woman Tells How she Destroyed the Blemish, Never to Return. The Secret Free.

Women who are despairing because they have tried all manner of things without success to remove a disfiguring growth of Superfluous Hair on face, neck or arms, will be delighted to hear that a recognized Scientist of high standing as a Chemist, has introduced a new scientific method, whereby "hairy arms" can be made a thing of the past, and all disfiguring growths on face, neck or other parts of the body are forever banished from sight.

This glad news comes from Mrs. W. B. Jenkins, a prominent Society woman of Scranton, Pa., who resides at the fashionable Duckworth Apartments in that city.

Mrs. Jenkins says she has entirely cured her own heavy growth after all else had failed, by the use of a new method invented by Professor A. P. Smith, F. I. C. F. C. S., etc., formerly Science Master at the famous College of Rugby, England, and whose ability as a chemist and scientist has been publicly recognized with a Fellowship in the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and in other leading chemical and pharmaceutical Societies of the World.



Mrs. Jenkins is sure, she says, that no matter how many things have failed—no matter how heavy the growth, no matter where it is—on the face, neck, the arms, or any part of the body—Professor Smith's Tripose Method may be relied upon to actually destroy hair.

It appears that in order that every sufferer in this country may profit by its discovery, arrangements have been made with a Society of Chemists whereby any woman may secure full particulars absolutely free and without charge, which will enable her to get rid of her growth as if by magic.

If you are troubled with hair on the arms, so that you are unable to wear short sleeves with comfort; if you are afflicted with a growth of hair on the face, or on the neck, which interferes with your peace of mind and spoils your feminine appearance the scholarly ability of Professor Smith offers you a certain way to be completely relieved, so that the hair may be forever banished from sight.

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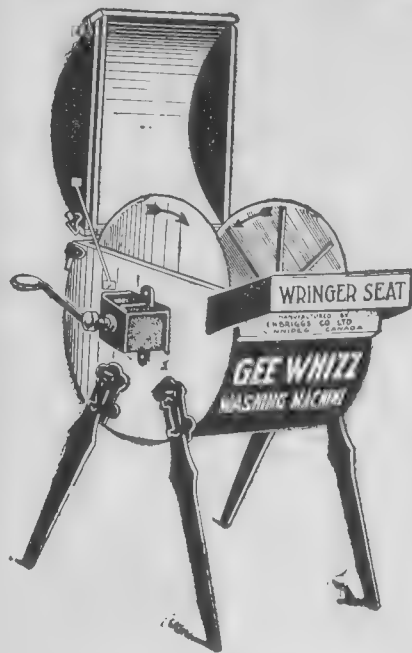
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(not cold, however), just as the feet should be kept warm. Hence it is a mistake to cover the head with a cap at night, when one ought to be sufficiently warm without it, as its tendency in that case will be a determination of the blood to the brain, thus rendering the wearers much more liable to take cold when exposed, as they necessarily are, to draughts in the daytime.

Shoes.

Thin soled shoes should not be worn at all in the winter time, as with them the feet can be neither dry nor warm. Rather sacrifice a little elegance and be comfortably shod. Winter boots should always be made to order, as ready made ones are more or less pointed at the front, forcing the toes together, and producing deformity of the foot. Corns, bunions and in some cases diseases of the feet are thus brought on, and long continued walking becomes an agony. The sole of the shoe should be made with the inner side nearly straight, and not

pointed so as to force the great toes over the others. Always be fitted for winter shoes with fairly thick stockings on, and in the afternoon, as then the foot is a little larger than in the morning.

Food in Winter.

In winter, too, one should take more heating foods than in summer, more fat, steamed puddings and other warming foods. A basin of hot soup is excellent for heating the blood, on coming in chilled and tired, and a drink of hot gruel on getting into bed or hot lemon water will turn off many an incipient cold. Remember to remove wet clothes before sitting down. While moving about, they cannot be helped, and do not do so very much harm, but remove as soon as you can, and do not sit down in them, as they will undoubtedly strike a chill to your blood, and lay the foundation of a bad cold or even something worse.

The Finding of Jamie Reid.

A Story for Children. By A. B. E.

"Did I ever tell you the story of little Jamie Reid?" asked Grannie, as the children drew their chairs round the fire, coaxing for a "true tale." "I don't think I have, and, as it's a short one, I'll just have time for it before you young folk go off to bed."

"One night, when I was quite a little girl, I well remember how some neighbors came to our house to tell us that Jamie Reid was lost. That seemed a terrible thing to us, for in those days there were no big towns and cities; no police and telephones like you have now, but just a few houses built here and there with wide, empty spaces between and no means of communication. How easy it would be for a little boy

started out again, this time with the daylight to aid them, but again they returned baffled, and hardly daring to tell Mrs. Reid of their non-success. For us women, who remained at home unable to take any action in the search, these hours were very trying. We all loved the merry, little boy and pictured his little figure trudging about, tired and frightened by the dark, trying to find his way back to home. We could but pray for the boy's safety and do our best to comfort his mother. She, poor lady, was well-nigh mad with anxiety, and for her sake the search was kept up for three successive days and nights.

"By the end of this time all hope had been given up, and a gloom seemed to settle down upon the village. Everyone thought that the child had strayed too near the river, fallen in, and had been swept away by the swift current. Only the mother refused to believe that he was dead, and I am sure that it was this that kept up her strength, for the trial was a severe one, the suspense and anxiety very hard to bear.

"About three weeks after this, Mr. Reid had to leave home for a few days in order to see to some of his more distant fields. He took with him his servant and one of the neighbors, leaving his wife at home. During the trip the men slept out on the prairie, and on the second night Mr. Reid awoke suddenly with a start. He stood up and listened intently, trying at the same time to peer through the darkness. All was quite quiet, so he lay down again, but could not sleep. That strange cry he seemed to hear kept echoing in his ear and would not let him rest. At daybreak he told the others of his bad night, so they determined to drive south and try to discover the meaning of the cry. For half a day nothing out of the ordinary occurred and they felt inclined to give up the search and return to their proper road, when suddenly there darted up in front of them a queer, little creature, that hesitated a moment, staring at them, and then scurried quickly into the bushes. The men glanced at each other, and then, without a word, Reid and his friend jumped from the wagon, and started in pursuit on foot, leaving the horses with the servant. For some distance they followed the terrified little creature till suddenly it darted into a badger hole, and crouched there glaring at them with wide, frightened eyes. Clearly the poor child—for it was none other than Jamie—had grown so used to the solitude of the prairies and the nearness of wild animals that he feared and distrusted human beings. It was only after much coaxing and gentle persuasion that he permitted his father to take him out of his rough shelter and carry him back to the wagon. His fright, combined with the noise of the horses and the rattling of the wheels, proved too much for the



A Spruce Tree.

to get lost on the prairie, and how difficult it would be to find him!

"A thousand questions sprang to our lips at this astounding news. As soon as the men got a chance to speak, they told us that Jamie had gone off shortly after dinner to pick berries and did not come home at six o'clock. This did not worry his mother, as the boy often came in a little late for tea if he found lots of berries, but when bedtime came and brought no Jamie, she grew alarmed, and she and Mr. Reid searched the near neighborhood until dark without finding him. At last Mr. Reid collected a small company of men, who intended to search the whole district.

"My uncle and father joined the party and all night long they rode, shouting and searching, returning in the morning tired and worried, to say that no trace of the little fellow had been found. After a short rest, they

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boy's overtaxed strength, and he lost consciousness. As quickly as possible, they drove home, where Mr. Reid went in first to prepare his wife for the shock of finding poor, little Jamie in such a pitiable condition. Those three weeks of life on the prairie, with no other home but the badger hole, no food but the roots and berries he could pluck for himself, no friends or parents to care for him, had made a sad change in the bright, little chap. His skin was rough and blackened, his hands wounded and scarred from tearing at the roots, while from his thin, dirty, little face all the boyishness seemed to have been taken. But to the waiting mother all this made no difference—she saw only her little boy, brought back to her as from the grave, sick and needing her love, and with a sob of thankfulness she reached out her arms to claim her darling from the man who carried him. "For days Jamie's life hung in the balance and it was doubtful whether he would ever regain consciousness and reason, but he had three great advantages on his side—youth, a mother's loving care, and the heartfelt prayers of all his friends, so, very slowly and painfully, he came back to the sweet old life of home and health. His mind was a complete blank concerning that terrible time on the prairie. He was simply told that he had been very, very ill, but was well again, and that was quite enough, for the little chap, whose happiness at home, and absolute devotion to his parents were sweetly pathetic things to see."

A Slumber Song.

E. K. Stevens.

Sail on, little boat, o'er the river of rushes,
With waving of water weeds long and lush;
From silvery ripples a lullaby gushes,
A murmurous lullaby, "hush, a-hush."

Sail on, little boat, where the wind and the willow
Whisper a ripple to river below,
A breath and a hint of the lift of the billow,
Whither the waters so dreamily flow.

Sail on, little boat, to the arms of the ocean,
The far-away slumberous ocean of dreams,
Rolling and falling in undulous motion
To lull on her bosom the rivers and streams.

Farewell, little boat, for the shadows have found thee,
Mistily hovering over the deep;
Tenderly, softly they gather around thee,
Float thee away and away into sleep.

He Had Seen them Dug.

Many a child who has grown up firm in the faith that codfish are born salt and that tomatoes grow in cans has had his idea of the building of the world rudely shattered by a visit to the country. A newsboy just back from a fresh-air excursion, says the New York Tribune, was stopped one day by Mr. Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg philanthropist, who wished to test his intelligence.

"How were those stones made, my son?" he asked, pointing to a pile of them.

"They wasn't made. They growed," was the ready answer.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, jes' de same as pertaties. I seen 'em dug in de same field out 'n de country."

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my boy," he said, "stones cannot grow. If you were to come back to these five years from now they would be just the same size."

"Yes," said the newsboy, with a learned sneer, "and so would pertaties. Dey've been taken out of de ground, and dat ends it. Dey can't grow no more. But you can't fool me on stones, 'cause I've seen 'em dug."

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Herewith will be found the picture of an old man. Around his head and shoulders are concealed the faces of his seven daughters. Can you find these seven faces? If so, mark the faces with an X. Cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found the seven faces and marked them."

Write the above words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered in this contest.

Should you not happen to be a neat

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found the seven faces and marked them."

We do not ask you to Spend One Cent of Your Money
in order to enter this Contest

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not. And we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over One Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of Cash Prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests

Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 208 Gunnell St., Winnipeg.	\$50.00	Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa.	35.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke.	50.00	Mrs. G. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.	35.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.	50.00	Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont.	30.00
Mr. Alphonse Dupin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa.	50.00	Mrs. Thos. Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto.	25.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50.00	Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer St., St. John's Nfld.	25.00
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About the Farm.

Wasteful Way of The West.

By Chas. F. Roland.

Western Canada has Money to Burn and Burns it. Vast sums go to waste every year when farmers burn their straw. Utilization era at hand. Flax straw to be made into cloth and twine.

Beyond a doubt, some ways of the West are wasteful. The land is so rich, harvests are so abundant, prices so good and the demand so sharp, that the Western farmer feels no compulsion to economy, or even to utilization, and has the general disposition of mankind to take things as easy as may be. As a rule, then, he throws away the manure that farmers in less favored lands hoard with care or must buy at considerable cost.

He burns thousands of tons of straw because there is no market for it and sees thousands of tons of hay grow up, ripen and wither for lack of cattle or horses in sufficient number to eat it. Time and the press of population will cure these things in years to come but for the present there is a deal of waste going on in the West, and, bountiful as the harvests are, they are but trifles compared with what the prairie provinces will produce when agriculture shall have been reduced to a science and utilization of wastes is made a part of farming processes.

The first step towards utilization of farming wastes in the West will undoubtedly be made by setting up a factory for making textiles and twine from flax straw. This field is an exceedingly promising one. Recent crop reports show that there are 300,000 acres under flax in Western Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—this year and the average yield of straw per acre is not far from two tons. This gives a total 600,000 tons of flax straw, all of which could be collected at a given point at reasonable cost—the more reasonable because at present all of this enormous product of unsalable material is wasted. Thus, any price which would pay the farmer for gathering the straw and putting it in transportation would be so much clear gain to the farmer and, at the same time, give the manufacturer an abundance of raw material at the lowest possible cost. The exact figures of this cost can be determined only by actual operation but a careful view of the conditions which surround the production of flax straw in the West, warrant the statement that a cost of not more than eight dollars a ton, delivered at the factory, will be within the facts.

It has been contended by makers of linen fabrics in the old land, that there is no way of making these fabrics from flax that has been grown from seed or cut instead of pulled—that the only way to get flax fibre for weaving into cloth is by pulling the straw by hand while the plant is in an immature state as to the seed. If this were true, as it probably is if only fine linen fabrics are considered, there would be no prospect of utilizing the waste flax straw of Western Canada. The plant is grown here chiefly for the seed and makes a profitable crop. Flax seed is in great demand. The price went to \$2.40 a bushel last year and this year's price seems likely to be higher. The acreage under rye in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta this year is forty per cent. greater than that of last year and there was so little seed for planting in the spring that some of those who did not begin early to get their seed failed to get any at all and many of those who did succeed did so at a cost of \$3.25 a bushel. Flax is the only crop that can be grown successfully on new breaking of the tough sod of the Western prairies and all of these things unite to make flax a very attractive crop to the farmers of the West.

But the burning of flax straw has been a sore point with men of economic mind, a sore which, however, seems likely to be healed soon. In the face of Old Country contention that flax

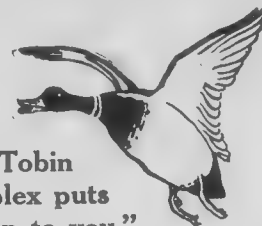
straw for textile use must not produce seed or be cut, industrial iconoclasts of the New World have invented machinery which takes the flax straw of Western Canada just as it comes from the threshing machine, cleans it, retches it, and makes it into cloth and twine that, while they lack the fineness and finish of the linen fabrics made in Ireland, for instance, are yet good, merchantable and usable materials for domestic and commercial purposes.

This machinery is not an intangible dream, existing only in the mind of some visionary, but a substantial working fact, so real that a committee of the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau reporting on investigations made last February, said:—

"James Brolin, manager of the Western Linen Mills at Duluth, showed us through the plant, a factory that, with the machinery in use, has cost the men who engaged in this enterprise about \$50,000. Mr. Brolin went into the matters of material, processes and production with us very thoroughly and gave us every opportunity to see the plant in actual operation. We were thus able to see the flax straw as it was taken from the threshing machine, treated and worked upon wholly by machinery, until it was turned out in finished products of yarn, twine and linen fabric. Stated briefly, the processes of the Western Linen Mills comprise mechanical operations which take the place of the slow, tedious work that is done by the hand in the flax fields and mills of the Old Country. We saw these processes actually worked out and brought back samples of the products which are on file here for inspection. Mr. Brolin also gave us figures which enable us to report that the processes in use by the Western Linen Mills take 70 per cent. from the flax straw in the first operation, 50 per cent. of the remaining product in the second process, and a further reduction of forty per cent. in the third process, finally producing 108 pounds of yarn from a ton of flax straw, and a market value of 22 cents per pound, or \$23.76 per each ton of straw that is put through the machines. Besides this, there are by-products of tow and mattress and paper material which are worth \$15 more or a total of \$39.00 derived from every ton of flax straw treated. The cost of this flax straw laid down at the factory in Duluth is \$12 per ton.

"The bearing of all this upon our own agricultural and industrial life is very important. Bear in mind that the processes of the plant which we saw at Duluth take the flax straw just as it comes from the field, cut by machinery, threshed by machinery and in all the disorder into which it has been thrown; no pulling nor any costly hand work whatever. Half a million tons of such flax are burned every year on our Western farms. There is a splendid market at our very doors for every sort of the finished article produced. The new processes we investigated at Duluth prove that our flax straw that is now wasted in such enormous quantities is a good, merchantable produce and one capable of being converted into goods for which we have an unlimited market at hand. An interesting point is that the Western Linen Mills' processes have attracted the attention of shrewd capitalists and that no less a man than John D. Rockefeller is a stockholder in this concern, together with several New York men of high standing in the financial world."

Mr. Brolin has already made investigations into the field for operating the processes of his mills in Western Canada and the setting up of a linen mill in Winnipeg with branches in a number of other cities, is only a matter of time and business arrangements. Winnipeg is most favorably situated and conditioned for the purpose of manufacture of fabrics and twines from flax straw. The city is central for collection of raw material and for distribution of mill products. There is a home population of 180,000 which is being increased very rapidly—so rapidly that the population of Winnipeg has doubled twice in eight



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years. Beyond the city, Winnipeg reaches out and covers the whole West with fingers of trade that reach every point in the country.

Industrially, Winnipeg is in excellent condition. A big municipal power plant, costing over four million dollar, has recently been completed. This will reduce the cost of power to manufacturers to a figure that will be very low by comparison with the rate paid till now to the private corporation that furnishes power and light to Winnipeg consumers—so low, in fact, that Winnipeg will sell power cheaper than any other city in Western Canada.

All of which makes the outlook of utilization of one of the great waste products of the West very auspicious. The fabrics made by the Duluth mill are not fine but they are durable and very cheap—goods that will find ready use in every household. The linen twine produced by Brolin processes is strong and is another cheap line, almost as cheap as jute and much stronger for the size of thread. Doubtless further refinements of flax spinning and weaving processes along the same line, will enable manufacturers to turn out better fabrics—finer and more pleasing to the eye. Meanwhile, the goods produced are of excellent quality and are sure to find ready and very great sale in the West. And it will be a fine thing to have home-made linen and another fine thing to make it from stuff that is now burned to get it out of the way.

How To Keep the Boy on the Farm.

By Edgar G. Menizer.

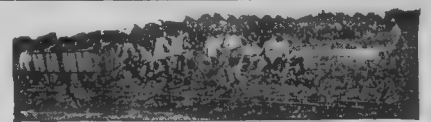
Not all farmers' boys should be farmers. The farm has always been the recruiting ground for business life and the professions. The doctors, lawyers, politicians, ministers, college professors, engineers and captains of industry of the next generations are largely the country boys of to-day. To insist that every boy whose father was a farmer must follow the same occupation as his father, would be to introduce the caste system of India, and would be utterly contrary to Canadian principles. Many a farm bred boy has talents lying in an entirely different direction, and would be a failure at farming.

However, there are many country boys who foolishly rush off to the city, to get a job as bookkeeper, clerk, telegraph operator, carpenter or factory hand, who would be much better off if they had stayed on the farm. They are dazzled by the apparent charms of the city, the rush and roar of the streets, the amusements, and the general air of smartness which is lacking in the peaceful rural community. But, in many cases, the high cost of living in the city, the small opportunity of advancement, and the danger of non-employment, combine to reduce the one time farmer's boy to a position of dependence and poverty, at an age in life when, if he had stayed on the farm, he would have been independent and prosperous.

This heedless rush to the city should be restrained by all legitimate influences which parents and friends can bring to bear, not only for the benefit of the young man, but also for the good of Canadian agriculture. The influences that will help to keep the boy on the farm may be classed as threefold, social, financial and intellectual. The parents should make country life enjoyable for the boy, they should make it financially possible for a young man to start farming for himself, and they should interest him in the scientific aspects of agriculture.

1. Parents Should Make Country Life Enjoyable for the Boy.

It is during his teens that a boy is making up his mind whether or not he wants to become a farmer. If he is worked too hard and deprived of the opportunities for play natural to a growing youth, he will decide against farming. The father who gives his son frequent holidays to attend circuses and ball games, and to go fishing and swimming, is a wise parent. Likewise the boy should occasionally be given a short vacation from the constant round of



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daily chores. Allow him to spend a week or two in the city in the winter time, seeing the sights. Send him to spend ten days in the summer, camping at a Chataqua, let him take a trip to the coast, occasionally. No one is better entitled to a moderate amount of pleasure and travel than is the farmer, and he is wise if he does not neglect these opportunities for change and recreation for himself and family.

The mother can do much to make the farm home an attractive place for the boy. A comfortable sitting room, a piano, a gramophone, games and interesting magazines, will bind the boy's heart to the family circle. Farmers should co-operate to make the rural community an attractive place socially for the young men and women. Nowhere can young people have more thoroughly enjoyable parties, socials, and picnics, than in the country. Provide for your son the best horse and buggy in the neighborhood, so that he can hold his own in the esteem of his young friends. Debating clubs in the school-houses and lecture courses in the villages will give the young people a place to go, and help them to be contented with their life. When the boy is convinced that the loneliest place in the world is the large city, and that the best and truest friends are to be found in the country, his desire to go to the city will disappear.

1. The Farmer should make it Financially Possible for his Son to start Farming for Himself.

It requires considerable capital in these days to operate a farm. Probably \$1,500 to \$2,000 is necessary to equip a farm properly with horses, live stock, machinery and seed. If the young man must first earn this amount as a farm hand, he will become discouraged and go to the city where he does not need any capital. Working as a hired man is not a very satisfactory occupation for an ambitious young man, and if he is doomed to this until he is thirty or more, his spirit will be broken and he will be less fitted to be a successful farmer. The father should lend his son the necessary capital, even if he must borrow it himself, or he should retire and turn over the management of the farm to his son. Many a father, by financially assisting his son to settle in a new western country can enable the young man to get a rapid start in life. The graduates of an agricultural college are often criticised because they do not immediately return to the farm. But in many cases they cannot. They have no capital with which to begin. They are obliged to go to work on a salary for a number of years at least, as they are barred from farming by lack of capital. Men of means, who are interested in seeing bright, intelligent young men take up farming, could often with profit to themselves as well as to the young man, assist him to take charge of a farm, by advancing him the necessary capital, or by employing him as manager or foreman, at a respectable salary.

2. The Farmer should Interest his Son in the Scientific Aspects of Farming.

Some fathers think their boys are too young to know anything about crop rotation, fertilization, breeds of stock, stock feeding, leguminous plants, and similar subjects, so they avoid discussing these topics with them, and simply send them out into the fields day by day to do the manual labor. Consequently, bright, intelligent boys often consider farming to be mere physical toil and despise it. The father should explain the principles of agriculture to his son and often ask his advice as to his plans. The son should be encouraged to attend the local farmers' institutes and the county and state institutes. The boy should be interested in the corn growing contests, should accompany his father to blooded stock sales, and if possible, to the annual grain and stock shows. Likewise an interest in farm machinery should be aroused. Many boys who like machinery, rush off to the city to be shop hands, when they have plenty of mechanical opportunities at home. Far better for the farmer to have a machine broken oc-

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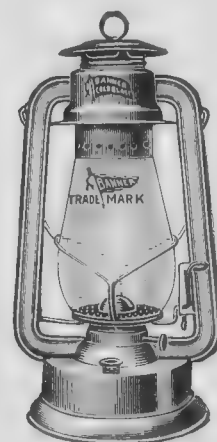
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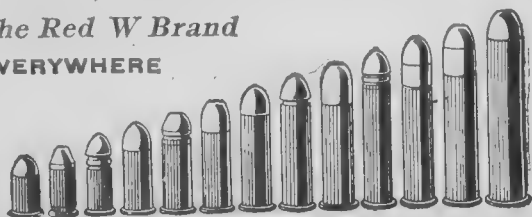
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asionally by his boy, than not to have him use or understand machinery at all.

If the boy can be made to feel a sense of ownership in the farm and to experience the joy of seeing crops and animals grow under his care, he will develop a love for farming. To secure this result it is often desirable to give him a piece of land to cultivate for himself, or a cow or horse that is his very own. If he makes money for himself, so much the better. He should be allowed to keep the money and spend it for himself. The best teacher of agriculture must ever be the farmer boy's father. Let him impart the theory of farming to his son, along with a practical knowledge, and the youth will see the nobility of farm life, as the graduate of an agricultural college sees it.

Upon the parents rests the responsibility for making the boy like or dislike farming. Let them make it attractive in a social, financial and intellectual way, and their son will realize before he has been compelled to learn it by unhappy experience, that farm life to-day, in most cases, holds out the best opportunity for the country boy.

Farmer Has Two Investments.

A farmer has two investments. He buys or rents the farm and buys the stock and machinery for its conduct. Then he gives his own time, which must be counted in the same way as the merchant figures his salary. The difference is that the merchant fixes his own salary and sells his goods so as to pay it. The farmer does not fix his own wages and sells his goods at whatever price, margin or profit he can. At every turn it is ground into the farmer that regardless of what it cost him to produce his surplus, or how many bushels of high-priced grain or how many tons of expensive hay his animals consumed, or how much care and risk they required, he cannot sell for more than the buyer chooses to pay. Like situations obtain as to every farm product. It matters not how hard the farmer worked plowing his fields, how many times they were cultivated, how much of his crop was destroyed by water, winds and insects, how much his machinery cost and deteriorated, or how much he paid for labor, the grain men and millers and hay merchants and packers all set the price he must take. This will never be changed until the farmers, through intelligent organization and co-operation arrest and protect themselves, which is something that as a class they have, unaccountably, not yet shown they were capable of doing.

At the Mercy of The Middleman.

A careful study of actual conditions leads to the single conclusion that it is the distributors and never the producers who fix prices for agricultural products. That is the business condition of the times. Demand may increase the price but not necessarily the profit of the producer, as he is consumer also, and must necessarily pay more for the things he uses, as do others. He does not know whether he will make a profit or not. All the farm work and expenses are calculated together and all the returns added together. If there is a surplus over the expenses at the end of the year it goes to pay off the mortgage and buy more comforts. The farmer likes and desires such comforts as well as does the middleman, but he is often deprived of them simply because he has to take what the distributor wants to pay him for his products, rather than what they cost.

The Science of Dry Farming.

By Frederick J. Haskin.

From the Canadian border on the north to the Rio Grande on the south, and the Rocky Mountains westward almost to the sea, lies the great strip of land known by the geographers as Arid America. Twelve hundred miles long and 1,300 miles wide, it comprises an area equal to about one third of continental United States exclusive

of Alaska. Here lie vast domains of public lands, 600,000,000 acres in all, besides railroad grants and school lands, and 70,000,000 of these acres are known as desert lands. Stretches of dazzling white sand, overhung at times with alkali dust and broken here and there by purple mountains, bare and wind swept this so-called desert land has been condemned for a century by settlers because of its inhospitable aspect and its unresponsiveness to the ordinary methods of farming. Hopeful men have come in creaking prairie schooners of the East, have built little homes on the desert rim, have tried the old methods of tilling this dry soil, have seen their wives and children grow sad-eyed and hungry when crops failed, and have gone creaking back into the East again, discouraged and disheartened, cursing the desert that lured them on with its mirage of harvest seasons, only to disappoint them.

Yet in this desert country there lies, so scientists and practical farmers tell us, the possibilities of fulfilling the biblical prophecy that the waste places may be made glad and that the desert will bloom as a rose. It will need no miracle to prove this, and a little outside influence will bring it about. It will mean only a scientific use of the materials nature has already at hand. In ordinary agricultural methods, it was demanded that nature be prodigal in her gifts of rain and moisture, and when nature was kind personal effort decreased, and the crops were satisfactory. Because of this old dependence on rain those who went to the west and tried farming in the "land of little rain" soon grew discouraged, for the average annual precipitation in the foot-hills of the Rockies is only 14.93 inches. Yet in the light of newer experiments it has been found that crops can be raised on an average rainfall of ten inches, making this precipitation nearly three inches over what is needed.

Principle of Dry Farming.

This new method by which the desert land is to be redeemed is known as dry farming, and its principle is the very simple one of conserving every particle of moisture that falls during the year, not in large reservoirs or behind expensive concrete dams, but in the soil itself. A year before the crop is planted the farm land is plowed deeply with special machinery. Strong disc plows not only pulverize the subsoil but pack it into a firm bed through which the conserved water may not sink, and through which the excessive salts that usually lie four or five feet below the surface may not rise by evaporation to burn and blight the vegetation.

On this subsoil the surface soil is pulverized to such a fineness by special machinery that it seems that it must have been done by the fingers. This makes a mulch through which rain and melted snow may percolate to rest on packed subsoil beneath, but through which no moisture can rise. It demonstrates the law of capillary attraction, for moisture most easily rises through channels, just as oil rises more quickly in a lamp wick that has been saturated in oil than it does in a dry wick. Lecturers in demonstrating their theory have represented the damp subsoil with a lump of sugar sprinkled over with the powdered sugar. When the lump is wet the powdered sugar remains dry.

The pioneer dry farmer of America, and of the world for that matter, was H. W. Campbell, of Lincoln, Neb. Over twenty years ago he evolved this theory, and having the courage of his convictions, put it into practice. From the James to the Arkansas rivers he has tried it on all the former waste places, and has made good. Others have followed. In the wake of his disciples the Spanish bayonet, the yucca greasewood and sage brush are disappearing, and wheat, corn, alfalfa, barley, grasses, fruits and vegetables are springing up in the most satisfactory and lavish fashion. The secret of the success lies in the fact that the dry farmer must never stop work. In the older fields of the east and the south there are periods of indolence that follow the "laying by time" of the harvest, and the farmer may turn his thoughts to barbecues, fishing excursions or simply go lie out

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ONE GOOD FEATURE OR EVERY FEATURE GOOD WHICH?

As long as a cream separator skims close, it is a good investment. But one good feature or a few good features do not make a separator that will skim close for any length of time.

A good separator is one in which the minor parts have been just as carefully designed and just as well made as the most important parts. A defect in a minor part will, by throwing the entire machine out of adjustment, offset all the perfection attained in any other part of the machine. In the

I H C Cream Harvesters Dairymaid and Bluebell

one feature does not overtop all others because the same I H C standard of quality in design, material, and workmanship is maintained throughout.

They are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible top-bearing is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.

The I H C local agent will be glad to let you examine one of these separators, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues and other information.

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International Harvester Company of America
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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for Agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.



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brighten up the rusty stove-pipes, grates, coal scuttles and metal work with Sherwin-Williams Stove Pipe and Iron Enamel. Makes old stove-pipes shine like new and keeps them from rusting. Easy to apply. Keep a can handy—ask the local agent.



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under the trees and follow Riley's plan of seeing "jes' how lazy he kin be."

Not so with that sturdy man that goes to conquer the lands of the west. Even as eternal vigilance is the acknowledged price of liberty, so is tireless industry the price of his prosperity. The minute a few drops of rain fall he is out in his prairie field with disc harrow to stir the soil and powder it so fine the moisture may not rise again. He stirs it in this way for a year before he plants his seeds. He stirs it while the seeds are sprouting until he is in danger of injuring the germinating plant, and ceases only when the plants are large enough to make a protecting shade for the soil. The minute the crop is harvested he does not sit idle and think of his profits on that crop. Instead he follows the harvester the same day with his sub-soil plows and has his land all ready for the next planting, letting it lie fallow until then.

Machine Farming.

Modern invention has come to the aid of the dry farmer. Giant machines minimize time and labor for him. Across the unbroken, virgin soil of the prairie a 32-horse power engine passes, drawing in its wake an aggregation of agricultural machinery that includes twelve 14-inch plows, two iron rollers, two clod crushers, two seed drills and other necessary things. It leaves behind it a great stretch of brown pulverized soil in which the seeds lie hidden for the coming crop. This giant prepares and seeds thirty-five acres of land in a working day of ten hours at a cost of about ninety cents per acre. By the old method the time would have been many days, and with horses as motive power would have cost \$5 per acre.

The ordinary farmer on the plains plants forty quarts of wheat to the acre, and has a return anywhere from nothing to twenty-five bushels. The dry farmer plants twelve quarts of wheat, practices care, intelligence and endless cultivation, and has a return of from thirty-five to fifty-six bushels an acre. They also claim that if one per cent. of the money spent on irrigation were expended in the teaching of dry farming, 500,000,000 acres of desert land could be scientifically reclaimed. The dry farmers do not disapprove of irrigation.

They find in all the big west plenty of room and need of both. They only see that after many billion dollars have been spent in dams and ditches for diverting the rivers there will still remain many millions of acres untouched by the irrigation plan, inaccessible for their work, far out of the range of rivers or mountain reservoirs. They look to that day when the young men of the nation will have learned and adopted their plan, and see in the days of the golden future 35,000,000 people comfortably housed on the now vacant lands of the far west. It has been proved that forty acres of this land will support in modern comfort a family from three to five.

It has been only a few years that the department of agriculture has made practical experiments in dry farming, following on the heels of private enterprise and setting the seal of public approval on the plan for great internal development. Men were sent to Russia to study the wheat fields near the sea of Azas, where rain is scarce and where the general conditions are not unlike those of the arid west. It was decided to experiment with durum, the wheat from which macaroni flour is made. The United States each year produces 2,500,000 pounds of the manufactured product and many pounds of the durum wheat flour, so the plan had a commercial significance. In 1901 the first crop of durum was harvested on the dry lands, 100,000 bushels in all. Last year the harvest was well up toward the 30,000,000 million mark. It is claimed that manufacturers have opposed the raising of durum wheat, as it is a harder grain and requires stronger machinery than other grains.

Practical Demonstrations.

It is difficult to interest the old farmers of the west in the newer process of agriculture, and the ones who come fresh from the east are also hard to

convince. It is on the young men of the west that the hopes of scientists rest for the development of their new idea. The Young Men's Club of Cheyenne opened an experiment farm near their city and proved the theory to their own satisfaction. The Pomeroy Model Farm at Hill City, in western Kansas, got glorious and careful work. The eastern Colorado Fair association of 1905 has one of the most interesting state agricultural exhibits that this country has known, and the giants of the vegetable kingdom that appeared there in all their fullness and pride were grown without irrigation.

The Fort Hayes Agricultural Station, a substation of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has proved that four cuts of alfalfa are possible on the dry farm lands, while the experiment stations in Sedgwick county, Colorado, have proved it possible to get a yield of thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, fifty of corn, 200 of potatoes, thirty of rye, sixty-five of oats, two tons of millet, and five tons of cane for forage. The Campbell Dry Farming Association of Denver, the Scientific Farming Association of Bennett, Col., the Business Men's Association of Limon and Julesburg are allied with the State Agricultural Colleges and the United States Department of Agriculture in perfecting schemes for the further spread of the dry farming interests. This would mean redemption of a section of country equal in extent to the area of the German Empire.



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Will pump any well up to 300 ft.
Will run any hand power machine such as cream separator, churn, fanning mill, grindstone, etc.
Guaranteed to start easy in winter or summer.

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Because the fine, porous particles of the Cleanser get right down into every crack and crevice, take up all dirt and leave the floor clean and spotless.

Wash wood, stone, cement or linoleum floor with mop; sprinkle on Old Dutch Cleanser and rub over with scrubbing brush; then mop up and wipe floor dry. No long, tiresome scrubbing necessary as with old-style soap powders.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc



Woman and the Home.

The Lyttel Boy

Some time there ben a lyttel boy
That wolde not renne and play,
And helpless like that little tyke,
Ben allwaiz in the way.
"Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
His weary moder cried:
But with a frown he catcht her gown
And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,
Which spake him faire I ween;
He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with hiz een:
His cosset bleated in the croft,
His toys unheeded lay—
He wolde not goe, but, tarrying soe
Ben allwaiz in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And he doth smile in plaiissance while
They cluster at his knees;
And some time when he looked on
earth
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy
Ben allwaiz in the way.

And then the moder felt her heart—
How that it ben to torne—
She kissed each day till she ben gray
The shoon he use to worn;
No bairn let hold until her gown
Nor played upon the floore—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more.

—Eugene Field.

Christmas Night

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou art come to the beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour!
Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?
Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

—Frederick William Faber.

Christmas Suggestions

To begin one's Xmas gifts early in the fall adds more pleasure and less of burden to the weeks before Christmas and we feel much brighter and happier on that day, if the days previous to Christmas have not been days of strain and worry.

For the busy housewife, who has not time to work fancy work, it is a good plan to give the work and material to your friends and allow them to do their own work during the long winter evenings. First of all, buy a yard of linen, or more if you require it, then purchase a perforated pattern of a pin-cushion, costing about ten cents. Stamp as many as the linen will allow and send a skein or two of floss, also ribbon

for lacing with each gift. Centrepieces, tray cloths, scarfs, etc., may be stamped in the same way but they are a little more expensive. Tan linen worked in colors is very pretty and less expensive than the white.

Very few people go to the hardware merchants when investing in Xmas gifts but it is from the hardware store that I purchase many of the foundations for my gifts. Wire coffee strainers make very pretty hat pin holders, buy the ones that are four or five inches in diameter, sometimes they have two handles, dispense with one and leave the other for a hanger. Take a yard or more of silk or ribbon, place lace the same width over this and frill together, then sew to the edge of the strainer. This is the most convenient holder I have ever used.

My next investment is a coat hanger, the wire frames can be bought two for five cents. Pad the frame and cover with ribbon of any shade you desire, dresden is very pretty but more expensive. Make three small bags of the ribbon and fill with sachet powder, tie with narrow ribbon a shade blending with the wider.

If you are fortunate in having a pyrography outfit, buy several plaques and after they have been burnt, place screw eyes around the edge and you have a useful key rack. If you do not do this work, two clothes pins slipped together, gilded with paint and tied with ribbon also make a good key rack, or a small wooden ring trimmed with ribbon and screw eyes is equally pretty. Glass test tubes covered with ribbon are used for hatpin holders and talcum powder boxes are covered in the same way.

If you can purchase a pretty braid, two rows sewn together make such odd belts and so different from the common ones that every one admires them. Handkerchiefs, collars, tea spoons, auto veils, embroidered stockings, dainty corset covers made from flouncing are all very acceptable to the country daughter or wife who has not the opportunity of visiting the departmental stores.

Christmas Gifts Easily Made

By Ruth Virginia Sackett.

In spite of her love of golf and other out-of-door sports, a clever little woman of my acquaintance has a box filled to overflowing with what she calls "odd-minute Christmas gifts," and "porch pickups." That "Ingenuity thrives best on an empty purse" she has proved to be true by the many, many charming and pretty yet inexpensive articles she has made.

For the benefit of those who have not, like this wise maiden, taken time by the forelock, I will describe some of the gifts in this wonderful box that call for but little outlay of time or of money. For a friend who cares more for the useful than the ornamental she has made a

Sponge Bag.

Enough crocketed rings covered with brown knitting silk were made to form an eight-inch square. This was lined with chamois, having a slashed border falling over the sides all around. A second lining of oiled silk was bound with narrow brown ribbon, and the bag was suspended from the four corners by two-inch ribbon of the same color as the outside.

Work Bag.

Particularly pleasing was a roomy bag of China silk scattered with holly berries and leaves. It required a little over a yard of the silk, three yards of red ribbon one and one-half inches in width, one and one-half yards of green, four inches of elastic, and some cardboard. Three-quarters of a yard of the silk was cut off, the ends turned into a half-inch hem, and featherstitched with red embroidery silk. Four circles of rather stiff cardboard five and one-half inches in diameter, were made, and on each was placed a thin layer of wadding sprinkled

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A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation what ever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before I have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes, "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil." Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.

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Send us 60c.

Receive by return mail, post paid, this very attractive winter waist. It comes in sizes 32 to 42. It is of a fine flannel finished waisting in a navy blue with white dots, trimmed with plain navy strappings, button trimmed. Order this waist No. 4 to-day. Add 7c for postage. STANDARD GARMENT CO. 10 Standard Bldg., London, Can.

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Receive by return mail, Post-paid, this handsome velvet dress for girl two to eight. Material is heavy, rich, excellent quality velvet in cardinal, golden brown, dark green and navy, trimmed with fine, fancy cream braid. same dress age 10 and 12. \$2.25. Add 18c for postage. Standard Garment Co. 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.



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STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS
PRICE. 25 CENTS

with violet sachet powder. The four boards were then covered with China silk. Two circles for the end pieces of the bag were formed by first over-stitching two rounds together and then the other two rounds. The hemmed ends of silk were then sewed around each of these two circles, the stitches being taken, of course, on the inside of the bag. To one of the end circles was fitted a bag of the silk, three inches in depth; the ruffl. at the top forming a casing for the elastic to be inserted. This little pocket, being inside the bag, holds scissors, thimble, etc., securely. At the opening of the bag, at the top of the circles or end pieces, were long loops of red ribbon, and artistic bows of red intermingled with the green ribbon were fastened on. If desired, the ribbons might also be arranged to pull up and close completely the top of the bag.

Penwipers.

There were penwipers of various kinds; one a cunning, little bisque doll representing Miss Columbia, on top of her golden hair a blue and white Liberty cap, underneath her gown a full red felt skirt, and in her outstretched arms a wee red-and-white pencil, with a miniature flag waving from the top. A penwiper that will gladden the heart of some one was a butterfly of brown velvet, the body a tight roll wound with tinsel to resemble rings, the eyes small beads, and the antennae fine wire. After shaping the wings they were button-holed around the edge with yellow silk,

a lighter shade of kid. At one end, solidly embroidered in gold thread, was the monogram of the youngster. Rings covered with the gold thread completed this very pretty gift.

Collar and Belt.

This collar and lovely belt were made of purple and lavender ribbons four inches wide. The belt was laid in folds, with back and sides stiffened by feather bone. On the back, four inches from the feather-bone at each side, were three large rings buttonholed over with lavender silk. For lacing them together narrow purple ribbon tied in loops was used. The crush collar was of lavender, having attached to the front narrow ribbons of different lengths, the ends tied in tiny bows, which extended in a cascade half way down the bodice. Here, three shades of lavender and two of purple were effectively combined.

A Watch Holder.

On a brass easel rested a polished board panel made by the man of the family. It was five inches in length and three in width, and my young friend, who was skilful with the brush and pen, had painted a mass of violets on the lower part. At the top, just below the ribbon bow fastening it to the easel, she had printed:

Tick-tock, tick-tock

Sayeth the clock,

The moments I measure are not of a size.

The glad ones shall linger,

The sad ones shall haste,



Alone on the silent river.

veined with black and dotted with tinsel—the under wings were of chamois, buttonholed with black, and the top and lower wings were sewed on butterfly style.

The tiniest tot in a certain family is to receive a rubber ball having a crocheted cover of red silk. From the top spread out five short streamers bearing at the end little bells.

A Sofa Pillow.

An exquisitely beautiful cushion, sure to bring joy to the heart of the recipient, was of white mull sprayed with ferns. On one corner was a graceful arrangement of delicate ferns, the longer ones reaching almost to the centre. In the other corners only a single branch was used. The sprayed ruffle with its hemstitched border and small ferns at intervals. The outside cover was over a pale green silkoline. The whole gave a realistic effect of moss and ferns. This result was produced by pouring into a bowl a quantity of Diamond dye ink, tacking the mull firmly to a board and pinning the ferns securely in place, lightly dipping a toothbrush that had its brushes cut down half the original length, into the dye, and rubbing it softly but briskly over the fine part of a dressing comb. After several times repeating this operation, the ferns were removed and their imprints shaded with a fine brush to the desired tints.

A Boy's Purse.

The purse was bag shape, six inches long, and made of brown kid. The opening in the centre was bound with

But never a moment of all shall I waste. A little above the centre of the board was a fancy hook on which to hang the watch.

A Clover-leaf Pincushion.

This dainty affair was cut in the shape of an enlarged clover leaf, and was meant to carry in the pocket. Two cardboards were covered with green chamois, overcast together, edged with green-headed pins. The veining was put on with water-colors. With it was a card reading:

When you see a pin and pick it up
Soon will come a streak of luck.

Cards and Photographs.

There were a number of cards holding Christmas greetings, all worthy of description, but I will tell only of the one she will send to a friend of her childhood days. It was on a blue-tinted square card bordered with blue forget-me-nots painted in water-colors; and lettered in blue, edged with gold, was this verse:

Donna forget me
Donna forget me,
I'm thinking of you:
Wishing you happiness
All the year through.

To one who had shared her vacation in the mountains will be sent photographs of woodland scenes irregularly pasted on cardboard imitating birch bark, with quotations below every picture, appropriate to each, in rustic lettering, and about the outside edge silver lichen to form a frame. For a matron given to

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dress No. 11, add 35c for postage, STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building, London, Ontario.

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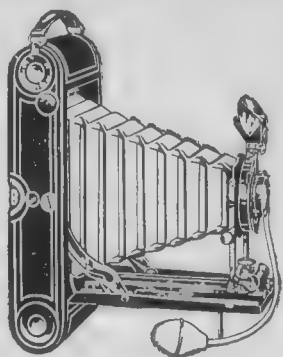
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And there's no time when the possession of one is more appreciated than on the home day—Christmas. The children with their tree and toys, and the big folks, grown young again in the children's merri-ment, offer endless opportunities for the Kodaker.

Photography is both simple and inexpensive now; Kodak has made it so. Kodak cameras from \$5.00 up, and the Brownie cameras (They work like Kodaks) from \$1.00 to \$12.00, offer a wide variety. Even the little dollar Brownie makes good pictures and is so simple that a kindergarten child can work it. The \$2.00 and \$3.00 Brownies are practical little cameras, while in the Kodaks themselves, one may find that efficiency which comes in a perfectly equipped factory, where honest workmanship has become a habit.

Put "Kodak" on that Christmas List. To decide on which Kodak or Brownie, write us for catalogue, or examine them at your dealers.

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hospitality, she has made a dozen place cards, and has put in the corner of every one a monogram of the person who is to receive them, done in pink and gilt to blend with her china. These lovely cards were on a white watered-silk bag, on which was painted a sprig of holly.

Christmas Sweets.

My inventive friend is to make a quantity of Christmas sweets, and for them she had made receptacles galore. It is really difficult to select which of these to write about.

A cornucopia of tinted green cardboard was ornamented with a painting of Santa Claus laden with gifts. Forming an arch above his head was a Christmas greeting in red. This bonboniere was eight inches square, and so folded that one corner formed the top, which was closed by holly-red ribbon. The two sides were punctured with holes and laced with red ribbon.

Now I am going to tell how she makes her fondant. She first dissolves in a porcelain kettle two pounds of granulated sugar, one cup of water, one-fourth teaspoonful cream tartar; this mixture is allowed to heat rapidly to a boiling point, and is not stirred except to wipe off with a soft brush the sides of the kettle where the crystals form.

After ten minutes she begins to test by dropping a little in ice-cold water; when the mass formed can be moulded into a soft ball she considers it sufficiently cooked, and pours it into a bowl. When cool enough to bear a finger she beats it with a large spoon until too stiff to stir, then turns it on a platter and kneads it until smooth and creamy. She then puts it in glass jars until needed.

Just before the holidays she makes her fancy candies from the fondant, and this will be to her more a frolic than a task, as she will have her fun-loving brother to help her.

In a basket enamelled pink is a lining of rose-colored tissue paper, a fluffy ruffle falling over the sides, and an inner lining of oiled paper. This is to be piled high with pink, brown, and white creamed walnuts. Into three dishes is to be put the needed amount of fondant; one dish will be colored pink with strawberry juice, another colored brown with melted chocolate, while the third will remain white.

There will be ready some English-walnut meats which have been dipped in a syrup made of a teaspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of water boiled about five minutes. The creamed fondant will be shaped into oblong balls and placed between two halves of the nuts. For Neapolitan candy several layers of the colored candy will be formed with a small rolling-pin into one-third inch layers, piled one upon the other, pressed together, and cut into squares. There will also be fudges of all kinds concocted by creaming together two coffee cupfuls of sugar, butter size of a walnut, and two-thirds cup of milk, placed on a stove and stirred enough to prevent the milk from scorching on the bottom of the kettle. Boil the mixture until it will harden in water, flavor with vanilla, turn into a dish, and stir it rapidly until it begins to thicken. Then pour it evenly on to tins lined with waxed paper, and let the fudge stand until it becomes hardened enough to cut into squares.

This plain fudge is the foundation for all other fudges, and can be varied in many ways. Indeed, there are few forms of candy in which the ingenuity even of an inexperienced candy-maker can be allowed free exercise with so little danger of disaster. If the mixture is cooked too hard it can be put back in the kettle with a little water and a little fresh sugar, and cooked over. Of possible combinations in flavors and fillings there are many, and part of the pleasure in fudge-making is, it must be confessed, the delightful surprises that a little experimenting gives. While cooking, a square of melted chocolate may be added or the foundation may be flavored with strawberry juice. It is sometimes mixed with nuts chopped fine. Shredded coconut mixed with chocolate is always liked.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW!

Take it in hand **at once**. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the Fall, there is certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extreme cold weather coming with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. **Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps Death itself.**

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly makes them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." **It isn't "Only Catarrh"—it's CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time.** Once the minute, abnormally active and poisonous Catarrh germs get a foothold in the lungs, there's no hope whatever for you. You're doomed to a Consumptive's grave—there's no escaping it.

Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh Remedies" have failed to help you. Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B.A., Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, the great Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. Today he is recognized as a leading authority of the age on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open-heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been **PERMANENT**. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without it costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

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And that's just what you are,
With hawking, spitting, and a breath
Made loathsome by Catarrh.

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It entitles readers of this paper to medical advice on Catarrh free of charge

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
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Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do cruds form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

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[à la Quina du Pérou]

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Suitable for patients of all ages and acceptable alike to adult and infant. The ONE preparation on the market that has received so many written endorsements from the Medical Profession.

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Ask YOUR Doctor.

Children's Sayings

Teacher—Now, leather comes from the cow, and wool from the sheep, and wool is made into cloth, and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy. Tommy (with hesitation)—Out o' father's.

Willie Smith was playing with the Jones boys. His mother called him and said, "Willie, don't you know those Jones boys are bad boys for you to play with?" "Yes, mamma," replied Willie, "I know that; but don't you know I am a good boy for them to play with?"

A little fresh air waif was spending his first day in the country. When the

cows came up in the evening to be milked, he went down to the barnyard with the host to see the operation. The cows were standing about placidly, and as it is their custom at that time of day, were contentedly chewing the cud. The boy watched the milkmaids at work, and his eyes dwelt with growing wonder on the ceaseless grind of the cows' jaws. At length he turned to his host and said: "And do you have to buy gum for all them cows?"

Small Emily while visiting her grandmother at an army post, became familiar for the first time with soldiers and soldiers' ways. "Oh, grandma," she sighed after dress parade one day, "I

do so want to grow up and be a soldier and wear red stripes down my pantie's."

Little Gladys, whose father was accustomed to express himself as "up in G" when he felt well and happy, was saying her prayers one night, and she closed her prayer by saying, "Dear Lord, please keep my dear papa 'up in G.'"

A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother's not long ago. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "Oh, grandma!" he cried as he kissed her good night, "now I know

what a hollerday really and truly is, for I've hollered all day long."

Little Nell—Johnny, what is a philosopher? Brother Johnny (a little older)—A feller that rides a philosope, of course!

Teacher—John, of what are your shoes made? Boy—Of leather, sir. Teacher—Where does leather come from? Boy—From the hide of the ox. Teacher—What animal, then, supplies you with the shoes and gives you meat to eat? Boy—My father.

Little Bob—Aw, I could walk the rope just as well as the man in the circus, if it wasn't for one thing! Little Willie—What is that? Little Bob—I'd fall off.

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Even until Old Age You may Feel the Vigor of Youth, with its Light Heart, Elastic Step, Courage and Tireless Energy. You May be Free from Pains and Defy your Years.

Varicocele, Spermatorrhea, Losses and Drains and all ailments which destroy Manhood's Vigor are cured by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

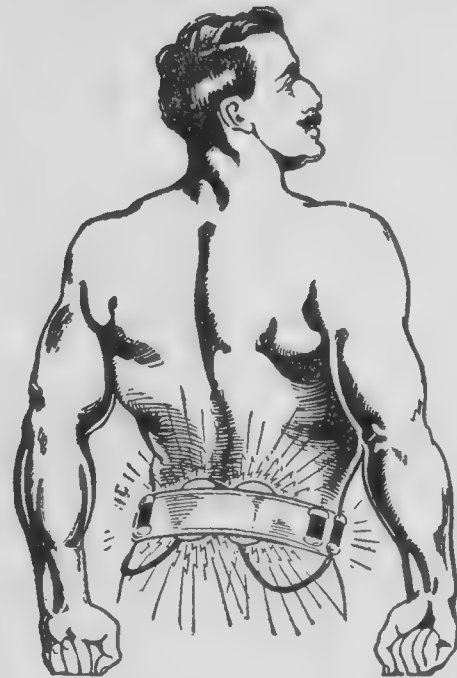
Free Electric Suspensory For Weak Men

Sends Current to the Prostrate Glands, the Seat of all Weakness. It Develops and Expands Weak Organs and Checks Losses. No Case of Weakness can Resist It. FREE WITH BELT FOR WEAK MEN.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the mistakes of his youth, when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power in rough mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

Easy to Wear. Cures While You Sleep. Never Fails.



Cures Nervous and Vital Weakness, Enlarged and Inflamed Prostate Gland, Lost Memory, Loss of Strength, Weak Back and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatic Pains in Back, Hips, Shoulders and Chest, Lumbago, Sciatica, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

My success is not limited to any particular trouble, any organ of the body or any part that lacks the necessary vitality to perform its natural function, can be restored by my method. It gives life to all weak parts, strengthens the kidneys so as to enable them to filter all the impurities that are in the blood. By a few applications the fluid of life circulates through the entire system, rich and red and warm.

One of the world's greatest scientists, whom all New York papers eulogize as the man of the hour, at a series of lectures at all the great institutes gives his experience in delving into the mystery which surrounds the organ of life. He explains the vital processes, and after ten years of close study arrives at the definite conclusion that demonstration of life and action in every living thing is due to electricity. Now what this great man claims is the same as I have been preaching to the public for the last twenty years. I did not discover it, it has been my belief and I can cite you thousands of cases of men from seventy-five to ninety to who have returned to the hard labor of their youth with a vim, after having worn my appliance for three months.

Dear Sir:—I can say that your Belt has about cured me completely, although I could not wear it regularly, being away from home a great deal; but it is all you claim it to be and more. It has been a god-send to me, and I can recommend it to anybody.

T. M. VANDRY, Spurgrove, Man.

Dear Sir:—Your Belt is all you claim for it. It has quite cured my backache, and I will recommend it to anyone to whom I think it will be of any use. Thanking you for the trouble you have taken, and wishing you every success, I remain, Yours truly

E. MASON, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to say that your Belt has completely cured me for which I am very grateful. Your Belt is everything it is said to be. I have advised others to invest in your Belt. Wishing you every success, I am,

ROBERT HARROP, Roblin, Man.

Dear Sir:—Your Belt is a wonder. My bleeding piles are all gone, the catarrh of the nose and throat have disappeared, and in fact I am in good health. I worked hard all last summer, and my neighbors all say "That Belt you got was the best investment you ever made," and I hope you may keep right on helping suffering humanity. It has relieved my indigestion, that always bothered me so very much. I will always recommend your Belt to anybody with indigestion, for I used to suffer untold agonies. I will say that that life preserver you

sent me was a god-send to me, and when I was dying it brought me back to life again when many gave me only a month to live, and your Belt is still keeping me living.

G. S. HARRIS, Langenburg, Sask.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to tell you that the belt has helped me wonderfully. I have been free from backache and weakness ever since I first used the Belt.

W. J. GROSSE, Strongfield, Sask.

Dear Sir:—I have pleasure in telling you that the Belt I bought from you has perfectly cured me of Rheumatism. Thanking you for the good it did me, I remain,

CARL JOHANSSON, Roland, Man.

My remedy is an honest remedy, a logical remedy, a time-tried remedy. You have seen my advertisement for over twenty years, if you have been on earth that long, and if you'll write to or consult some of the men and women who have used my appliance or are using it, they'll tell you that it does all I claim for it, and even more. Then why do you wait? What's the use of bewailing your fate? You know you are not the man you ought to be. I can help you with electricity as applied according to my method more than all the Doctors and Drugs in Christendom. If it's fresh strength and energy you want, VIM and VIGOR, that's what I can give you, and you'll be a long time getting anything like that out of drugs.

If your Stomach doesn't work; refuses to digest your food; if your Bowels do not move regularly; if your Kidneys are weak; if your Liver is sluggish; if your Blood Circulation is poor and your Blood is full of Uric Acid or other impurities; if your powers of Manhood are weakening; if your body is full of pains and Aches; if you suffer from Headache, Debilitating Losses, Urinal Disorders, Irritability, Despondency, Sleeplessness, or any other signs of Nervousness or Physical Breakdown, stop and THINK. Don't depend upon drugs to build you up; they'll never do it. Don't you know that all symptoms are crying out the fact as loudly as they can that the nerve cells of your body are robbed of their power—their vitality? Don't you know that it is nerve power that operates every organ, every function of the body? Don't you know that the basis of nerve power is electricity? Don't you know that Electricity is life? If you don't, then you should get my book and read it. It will teach you facts you ought to know.

If you haven't any confidence in Electricity, let me treat you at my risk I will give you the Belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. Give me reasonable security, and I will take your case, and you can

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Sunday Reading.

A Christmas Hymn.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?

These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky.

As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?

The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afear'd

When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night

A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?

Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring

To lay them at the feet of Him, their Lord and Christ and King.

What Babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?

Near on her lowly bed His happy mother lies.

Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—

This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

Tell me, how may I join in this holy feast

With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?

Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet:

Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at His feet.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

A Helpful Sabbath.

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton, Winnipeg.

In seeking to decide how best to spend the Sabbath in order that the day may be helpful and cheery, one faces an important problem. Neither the stern, puritanical idea of the day nor the frivolous continental way of spending it can rightly guide us, except in so far as they suggest how not to spend the regularly appointed day of rest. The puritan placed so much emphasis upon the spiritual life that he almost forgot that man's physical nature deserved consideration on the Sabbath day. The belief in the continental Sabbath, with its round of light pleasures, goes to the opposite extreme and leaves too little room for the nurture of the spiritual life. The danger in our time is that the love of pleasure and the greed of gain will cause men to forget the design of the Creator in instituting a day of rest. The day of rest was intended to be for man's highest benefit, and consequently the state is perfectly justified in preserving the day in such a manner as that the greatest possible number shall enjoy its benefits. The "preservation of the Sabbath" is a better term than the "observance of the Sabbath," in that it looks toward giving to all the liberty to rest and the opportunity to worship without prescribing any rigid or set way of observing the day. It is up to the individual, who has the freedom to choose, to decide upon what will be helpful and cheery for him and consistent with a wholesome influence amongst his fellows. Let one keep in mind the three-fold nature—body, mind and spirit—and so spend the Sabbath that the whole being will be ministered to by the exercise engaged in. People of different trades and professions will naturally find refreshment and cheer in different ways. The course which one conscientiously follows as being the most helpful may not be the best way for one of an entirely different occupation to adopt.

Try to spend the day in such a manner that at its close the body will feel a renewal of strength, the mind be more restful and the spirit refreshed. The whole question of detail as to how much of the day will be given to public worship, how much to social fellowship and how much to social and religious service will need to be settled according to individual circumstances, gifts and opportunities. The day should have in it the element of rest, inspiration and gladness, and exert such an influence over one as to send one forward to the duties of a new week with strong courage and buoyant hope. Our duty to ourselves, to our fellow-men and to Him who graciously instituted the rest day for man's

benefit, requires us to use the day for the building up of noble character—individual and national.

Best Literature for the Home.

By Miss H. Fender.

Wordsworth says:

"Books are yours
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies,

Preserve and from age to age; more precious far

Than that accumulated store of gold
And Orient gems, which for a day of need,

The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs;

These hoards of truth you can unlock at will."

The literature of the English and

American people is considered their most priceless possession. By their inheritance from their ancestors and by the work of their own genius, they are in this respect the richest people on the globe. While we give all credit and honor to the great poets and philosophers of Germany and the historians and novelists of France, the sweetest songs and most noble poems, and the stories that portray the human character, have been written in the English language. To know English literature is a liberal education in itself. I notice with pleasure in the issue of the *Nor-West Farmer* of December 5th, that one of the objects of this organization is to furnish travelling libraries for Manitoba. We could have no better object nor one that could benefit our home life more. Coming from Minnesota eight years ago, my deepest regret was that Carman had no public library and Manitoba no travelling libraries. The



Which is Your Choice?

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They are short-lived and require replacing every few years—not to mention continual patching to keep them in repair.

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Yours most gratefully,
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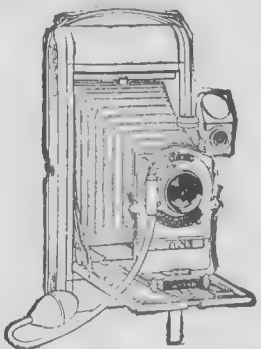
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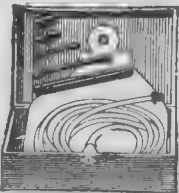
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travelling libraries provided by the state consisted of about one hundred volumes in each library, and the libraries numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. These were sent out to country school districts, remaining, I think, for a certified time, the teacher acting as librarian. In our town they were placed in the public library and the librarian collected the small fee of one cent from anyone wishing a card from the travelling library. This was to defray the transportation expense. After remaining the allotted time it would be sent elsewhere, and another take its place. They were always hailed with delight by the children, as they had exhausted the supply of children's books in the public library.

All reading should not only entertain but be ennobling and uplifting as well. Give our girls such books as those written by Miss Alcott, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Martha Finley, Mrs. A. D. Whitney, Susan Coolidge and Mrs. Carey, and our own Miss Montgomery. Our boys' books from the pens of such writers as G. A. Henty, James Otis, Edward S. Ellis, and I will warrant you that they will aspire to higher things and develop a taste for the best in literature. Our greatest thanks should be for books that provide us with a taste for better and higher things. Our greatest care in selecting reading for our boys and girls should be that their taste be not perverted, so that in their maturer years they may learn to love the poems of Milton, Longfellow and Tennyson. To see with Dickens the whimsical side of common life and feel with him the pathos of want and suffering; to long to be in touch with the greatest souls that have ever lived; to partake of their best—to be of their company and at one with them. Think of it—Browning or Emerson for a fire-side friend; Irving or Dickens, or George Elliott to make us laugh or cry and grow tender. A family's rank in thought and taste can be gauged by the papers and books lying on the table in the living room. In our farm homes we want to see a good newspaper, not one of sensational news, but one that tells us how the great world is moving in politics and business and thought and humanity. Then one or more of our excellent Canadian farm journals, some good journal for the young people, and, if you can possibly afford it, some of the best magazines. Wm. C. Gavinett in "The Home Beautiful" says: "There are three or four books a man owes his family as much as he owes them food or clothes—a good newspaper, a good dictionary, a good atlas, and a good cyclopaedia." Have any of you ever lived near the woman who runs in to ask for a few newspapers for her cupboard, saying she "did wish John would take a paper so she could have some to use once in a while?" I trust homes like that are not numerous in our farming communities. Books may mean anything we wish. It means meeting a dime-novel hero if we like that sort of hero, but it also means meeting the poets, the thinkers, the great men, and the genuine heroes, if we like that kind. So I say, let us have good books—the best books, and plenty of them—and with Eugene Field wish for "Books, books, books, give me ever more books, for they are the caskets wherein we find the immortal expressions of humanity—words—the only things that live forever!"

Wound Up and Going.

By Mrs. H. M. Sweet, Emerson, Man.

An imperturbable cloud of gloom and fault-finding had settled on the heart and life of Mrs. Ellen Reid. It refused to be dispelled even by the cheery magnetism of Annie Westcott, the brightest member of the Women's Missionary Society.

"We should love to have you attend our meetings," Annie said, as she buttoned her glove, after a lengthy period of unsuccessful pleading for the claims of the heathen.

"I don't care for some of them that run things up there," Mrs. Reid objected, nodding her head in the direction of the church.

"You believe in the work, don't you?" Annie asked.

Mrs. Reid admitted that she did. "But not in some of the workers, is that it?" Annie continued, smiling. "Well, none of us are perfect, that's sure, but when you think how the dear Lord has to put up with so many imperfect people all over the world, surely you and I can put up with a few of them?"

The hard lines round Mrs. Reid's mouth relaxed slightly for a moment, then tightened again.

"I had my feelings hurt once, in that society, and I decided I was done with it," Mrs. Reid said bitterly.

"I'll have to go, Mrs. Reid," said Annie, looking at her watch, and feeling her visit had been in vain. As she stopped to pick up her handkerchief, the watch fell from her belt on Mrs. Reid's softly-padded carpet.

Annie picked it up quickly and held it to her ear.

"It's all right, is it?" asked Mrs. Reid, taking it from Annie's hand and listening attentively to hear it tick. "I don't think it is a bit the worse," she continued. "A watch will stand quite a jar, you know, if it is wound up and going."

Annie looked at her steadily and laughed. "It seems to me that more than watches need to be wound up and going to stand the jars of life," Annie said, as she turned to go, but a sudden impulse brought her back.

"Mrs. Reid," she said, her face glowing, "Isn't that just what's the matter? We all love you, but you are making yourself and the rest of us unhappy by your attitude. Won't you come back to church and to our meetings, read your Bible and pray, and get wound up for the Master's work?"

Tears sprang into Mrs. Reid's eyes, but her voice was quite steady, as she answered, "Yes, Annie, I will."

Lullaby.

My darling baby, whom I love,
In the pure, tender self a dove;
Take off thy frock with sweet caress,
Exchange it for a dreaming dress.

My darling baby, whom I deem
In thine own little self a dream,
Just kiss me once before you take
Off tiny shoes at Dreamland's gate.

My baby dear, to mother cling,
Thy soft white arms around her fling;
Then follow swift the golden beams
Now quivering to Land o' Dreams.

Shivering Saints.

"Do you know, Sir, I think there be an amazing lot of shivering saints!"

"Yes, Betty," I replied. "I am afraid this very cold weather must sorely try many of the Lord's poor, and we must see what we can do to help them."

"Lor, Sir," said Betty, "I did not mean that. I dare say some on 'em have shivering bodies, but it was their souls I was a-thinking on."

Betty Smith was a veteran in the King's Army. One of the oldest members of the Church, though not often able to be present at the services. She was living very contentedly in an almshouse, and always had a word of welcome for me whenever I was able to call upon her in the course of my pastoral visitation.

"Well, Betty," I said, "I dare say I know what you mean, but just for the moment I do not quite see the application of your parable. To what in particular do you refer?"

"Do you remember the glorious day we had last summer at the sea-side?" enquired Betty.

"Yes, perfectly," I replied.

"Well, Sir, I remember seeing some of the young folks going into the water to bathe. Some of them got undressed and plunged right in, and commenced to kick about and have a fine lot of fun: but I minds one lad as had undressed in the machine, yet would not go in, but kept making little jumps in about up to his knees, and said how cold it was. His friends laughed at him and said it would be warm if he would plunge in; but he wouldn't. And it

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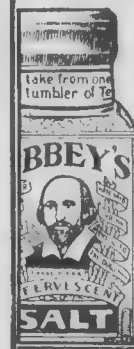


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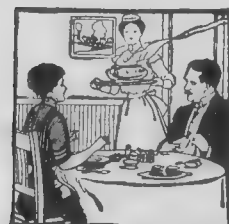
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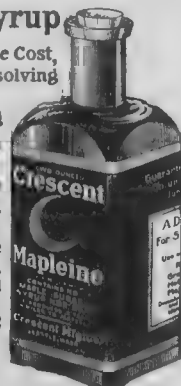
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strikes me, Sir, there be a lot of shivering saints like him."

"Bravo, Betty!" I said. "Capital! I see.

Stand lingering, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

"Wait a bit, Sir," said Betty. "Don't you remember the last social you giv' in the schoolroom? Mrs. Robinson would have me come, and I minds how it was all warm, and beautiful magic-lantern pictures, and hot coffee and buns, and cake, and it was all free, and you wanted the lads to come in, and most of them did, but just one or two of the biggest wouldn't. But though they wouldn't come in they wouldn't go away from the door, but just hung around and laughed, and made out they didn't like coffee, and buns, and pictures; and while the others were having the warmth and the good things, they shivered outside. Lor, Sir, there be a lot of shivering saints like the boys!"

"Really, Betty. Now don't you think those boys outside were more like poor sinners who will not come to the Lord Jesus, than like saints? I think so."

"May-be, Sir. But don't you think there be a lot of God's people who gets no more real comfort out of their religion than those boys did out of coffee and buns? They only look and long and shiver all the time."

"I daresay you are right, Betty; we none of us live up to our privileges. But let me know a little more definitely what you mean. We will not talk evil one of another, but whom do you know now that you would describe as a shivering saint?"

"Why, Sir, there be lots on 'em. Why, there is dear Mrs. Robinson. One of the best souls as ever was born. Many a lonely hour she has passed for me, and many a little treat she has brought me; but she is a shiverer. 'Oh, Betty,' she said to me the other day, 'When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies!' 'Lor, Mrs. Robinson,' I said, 'you'll never read no title clear. You ain't got one! The Lord Jesus has got the title, and that's enough for you and me. How do I know, if I got up to heaven and took possession of one of them mansions, but what some angel might say, 'Here, you Betty Smith, you get out of this mansion at once; your title's defective?' But the title which Jesus has can never be disputed, for it is His Father's house, and He is appointed heir of all things; and when I get there His title will be good enough for me, for does He not say, 'I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed Me?' But, Sir, she can't see it. Oh, she's a dear saint of God, but she is a shiverer; more's the pity."

I could not help feeling a little chill run down my own spinal column. True, I was sitting with my back to the door, so I only said—

"Go on, Betty; dear Mrs. Robinson is one of the excellent of the earth, but we cannot all be strong in faith like you, you know."

"Well, Sir, there's Deacon Brown. Many a kindness he's shown me, and he never lets his left hand know what his right hand does, but he's a shivering saint, and he is the first to confess it, poor man. How I've heard him pray for the joy of God's salvation."

"Ah, that is what we all want," I observed parenthetically.

"Of course," said Betty, "and 'the joy of the Lord is your strength'; and strong men don't shiver, but are full of life. Well, Deacon Brown always seems to live on the shady side of Mount Sinai. He comes to the shore of the great sea, but he's troubled because he don't just plunge in. Oh, these waters of everlasting love are waters to swim in. Our peace is to be like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea, but Deacon Brown seems afraid to 'venture on Him, venture wholly,' and so he shivers instead of swimming."

"And then," continued Betty, "there is my son Tom. Good, steady lad, fond of his wife and children — feared the Lord from his youth up. I am sure the root of the matter is in him, but he is just like the big boy at the seaside; he's took off his clothes, and now he won't go in. He's done with the world, and can't get any comfort out of it, and yet he won't put on the Lord Jesus so as to have Him for a garment of glory and beauty."

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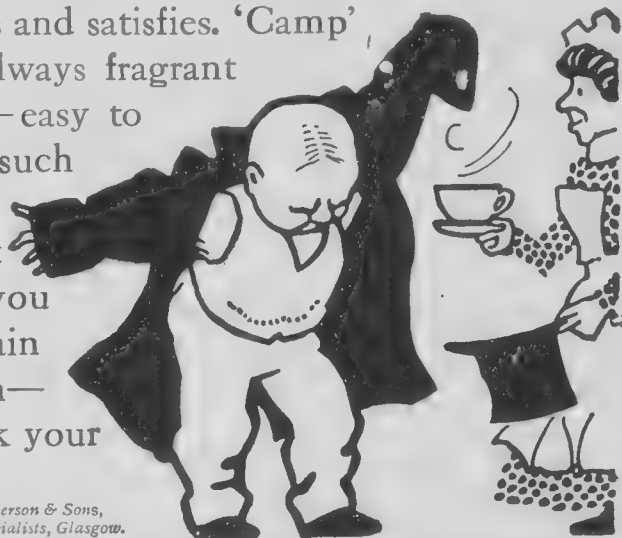
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"Did you ever notice, Sir," said Betty, warming to the subject with simple eloquence, "what a lot the Bible says about clothes and being clothed upon? Why, Sir, what do we wear clothes upon?" Betty answered her own question. "Why, to keep ourselves warm."

I thought of Carlyle, but really when the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero one wonders whether "Sartor Resartus" might not have been written during a tropical summer.

"To keep ourselves warm," repeated Betty, half wondering at my silence; "and when I feel I have to put Him on I know that, as the apostle says, 'If so be that being clothed upon we shall not be found naked.' Oh, Sir, won't you preach a sermon about it? For there be many as haven't got into the secret place, and it's there under the wings and covered by the feathers that we know all the joy of God's salvation. You'll preach a sermon about it, won't you?" said Betty as I rose to go.

"I'll see, Betty," said I, "but I really think that you have preached me one this afternoon."

Old Betty's words rang in my ears as I went on my way. "There be many shivering saints." Too true, I thought, and I sadly fear I see one most mornings in my shaving glass!

Swallow Song.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

O hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest,
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home.
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, love has touched the fields of wheat,
And love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow love's white feet
Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide.

O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to
God;

But in the cliff-grass love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may
sl ep.

The Joy of Sacrifice.

By the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.

Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross.—Hebrews, xii., 2.

Surely this note is new. It stirs the sense of wonder, that joy is associated with sacrifice, and victory with self-surrender. From infancy we have been taught that pain and sorrow go with sacrifice. Observation also seems to say that heart-break is the companion of self-immolation. Yet, it seems that we have been all wrong. Paul is one of the wisest of teachers, and he tells us that the heart of sacrifice is joy, and its genius comfort and delight.

We know that the scientists say that there is perfect quiet at that centre of the tornado called the axis. Pierce through the coarse husk of a grain of wheat, and you come to a golden spot, quick and vital, and not otherwise is it with sacrifice. It is painful without, but holding within the secret of victory. Not that the sacrifice, however, is unreal. All surrender costs. Pain hurts, always. The sacrifice of self often means the sacrifice of life. Nevertheless, be not deceived. He who has sacrificed himself has found a joy that the world cannot give, a peace that the world cannot take away. Witness Paul. On the eve of his martyrdom, forecasting the headman's axe on the morrow, in the hour of self-surrender, he rises into his most radiant mood and his dungeon blazes with light and exhales happiness. Witness that young French physician inoculating himself with rabies; dying, he strikes the note of exultant joy, in the forecast of a world

remedy. Witness the mother, who even in the hour when the child is dying, sacrifices herself in service, and in sacrifice finding the beginning of the cure.

What strong man, what noble woman, but has proven in personal experience this joy of service and surrender? Selfishness embitters. The tears we shed for ourselves poison the cheeks, while the tears we shed for others heal like medicines. All these, therefore, whose lives have been vicarious, need no sympathy from us. The angel of joy has been their companion and has wiped all tears away.

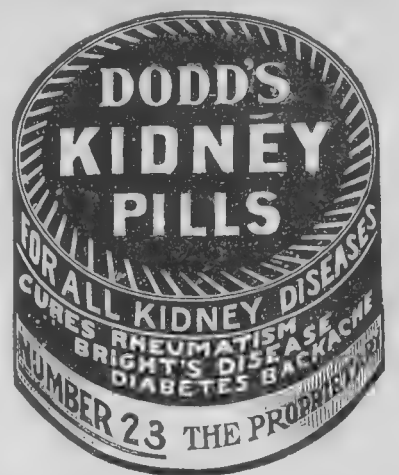
Francis Xavier asks our admiration, but not our sympathy. He resigned his title, left his castle behind, gave up his gold. He made his way to India, and was called the "Light Bearer." Entering the village, he tinkled his bell to call the multitudes about him. He was teacher by day, he was physician by night, he was the nurse at all hours, he washed the garments for the sick; the people recalled him as an angel, who had visited them. Dying on the sea-shore, he called upon the winds to blow east, blow west, blow north or south. Nevertheless he said, "There is joy within my breast." Not otherwise is it with all the heroes who have stained the battle fields with their own blood: with the patriots, who have made the banners and flags bright with the stars of hope; with the reformers, who have risen in spirit out of their dungeon; with the martyrs, whose bright spirits have risen on wings of flame and made their way into the blue empyrean, as if the flames of their fires kindled by enemies had gathered themselves into a star, to abide forever. All these have been sustained by the joy that is in sacrifice.

This is revolutionary, of course, modifying our philosophy, sweeping away the mediaeval theology. In his "Crucifixion" Rubens conceals the sepulchre under the vines and flowers of the garden. The art critics condemn the artist. They say that there should have been some revelation of the tomb, some hint of the skull and bones. But, after all, Rubens was right. Death is hidden by life, there is a joy in sacrifice, a delight in surrender, a reward that comes from the overthrow of self. And the great painting is symbolical of a world where God makes the dark things to become light and sacrifice itself to burst into joy.

Consider the universality of this law of sacrifice, and the joy that comes thereby. Some youth, misunderstanding, may say that the experience of Christ is unique, that His standard is not for us. He is high above all the lesser one of earth. Mighty, above all those who are majestic; a mountain rising above all foothills; the sun that, through excess of light, extinguishes men's little candles. But Christ took our life upon Him, was exempt from no law, bowed to our every sorrow, was tempted in all points like as we are. Whatever was true in His experience may be true in ours, His life is not supernatural, and ours natural.

The world of law is a seamless world. Mighty and mysterious indeed this law of sacrifice! It runs through every part of nature. The stone disintegrates that its rich stimulants may pass into and become food for the vegetable, and the death of the mineral becomes the life the plant. Then the fern plants die, that the hard woods may live, and the death of the low order of trees becomes the life of the newer and higher one. The leaf falls in October to enrich the soil, that the new leaf of April may have richer gloss. The bough and the succulent branches die, that the beast may live. The lower order of animals dies that a higher one may take its place.

Man comes and the conversion of forces goes on. Each thought consumes a little blood and brain, the thought dies, that the affection may live, the affection and emotion are converted upward into aspiration and high resolve. But thus far the sacrifice has been unconscious. We see that the death of the mineral becomes the life of the vegetable, and the death of the vegetable the life of the animal, and the death of the animal the life of the man, but confessing the fact, we must recognise that the

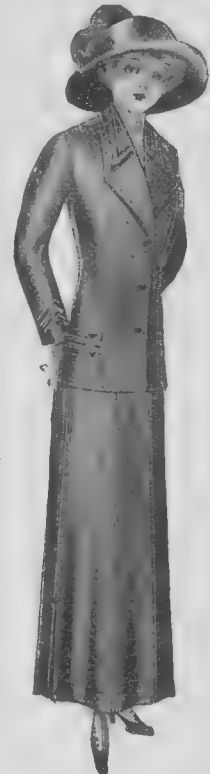


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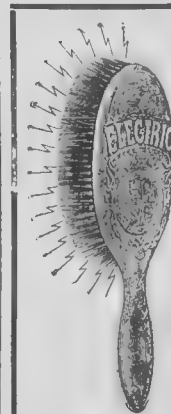
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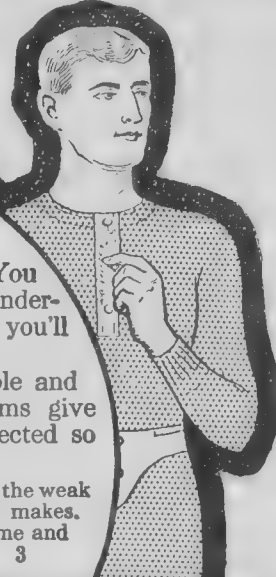
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Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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vegetable did not consciously sacrifice itself to the animal, at last we stand face to face with Jesus Christ. With supreme intellect. He serves all the facts in the case. He understands the issues of sacrifice. He forecasts to the full the pain of self-surrender and death. And, taking this law of sacrifice that runs through nature He consciously adopts it as the ruling principle of His life.

Fronting the child, He makes His strength to be a shield for helpless children, and sacrifices Himself to their weakness. In an era when the prodigal who has made shipwreck of his career was despised Jesus sacrificed Himself to the boys' need.

At a time when it was as much as a man's life was worth to affiliate with one who had been expelled from the Temple, through the enmity of the priests and the scribes, at such a time Jesus followed that man who had been healed of his blindness, lent him succour and friendship, and sacrificed all hope of ecclesiastical preferment. One day, in an age when mere acquaintanceship with a sinning woman was social ruin, Jesus sacrificed His good name and His reputation. What a picture is that of Mary Magdalene, in the hour of her hopelessness and despair, when the garden of happiness had become a ruin, when she had taken the asp into her bosom and all the flowers upon her brow had withered, even in that hour Jesus Christ made her overtures of friendship, lighted again the lamp of hope, broke up the fountains of the great deep, bought her soul from herself and gave it back to God.

And what shall we more say save this, that for three and thirty years He met every person, every duty and every event in the spirit of sacrifice, lost His happiness to gain the happiness of others, lost His good name and fortune to promote the fortune and name of others, and, being in the form of God, became obedient even unto the death of the cross. But let no man think that His life was gloom. He endured through the joy of His sufferings. The temper and spirit of His career are happiness and victory. How unwise that word, "He was often seen to weep, but never known to laugh." If there is a joy of the teacher, if serving the poor, lifting their burdens, wiping away their tears, lightening their griefs, stirs us to an ecstasy of happiness how much more did this tide of joy run deep and sweet, through the life of Christ, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured His cross."

Abstract principles are impotent for comfort. Philosophy is cold. History is God illustrating abstract principles through the story of nations. Biography is God illustrating abstract principles through the story of individuals. Because this theme, the joy of self-sacrifice, exceeds in importance all economic themes, all political themes, all financial themes, God in His loving providence has illustrated it for us in the lives of those who are near to us. It is as if He would press it in upon our thoughtful consideration.

Here are the great men who have made the history of our country. In reading their story, one ends the biography with the reflection, he was poor and his mother was a widow. The father was ambitious, but over-tasking himself, falls on death. If the father found it hard to support the family on his income, the mother supports the family on one quarter the same amount what financiers women will yet become!

The mother transfers all the ambitions of the father to the child: she rises up early to plan for him, and sits up late to dream a career for this boy. In an hour of extremity she turns her dress the third time to buy the book to feed his hungry mind. Her face grows thin, her body is so attenuated that when her son succeeds and stands at last on fortune's crowning slope, he finds standing beside him a mother, worn, faded, with scarce enough flesh left to hold the spirit to our earth. She wove the texture of her son's life out of innumerable threads of hope and faith and love and sacrifice. How less than nothing in comparison seems the achievement of these kings of finance. It is easy to build a fortune, it is hard

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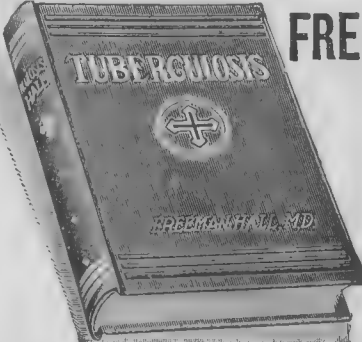
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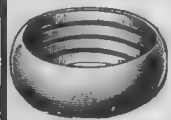
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The philosophy of sacrifice is not so far
to seek. To surrender self or position
implies strength, wealth, or happiness
already possessed. Giving means first
having. Christ said: "It is more bless-
ed to give than to receive." It is bet-
ter to be Arnold the teacher, with stores
of wisdom, than young Stanley the
pupil, ignorant and therefore, to be
taught. It is better to be the skilful
physician, having power to heal, than
the patient, sick unto death, who re-
ceives healing. It is better to be a
Moses, wise and resourceful enough to
lead the people through the wilderness,
than to be slaves who must be led. It
is better to love and give and serve
than to be loved and served. And for
Christ, it was infinitely better to be the
Christ and die for men, than to be the
men so needy and sinful that for us
Christ must die.

But God is the supremely blessed One,
for having all resources that make for
wisdom and knowledge and happiness
and holiness, He is ever giving in one
resistless tide. He waits on the in-
sects, as it were He notes the sparrow's
fall. He clothes the grass of the field
He makes ready the harvests for our
hunger. He fills the water-brooks
against man's thirst. He stores the
earth with coal against the winter's
frost, and in our sins and our heart-
breaks—lo, yonder stands the cross,
with One whose form is like unto the
Son of God. Christ gives Himself, and
the joy of sacrifice, and God gives His
Son in the joy of pity and forgiveness,
and we are forgiven and saved.

But think you that there is no happi-
ness for the Father who redeems us?
Listen, there is joy in heaven, among

the angels of God, over one sinner that
repenteth.

There is no sorrow that rends our
hearts, without God's sympathy, there
is no ache that we feel that He does
not make overture of comfort and help.
He is the infinitely sensitive One.
Gather up all that is tender in mother-
hood, all that is skilful in the wisdom
of physicians, all that is noble in
friends, all that is beneficent in the
father, all that is admirable and praise-
worthy in the martyrs and saints, and
all these conceptions are feebleness it-
self in comparison with the supreme
tenderness and sympathy and comfort
and friendship that there is in the in-
finitely perfect God.

He is the all-attractive One. Sweet al-
lurement clothes His throne. It is easy
for the transgressor to go toward God,
as for the traveller lost in the snow to
go toward the warm room and the win-
ter's fire and the wife's welcome.

When the king enters his city all the
bells ring, and when God's name is men-
tioned all the bells of joy and hope and
gladness and love ought to sound out
their hallelujah chorus, "Unto Him who
loved us and gave Himself for us."

In view of this great truth, consider
the compensations of life. "For the joy
that was set before Him He endured
His cross." Gethsemane to-day, and
Olivet and the open heaven to-morrow.
To-day the cross, tomorrow the worldly
throne, and the name above every name.
To-day the surrender of self, and to-
morrow the millions for whom He died
surrendering themselves in love for
Him. You give a cup of cold water,
you will receive the river of the water
of life, for your thirst in the hour of
need. You give the gleaner's handful,
and you will receive the great sheaf.
You are sacrificing and serving—nothing

good that you have done will be lost.

There are no lost tools, no lost arts,
no lost reforms, but all who sow in
tears shall reap in joy. If the happiness
of self-sacrifice has not yet come, the
delay will not be long, and the joy of
your reward will be such as to astonish
you. In that parable the righteous said
that some mistake must have been
made. They could not believe that they
had visited Christ in prison, or fed
Him when He was hungry, or clothed
Him when He was naked, and they were
astounded that their sacrifice should
have been attended with such success
and reward. It has always been true
that men who have sacrificed have been
unconscious of their influence.

Paul did not know that he was to re-
write all the constitutions in his plea
for liberty. The father, the teacher, the
patriot, the obscure worker, do not
know that they have started a move-
ment that shall transform a generation.
But God knows it. And He sees to it
that nothing good is lost. Therefore,
have the courage of the future, and
with joy and gladness sacrifice.

With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,
We bear the burden and the heat,
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
And we have built do we discern.

My Bible and I.

We've travelled together, my Bible and
I,
Through all kinds of weather, with
smile or with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or
calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp
and my psalm.

We've travelled together, my Bible and
I,
When life had grown weary, and death
e'en was nigh;
But all through the darkness of mist
and of wrong,
I found thee a solace, a prayer, or a
song

So now who shall part us, my Bible
and I?
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights who
try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for
good bread
Supplant its sound wisdom — give folly
instead?

Ah, no! my dear Bible, Revealer of
Light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to
flight;
And still through life's journey, until
my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

Always Profitable.

You may worry when you're weary,
You may worry when you're well;
You may worry when life's dreary
Or when buds begin to swell;
You may worry in December
And keep worrying in May,
But in any case remember
That you can't make it pay.

You may worry when disaster
Hovers o'er you in the night;
You may worry when your master
Has declined to treat you right;
You may worry when they've taken
The last chance you had away,
But the fact remains unshaken
That you can't make it pay.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Principal Schurman: It takes a man
twenty years for preparation and then
he has two twenties for work.

Harmar Greenwood: Thrift means not
only self-respect and self-reliance, but
happiness and comfort in the home.

Rudyard Kipling: Just ask yourself
whether you are resting upon what you
believe instead of upon what you know.

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J. Errol Knox, Keyes, Man.

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I believe that you are embarking on a most valuable
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Jas. Weir, Parkland, Alta.

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Your course explains things to me I often wondered
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W. J. Boughen, Valley River, Man.

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I feel very enthusiastic over farming and your course
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To those who are working out, I would strongly advise
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not only help them in their work but will be of great
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William H. Hill, Halstead, Man.

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Fair Play.

An attache of the American embassy in London tells a story of a butler in the employ of a fine old English family, whose long service had inculcated in him a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house.

Once, on the occasion of a large dinner party, the conscientious butler observed that one of the members of the family, a young girl who had but recently entered society, was devoting an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right, obviously in excess of that accorded to the less fascinating man on her left. This fact perturbed the butler to a degree that could no longer be borne in silence. So, under pretense of passing the culprit a dish, the butler managed to whisper respectfully in her ear:

"A little more conversation to the left, miss."

New York Wasn't Open

Professor Brander Matthews, along with his belief in reform spelling, believes in short words and in simple constructions. Apropos of simplicity, Professor Matthews said the other day:

"In my youth I once passed the summer in the country. One of my friends, an elderly farm hand, paid a visit to New York during my country visit, and on his return I said to him, employing a word needlessly complex and long

"Well, Jabez, how did you like the metropolis?"

"Wot say?" asked the old man.

"How did you like the metropolis?" I repeated.

"'Twan't open," said he."

Why She Didn't Laugh

Little Ethel, who had been sent on an errand returned rather hurriedly, and called out to her mother:

"Oh, mamma, what do you think? A little girl was crying in the street just now, because she had lost some money her

mother had given her. Some people laughed, but not me."

"And why did not you laugh, dear?" asked her mother.

"Because, mamma," said the child, with trembling lip—"because the little girl was me."

As it Seemed to Him

"Doctah, I gwine ax yo'fo' anudder of dem ermetic powders dat yo' gib me las' week w'en I done b'en sick wid de' spspsy."

"Then you have another attack, have you, Jasper?"

"Not, 'zackly, sah, but I done drap mer pipe down de well, sah, an' f'om de way dat powdah puffom in de case er merse'f, I gut der right ter t'ink dat ef I drap it down de well hit gwine bring dat pipe ter de surface in erbout fo' seconds, sah."

A Reformer

"After all," said the thoughtful girl, "the presentation of an engagement ring is a relic of barbarism, a reminiscence of obsolete conditions."

"Quite true, dear," was the enthusiastic rejoinder of the other girl. "I wish it were the fashion to give bicycles."

Pointed Answers

The French excel in those pointed witticisms which prick but do not inflame. A Parisian artist was painting the portrait of a pretty but vain woman, who, whenever he worked at her mouth, kept screwing it up to make it as small as possible. "Don't distress yourself madam," said the painter; "if you wish it, I can draw you with none at all."

Englishmen and Yankees have also made rejoinders whose aptness and point have caused them to be chronicled in periodicals. The following are good specimens of answers to the point:

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such



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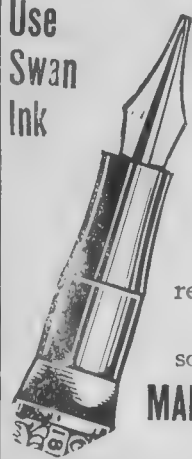
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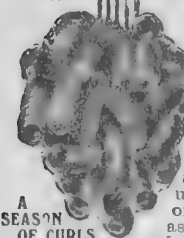
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Province.....

a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

There is a story of a gentleman when advocating the utility of public schools saying,—

"Byron was a Harrow boy."

"What of that?" said an opponent.

"Burns was a ploughboy." Equally neat and ready was the woman's answer to an inquirer, who, seeing "This cottage for sail" painted on a board, politely asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage was to sail.

"Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was her quick reply. A youth asked at a city restaurant, "What have you got?"

"Almost anything sir," was the reply.

"Well give me a plate of that."

"Yes, r—Hash!" shouted the waiter down the speaking-tube. More good-natured and quite as much to the point is the following. A man was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked angry; while the polite man, taking off his hat, said,

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

Well matched in politeness and readiness was a gentleman whose button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl.

His Business

"There is a man in our neighborhood who was lately discovered to have married half a dozen different women in one month."

"Good gracious! He must be a regular Bluebeard."

"No; he's a minister."

The Old Man's Fortune

"Old man had his left leg cut off by a railroad."

"You don't say!"

"It's a fact; an' he made enough out o' it to paint the house, take the mortgage off the mule, an' buy Sue a pianer."

"My! but ain't Providence on the side o' some folks!"

Could Stop Tillman

Senator Tillman was recently talking in his usual vehement manner. The conversation threatened to be stormy. A friend expostulated with the senator, saying it was "hardly a place for such a discussion." "Please don't talk so much," said the warning voice. It irritated Tillman. "Talk!" he shouted. "I'll talk as much whenever and wherever I please. I would like to see the man who can keep me from talking!" "I can!" came a voice from the crowd. Tillman turned and glared about him. Then his eye caught the speaker. He pretended to quail. The laugh went round and the critical situation was saved. The man who had hurled the defiant "I can!" was Dr. T. T. Moore, Tillman's lifetime dentist.

Correct English

Professor Lounsbury, the noted grammarian of Yale, has democratic and liberal views on the subject of the English language. He strenuously opposes the displacing of simple terms by others of pedantic character. Recently he told this story while discussing the subject: "There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was: 'Got up this morning at seven o'clock? He showed the entry to his mother, and she horror-stricken, and said: 'Have you been to school? Got up, indeed! Such an expression! Does the sun get up? No, it rises.' And she scratched out 'Got up at 7' and wrote 'Rose at 7' in its place. That night the boy, before retiring ended the entry for the day with the sentence, 'Set at 9 o'clock.'"

A Pause Follows

There is a certain small boy who rejoices in the name of Waite Pearsall. He commenced to attend school a short

Had Palpitation of the Heart

Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throb, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable.

To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies, but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
GRASSHOPPER
OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT
IF YOU HAVE
A BAD LEG



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

\$3.50 Recipe Cures
Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney
Troubles, Backache, Straining,
Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder,
Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

DID NOT HAVE TO CALL THE DOCTOR

Because she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills first.

One box of them cured Mrs. Mary A. Cook's Rheumatism from which she had suffered for fourteen years.

Mannheim, Ont. (Special). — How quickly and easily Rheumatism can be cured when you use the right means is shown in the case of Mrs. Mary A. Cook, well known and highly respected here. In an interview regarding her cure, of which all the village knows, Mrs. Cook says:

"I had Rheumatism so bad that sometimes I would sit up nearly all night.

"I first thought I would try the doctors, but luckily I decided to first try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"They cured me, and didn't have to try the doctors. And just to think that after fourteen years of suffering one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills should cure! I will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who suffers from Rheumatism."

Yes, it is easy to cure Rheumatism when you go the right way about it. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are working right they will strain all the uric acid out of the blood and there can be no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make the Kidneys work right.

FAMOUS BEAUTIES NEVER GET FAT.

Womankind wonders why famous beauties grow old, but do not grow fat. They live at silken ease, amid the porcelain flesh pots. The wine, that pulls out obscure mortals, flows not illiberally down their alabaster throats. Yet their life-long loaf does not thicken their limbs nor double their chins. What is the secret of the long-lived gracefulness of the haughty?

One-half ounce Marmola, 4oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 4oz. Peppermint Water. This is the famous Marmola Prescription, long familiar to the fashionable pharmacists of the world and their clientele, but which has only recently penetrated to the knowledge of the hoi polloi of womankind. Since when, for convenience sake, it has been put into elegant pocket form, the Marmola Prescription Tablet, which can now be had of well nigh any druggist, fashionable and ordinary, or the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., in large cases for seventy-five cents.

With this tablet any woman can reduce, by losing a pound a day, in a few weeks; take off fat where it shows most on chin, abdomen, hips, etc without need for exercising, table restraint, fear of wrinkles, or the slightest physical harm or uneasiness.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH- WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at a Sub-Agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, or daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Shoes

All kinds. (Felts \$1.60 prepaid)
CATALOGUE FREE

V. B., Glenbryan, Sask.

time ago, and the teacher had quite an experience in finding out his name.

"What is your name?" she asked, as Waite took his seat. "Waite," said the boy promptly.

The teacher looked rather surprised, but said nothing for a few moments, thinking, perhaps, he was frightened, then she asked again:

"What's your name?"
"Waite," said the possessor of the name.

After another few minutes' silence the teacher, becoming impatient, exclaimed:

"Well, I have waited plenty long enough now. Please tell me your name."

That made the boys laugh, and finally the teacher understood.

Misinterpreted

The story is told of a young Oregon girl, a favorite in society, but who was poor and had to take care not to get her evening gowns soiled, as her number was limited. At a dance not long ago a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man came in and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at the well-meaning but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said, with a winning smile:

"Of course I will dance with you, but if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

A Goth's Inquiry

"I see," said the artistic person, "that Saint Saens has decided to give up the piano."

"What's the matter?" asked the man who knows nothing of music. "Was he buying it on the instalment plan?"

No Joke, After All

"I went to my husband's office yesterday afternoon to get some money," said the little woman in the gray gown, as she settled back in her chair to tell her "dearest friend" the latest family joke. "I was down town shopping, and had spent every cent I had."

"Of course," said the dearest friend. "That's the way I always do, too. Did he grumble about it?"

"No; he wasn't at his office. That's where the joke comes in."

"Joke!" exclaimed the dearest friend. I should have thought you would have been mad "I should have been mad enough to—to—almost swear."

"I was at first," admitted the little woman in gray. "But when they told me he had gone home early, I got over being mad, because I knew he'd gone home to have a quiet little chat with me before dinner, and that he'd be as mad as a hornet when he found I wasn't there. It made me laugh to think of him standing around the house swearing because I wasn't home, after he'd left the office early to go home to me. I didn't hurry, either. I took my time because you know it does a man good to have these little disappointments once in a while. If he always found his wife home, he wouldn't half appreciate it."

"Was he very mad?" asked the friend with interest.

"No; that's the funny part of it."

"I don't see what there is funny about that."

"Why the servant told him I'd gone down town, intending to go to his office, and he said it made him laugh to think how mad I'd be when I found he had gone home. So he had just sat there and chuckled all the time till I came home."

"It was all right then, I suppose?" said the "dearest friend."

"No, indeed, it wasn't."

"But you were both in good humor?"

"No, we weren't; that's the very funniest part of the whole story. When we each found that the other thought it was a good joke we were both so mad that we didn't speak for a whole evening."

A Rattlesnake's Gratitude

Edward B. Haymond, one of San Francisco's barristers, has been a close student of natural history, and has succeeded in gathering some very interesting information regarding the birds of the air, the beasts of the land, the fishes of the sea. Incidentally, he has been able to collect a few small snake statistics, says the San Francisco Call.

"I once knew a case," said Mr. Haymond to some listeners, "wherein a snake displayed not only an unusual amount of affection, but a great deal of courage. It appears that some years ago a professor of natural history from an eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. I might state that he was a very humane man and frequently displayed it. One afternoon while walking over a desert, thinking of little but the time he would arrive at camp, he heard a peculiar rattling sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation and was rewarded by the discovery of a mastodon rattlesnake, which he was on the point of despatching so as to put it out of misery, as the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn. In the matter of taking the reptile's life he hesitated, owing to the pathetic and pleading expression in the wounded creature's eyes. It quite unnerved him, so he rolled the rocks off and awaited results in the shape of very pronounced gratitude.

The delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition, and, having some cotton in his valise, he bound up the wounded part and left the snake as comfortable as possible. The next day he left Yucatan for Guatemala and was gone for over five years. On his return to Yucatan he again had occasion to pass over the desert, and, greatly to his surprise, encountered the same reptile a few miles from where the previous incident had occurred. The recognition was mutual, and the joyful rattler coiled about his leg, licked his hand with a friendly tongue, and showed marked and industrious appreciation. When the professor took up his march again the snake followed him and even insisted upon getting into the wagon and becoming a regular occupant."

"Look here, Edgar, ain't you going a little too far with that yarn?" inquired a friend.

"Not as far as the yarn?" inquired a friend.

"Not as far as the snake is going. To continue: He finally got back east and had for a traveling companion the snake, which was allowed to wander at will. As a natural consequence the professor and his dumb companion became the best chums, and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with the snake gliding along beside him. Well—now her comes the real point of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake down stairs in the dining room he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass followed by the falling of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sounds of strife. Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor was a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake in order to display its presence of mind had his tail out of the window—"

What for?" inquired a listener in breathless excitement.

"Rattling for a policeman."

A positive old lady. An old lady in Dorsetshire had been very positive in disclaiming some assertion that had been credited to her; and on being asked if then she had not written it, or something very like it? She replied: "Na! na; I never write anything of consequence—I may deny what I say, but I cannot deny what I write."

Confide ye aye in Providence; for Providence is kind;
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith and ye'll win through;
For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew!

James Ballantine.

Baby's Own Soap

unequalled for toilet and nursery use.
"Best for baby—best for you."
Refuse all substitutes.

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1911

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: "Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To
Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Inc.
Box 20 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

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Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you trial of Plaster-Pad absolutely FREE. Write TODAY.

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Subscription for One of Your Friends

PREMIUM OFFER NO. 1.

Stovel's Atlas of Canada

This Atlas contains colored maps of the World, the British Empire, North America, Dominion of Canada, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia; Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Hamilton, St. John and Halifax. These maps are clean-cut, comprehensive and accurate, all being compiled from the newest government surveys and statistics and other official sources. There are twelve full pages of historical, statistical, industrial, descriptive and general reference matter, compiled from various sources noted for accuracy and reliability; eight half pages giving a brief history of the largest cities in Canada, their populations, industries, institutions of learning, public buildings, parks, pleasure resorts, etc. It is made in Winnipeg and the first publication of its kind of Canadian origin. We will mail a copy of this valuable Atlas to any one sending us \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

PREMIUM OFFER NO. 2.

Four Lithograph Pieces of Sheet Music

(Usual price 50 cents apiece)

Space will not permit us to give the names of the many instrumental and vocal pieces in stock. Just send us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly and mention your favorite composers and we will do the rest.

PREMIUM OFFER NO. 3.

Business Letter Writer

This is a bound book containing 150 pages, giving a variety of forms of social and business letters. This is a work that should be in every home and it has only to be examined to be highly appreciated. We will mail you a copy free on receipt of \$1.00 for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

PREMIUM OFFER NO. 4.

Good Cook Book Free

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. It is specially prepared for every day use in Western homes, and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales. It is a clearly printed book of handy size, strongly bound in white oilcloth, telling briefly and simply just what to do, and what to avoid to obtain best results how to get most nourishment from foods; how to combine and serve them attractively. Everything is so conveniently arranged, and indexed that any information desired may be easily found. The parts telling about Cooking for Invalids and Chafing Dish Cookery will alone make this book a necessity in every home and all other parts are equally good. Send \$1.00 for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book free.

Address all orders:

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Can.

Correspondence.

A Saskatchewan Homesteader.

Gerowville, Sask., Nov. 6, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for over one year, and must say that I have derived very much benefit from its pages. I have written once before, but did not see my letter in print, so it must have gone astray. But I am going to try once more, and this time hope to meet with better success. I have been living in Canada for two years and I think it is a good country for a young fellow to start in to make a home. I like it very well up here, especially for a farmer, as I think this country offers many opportunities. I enjoy reading the correspondence column of the Western Home Monthly very much and think some of the letters are very good and interesting. Well, I think I had better tell what kind of a fellow I am. I stand five feet eight inches high, weigh 175 pounds; have dark hair and blue eyes, and, as for looks, I will leave that to some one else. I have almost forgotten my age, but it is somewhere near 25. Well, I must give the editor thanks for the space he has let me have in his paper, and I would like to hear from "Fair Play, No. 1." She can get my address with the editor. I'll now close and sign myself, A Farmer.

Improving All The Time.

Manitoba, Oct. 31, 1911.

Sir,—I have taken much pleasure in

fair curly hair, rosy cheeks and lips, fair complexion and pearly teeth; weight about 100 lbs; height five feet two and one half inches; age from 17 to 20. Would be pleased to hear from "Little Willie," Mortlack, Sask., "Happy Go Lucky," Grand Forks, B.C., "Pickings," Nechaco, B.C., and "Timothy Teck," Brock, Sask., all from the October issue, if they will write first. Wishing the editor success, I remain, "A Rosebud."

Just the Kind Wanted.

British Columbia, Oct. 25, 1911.

Dear Editor, Wow! Look who's here, a bad man from the wild and woolly west. I'm on the warpath, so everybody move, for I have a six-shooter in each hand and a knife between my teeth. Bad as I am, nothing gives me more enjoyment than to read that good, old magazine—the Western Home Monthly. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." How I laugh to myself when I read of some of these girls remarking how they detest smoking, chewing, drinking, etc! What do you want, girls? An angel or a sky-pilot. Guess I am out of the running, but believe me, I'm not so bad as some of you would believe. Most of the letters which appear in the correspondence column are well worth reading. Of course, some may be termed silly. "I Am Weary" in the August number writes a good letter. She says she was



The Single Life—Trochu, Alta.

reading the Western Home Monthly, especially the correspondence column. My father has taken the Western Home Monthly for a long time, and we think it is improving all the time. I am a farmer's daughter, and I am very fond of animals, especially horses. As for a description of myself, I think it is unnecessary; it seems too much like advertising one's self. Now, don't think I am an old maid, for I am only eighteen. I am very fond of skating, music and drawing. Drawing is my hobby. I play the piano, I am organist for the Methodist church, which is the only church in our village. I would like to correspond with any young person of either sex, who does not dance or play cards, and is a Christian, and I will try and answer all letters. I will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself Rosa Bonheur.

Among the Hops.

October, 27, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Just a little autumn leaf falling into your correspondence column, which I find so interesting. I live in that beautiful place one reads so much about, British Columbia. The district which I live in is the hop district, where one can see acres upon acres of beautiful hops trained up on the trellises. In the fall when the hop picking begins, one hundred, and quite often two hundred, pickers are hired, the half of them being Indians. Perhaps it would be a wise idea for me to describe myself, so here goes. I am a dear little girl, but am not so young as I look, have large, dark blue eyes,

brought up in her mother's kitchen. Boys, that's the kind of girls we want. I also like the letter written by "Fair Play, No. 1," in the October issue. Guess there is no need to describe myself very fully. I am a young man, not out of the twenties yet, might look bad from outside appearances, but just the same I have a good and kind disposition. Well, guess I had better be on my way. Yip! Bang! Bing! Boom!

"Kid Caldwell."

Carries the Banner.

Sask., October 16th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—As I have been a subscriber and a reader to your paper for some time, I can say it is the best paper of its kind I have ever taken. I am a subscriber to two western papers and four periodicals, but must say the Western Home Monthly carries the banner. I find the contents very interesting from cover to cover. Would you kindly permit me to say a word or two? I have often wondered if these jolly members could meet some sunny afternoon what a time we would have. I daresay the Doctor and Archibald would be so quiet no one would know they were there. I, like a great many more bachelors, am very bashful. Of course, you can't blame me for being so, as I haven't seen a lady for six months. Yesterday an automobile passed by—I noticed a couple of willow plumes fluttering in the breeze, so I imagined there were ladies there, but as they passed quickly I didn't have time to get out to the gate to see what they looked like. I imagine most girls (according to the description they give of them—

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UNEXCELLED DINING & CAFE CAR SERVICE
SOLID COMFORT SLEEPING CARS
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The Old Folks

find advancing years bring an increasing tendency to constipation. The corrective they need is

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

Entirely different from common laxatives. Pleasant to take, mild and painless. A tablet (or less) at bed-time regulates the bowels perfectly. Increasing doses never needed. Compounded, like all the 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. Money back if not satisfactory.

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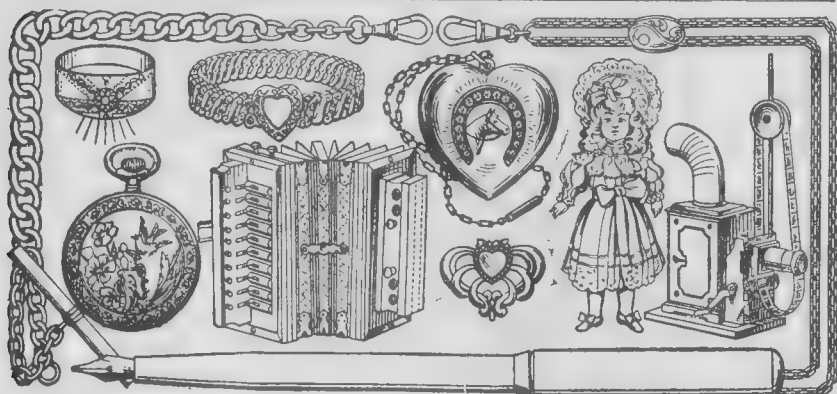
A Gents' or Ladies' Solid Gold Watch costs from \$25 to \$50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send you

A GENTS or LADIES WATCH

the same day the money is received.

We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills without delay. Address

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FREE TO YOU. The best premiums and biggest values ever offered. Gold and Silver Watches, Gem set Rings and Brooches, laughter-producing Moving Picture Machines, finely decorated Tea Sets, Silverware, Accordions, Lovely Dressed Dolls and many other beautiful premiums given **FREE** for selling our high class Gold Embossed Picture Post Cards at 6 for 10c. Our cards are the very latest designs in Floral, Birthday, Holiday, Views, Comics, &c., in artistic colors and of such superior quality that you will have no trouble selling them.

JUST SHOW THEM AND TAKE IN THE MONEY.

You can win any of these splendid premiums by selling \$3.00 worth and upwards, and if you will write today you can also win one of the Extra Premiums we are giving to those who are prompt. Send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will forward you a package of cards and our big premium list. We get a great many repeat orders from our customers. Why? **BECAUSE OUR PREMIUMS ARE THE BEST.** **COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept. 314 Toronto, Ont.**

RAW FURS

To every Dealer and Trapper we emphasize again our unexcelled ability to pay our customers the highest prices obtainable, and we want the names and addresses of all who have not yet shipped to us.

Write now for our Price Lists. We pay express charges and remit promptly. Always ready on request to hold furs and submit offer. Write or ship now for your own benefit.

E. T. CARTER & CO., 80 Front St. E., Toronto, Can.

Dysthe's Face Protector



THE Winter Season is back again, with it the regular course of Storms and Blizzards as well as extreme cold. Not to mention the moderate, but disagreeable weather.

With it follows the return south of thousands of people, that dread this severe climate in its fierceness, with frozen limbs and suffering in cold and storms.

For those wintering in this northern country no clothing has so

relieved the dread, fear and anguish as the

Dysthe's Face Protector

As you can look into the snowstorm and blizzard as through a window.

Write a card for my free book to-day and see what our home doctors and ministers say about them.

Post paid to any point for \$1.00.

Martinius Dysthe, 279 Fort St., Winnipeg, Man.

selves) are similar to angels, but minus the wings. Well, I suppose, I must give a brief description of myself. I am 22 years of age, 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, weight 170 lbs., and have brown hair and eyes. I indulge in no bad habits, except one, which some of the fairer sex term bad. When my chores are finished I fill my pipe, lean back in an old arm-chair with my heels up on the rim of the stove, open up the Western Home Monthly to "correspondence," close one eye and smile, and say to myself, "Contented Joe." Batching isn't so much of a picnic as some people think it is, but if we can content ourselves, what more could we ask, for we are waiting patiently for those better days coming. I would be pleased to hear from young ladies who would write for the purpose of driving dull care away. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the valuable space you have given me, I will sign myself, "Contented Though Single."

A Reader for Seven Years.

Wadena Sask., October, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your highly esteemed paper for seven years, and look forward to its coming each month. Not only is the correspondence column interesting, but there are so many valuable and useful hints, also a large number of short stories very nice for evening reading. I have often thought of trying my luck in writing to your paper. I am a homesteader thirty miles from a railway, and although progress is slow at present, I hope, in the near future to see better conditions. I was born in Ontario and came out here ten years ago, and I do not hesitate to say, I would not live in Ontario again. In your September issue, I see a letter from "Oh You Kid." I agree with her in some things, but I do think there are many more harmful things than dancing. I have been to quite a number of dances, and invariably every one went home happy, having spent an enjoyable evening. There are ever so many girls who seem to think that a western bachelor has no redeeming qualities. If he happens to mention getting a wife, they immediately pounce upon him, and say, he expects her to feed the pigs, milk the cows, etc., and do her inside work as well. I know of a large number of bachelors who would use a wife well, and I'm sure the young girls would think so, too, could they see them—only they cannot leave their farms to go and seek the partner they desire. Hoping my letter will escape the w.p.b. I will wish your paper every success, and will sign myself "Chiefden."

Will You Correspond?

Cottonwood Sask., October, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for many years, and I am very interested in it. I am a widower with two little girls, and I have a good farm in Saskatchewan. I would very much like to correspond with anyone wishing to know more about farm life. My address is with the editor. "Widower."

Another Criticism for "The Doctor."

Penhold, October 10th, 1911.

Dear Editor,—We have taken your paper in the home for quite a number of years and I have been a constant reader of same. I consider the Western Home Monthly to be a very valuable and helpful paper. The nice, clean stories, the "Young Man and his Problem" page, and last but not least, the correspondence column, I enjoy very much. Until now I have been a silent reader, and perhaps would have been still, had I not noticed "The Doctor's" letter in your October number, which I cannot allow to go unchallenged. He says "there is no use anyone telling me that a man can make more on a farm than in a city," and he gives as his reason for that statement, "because I have proved that it is not so." Now, I think, that it is a little presumptuous for "The Doctor" to say that no one can make good on a farm, just because he failed to do so. I entirely disagree with him when he says "there are many men who are sunken in debt and from its proceeds pay off the mortgage on their

WASTED AWAY TO A SHADOW

"Fruit-a-lives" cured me after 12 years Suffering

HULL, QUE. Dec. 24th. 1910.

"For the past twelve years, I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. Finally, in March 1908, I suffered such tortures that I was compelled to stay in bed. I could not digest my food and everything I ate caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation, and at times I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks.



Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicine but did me no good. My weight came down to only 80 pounds and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally I had the good fortune to buy 'Fruit-a-lives' and as soon as I began to take them, I felt better. I persisted in the treatment and to my great joy and to the astonishment of my friends, I improved.

Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds (and this is more than I ever weighed, even before my illness) I attribute my cure solely to 'Fruit-a-lives'."

Madame ANDREW STAFFORD.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Catarracts without cutting or drugging. Over ninety thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes: Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using "Actina" less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever.

Amanda G. Dumphy, Naarhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: I have used "Actina" as directed, and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

John Krahmer, Ricketts, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my eyesight began to fail. Oculists prescribed glasses but I received little benefit from them. After several months' use of 'Actina' I could read and write by almost any kind of light. I would not take one hundred dollars for my 'Actina.'"

"Actina" can be used by both old and young with perfect safety. Every member of your family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use.

"Actina" will be sent on trial, prepaid. Send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., and receive absolutely FREE a valuable book—Doctor Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

Patterns

Agents wanted for good profits. Address V.B., Glenbryan, Sask

BAD BLOOD CAUSES BOILS and PIMPLES.

Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system.

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market about thirty-five years, and is one of the very best medicines procurable for the cure of boils and pimples.

PIMPLES CURED.

Miss J. M. Wallace, Black's Harbor, N.B., writes:—"About five years ago my face was entirely covered with pimples. I tried everything people told me about, but found no relief. At last I thought of B.B.B. and decided to try a bottle. After finishing two bottles I was entirely cured, and would advise any lady who wants a beautiful complexion to use B.B.B."

BOILS CURED.

Mrs. Ellsworth Mayne, Springfield, P.E.I., writes:—"My face and neck were covered with boils, and I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors, but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of boils."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MONDILL Solid Gold Watch Puzzle

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian Towns, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15-Dollar Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH, fully jewelled. Stamped, as a FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches are presented to Gentles.)

Send your attempt together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale Watch Merchants, 79 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. The winner is required to purchase a chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prizewinners of last competition were:

Miss S. Davis, Bradshaw, Ont., Mr. R. Semple, Sunnyslope, Alta.

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN USE ABSORBINE, JR. FOR IT



A mild, safe, antiseptic, disinfectant, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Gout, Painful Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callosities, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 6 G free. Write for it.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

WASHES AWAY PIMPLES YES—OVERNIGHT

No remedy ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than the D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema.

D.D.D. not only gives instant relief to the itching, burning skin, quickly driving out all disease germs, but is also the most delightful wash ever used for the Complexion.

Absolutely harmless and pleasant to use, D.D.D. cleanses the skin of all minor impurities, such as rash and pimples, over night, and leaves the skin clear and smooth as that of a child.

To try this remedy, write the D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept M., 49 Colborne St., Toronto, and a free trial bottle will be sent to you. It will quickly bring relief, and heal the diseased skin.

Films Developed
10 CENTS PER ROLL
All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, 4c.; 4 x 5.3a, 5c.
Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.
GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY
WINNIPEG

farm." If such is the case, there was something wrong with their method of farming. They, like "The Doctor," had not the business capabilities essential to running a farm on a paying and profitable basis, therefore, the farm was better rid of them. But on the other hand, the man with brains, the man whose head is something more than a knob on top of his shoulders, the man who understands how to farm, can make good at it. Mr. Doctor, I have known men in business in town, who would have been bankrupt years ago had it not been for the farm—the old standby, the profits of which they spend on their town business to keep up appearances. He also asks if any of the readers can tell him why "the man goes to the city?" Then he answers his own question by saying "he has been for years paying the debts off his farm, then when his pocket book is running over, he goes to the city to live a life of luxury." Precisely, when he has lots of money he imagines the city is the place to spend it most advantageously. Aside from the financial view, is there not another side to look at? Is money all? Decidedly No. Personally, I do not farm altogether for the money that is in it. There is quite a lot of pleasure in it. It is a pleasure to have good, willing fat horses around, knowing that it is your treatment and care, that has made them such. It is also a pleasure to be able to hitch up a prancing team to the buggy any time you feel like it, and when you are lucky enough to get anyone to go out with you. Yes, the farm for me, and "Mr Doctor," it is not be-

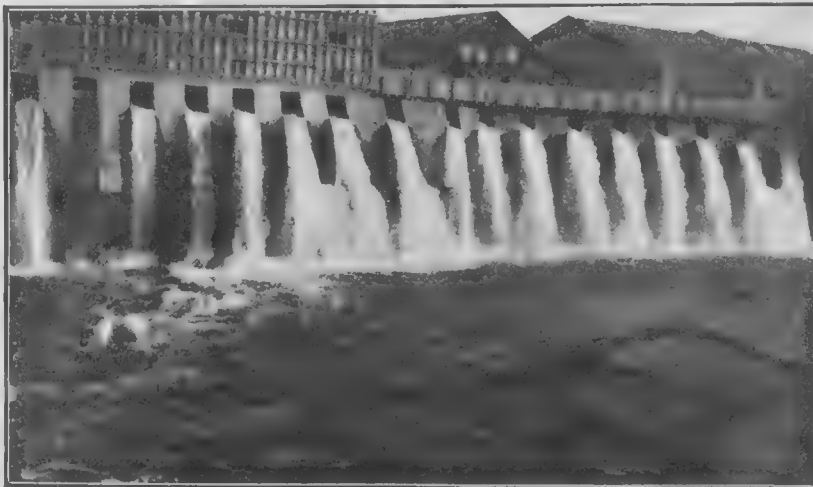
the creamery, and reaching there in a sweet condition, brings 30 cents per lb. Wood is plentiful for fuel, and one never hears of any poor, lonely bachelors freezing to death, as one often does on the prairies. As I have been very greedy with your space already, Mr. Editor, I shall not describe our town, but will say a few words about myself. I am very sociable, fond of outdoor sports, etc. It would give me much pleasure if some of the correspondents would write to me. With "The Doctor" I agree that from a financial standpoint the city offers more advantages to the individual than the country. And why? Because the farmers who supply the world with bread, etc., do not receive anything like a proper remuneration for their work. Instead they are but the backbone for the speculators and politicians, who selfishly look for their own interests. Farming, as a profession, has never received anything like proper attention, though our agricultural colleges are doing their best to remedy this difficulty, and now some of the most clever and well educated men, even those as "smart" as "The Doctor," are turning their attention to it. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that I have not made my letter too long, I will sign myself,

"Madge of Arcadie."

Persistency Rewarded.

Sask., October, 20th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—It is a long time since I wrote to your interesting columns, but not seeing my letter in print, I thought I would try again. I see quite a few



View of Chaudiere Falls. The power behind Ottawa.

cause I haven't the ability to get on in a crowded city, as you hinted was some of your critics' reasons for favoring the farm. Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you will not think this letter too long, just a word, and then I close. Might I suggest as a topic for discussion, "town life versus country life," from a pleasure standpoint. I won't describe myself any more than to say, I am a "Young Farmer."

[We shall be pleased to publish any discussions on the subject mentioned.—Editor.]

A New Arcadie.

Gilbert Plains, Man., Oct. 16, 1911.

Dear Editor,—Your interesting magazine is eagerly scanned by the members of this household, especially the correspondence columns. If you will allow me, I will give a brief description of our charming Arcadie, for although I have visited many parts of our province, I have never found a more fertile spot, nor one to which the name of "the garden of Manitoba" might be more readily applied. Like the real Arcadie, it is almost surrounded by hills, between whose confines once stretched the waters of the mighty Lake Agassiz, are now forest covered, also much of the adjoining country, and numerous sawmills are there, ever busy. But, between the heavily wooded parts, lies the level expanse of country, where lately the golden grain waved, and where now the threshers are busy. On the main line of the C.N.R. we have a ready market for farm produce. Butter fat, from the cream shipped to

are arguing with "The Doctor." I do not think it is right of him to talk of the farmer as he does. I say that it is the farmers who furnish the towns with most of their provisions. Where would "The Doctor" get his porridge or his eggs in the first place? Doctoring is all right, but I think the farmer works harder and earns his money more than the doctor does. I am very busy this fall threshing. I am running my outfit myself—it is a gasoline traction. I do not know if I gave a description of myself before, but I am six feet two inches tall, have dark, brown hair and blue eyes, and as for looks, I have never smashed a mirror yet. I am very fond of skating and dancing, and enjoy a good game of cards with anyone. I must conclude now and leave space for others. My address is with the editor.

"A Pioneer Homesteader."

She Gets All She Wants.

Victoria, B.C., October, 1911.

Dear Editor,—As a farmer's daughter and as a farmer's wife, may I have a word? I was much impressed by Ann Jemmima's letter. I don't know yet whether she needs pity or a shaking for allowing herself to be made a hapless drudge by a thoughtless husband. I grew up on a farm, not your eastern prairie, but in the wooded west, where every foot of land must be wrestled from the forest. It was a lonely life, full of hard work, but we were happy. It was nothing to drive eight or ten miles to church, picnic or dance. Suppose there was only one team on the

English Hair Grower

American Rights Secured for
New Drug CRYSTOLIS

Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days
—Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff
and Itching Scalp—Restores
Gray and Faded Hair to
Natural Color and
Brilliancy.

CUT OFF FREE COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY

Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot." Good news for the woman whose hair is falling whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a hand full of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching burning scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 5-10th Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year now. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as a true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says: "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long, friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans of Chicago writes: "Since using Crystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Macklin of St. Louis reports: "One treatment made my hair two inches longer."

Mr. Morse of Boston declares: "I lost my hair eighteen years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mr. Mourer of Cleveland declares: Crystolis is the only thing which actually grows hair.

Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia writes after only three weeks' use: "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Lewis Nuff says: "New hair began to grow in ten days after beginning the treatment."

Mrs. Jackson of New York writes: "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mr. Arnot of Cleveland reports: "Itching scalp stopped the second day, dandruff gone, no more falling hair."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove it without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it to-day.

This invitation is open to bald headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't lay this paper aside until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 5-10th Ave., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly.

FREE COUPON.

The Creslo Laboratories,
5-10th Ave.
Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly. Prove to me without expense that Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies PILLS

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

"A CURED MAN"

HIS INDIGESTION BANISHED
THANKS TO
**MOTHER SEIGEL'S
SYRUP.**

For over ten years, Mr. C. R. Williamson has been the Postmaster at Rowena, Victoria Co., New Brunswick, and his word should carry weight when he says he has been cured of indigestion—after a quarter of a century's suffering—by Mother Seigel's syrup.

A few months ago, Mr. Williamson wrote us as follows:—"For the past twenty-five years I have been a great sufferer from indigestion. I could not sleep at night and would rise in the morning with a nasty taste in my mouth, feeling more dead than alive. The pain after eating was terrible, and many times I have vomited before I could get relief. I lost about twenty-five pounds in weight, and at times had to give up my business. I tried various remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good.

"Some two years ago I was advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I did and with wonderful good results. I felt relief after taking two or three doses. The pains in my stomach left me and I felt my food was doing me

good. In all I took two bottles and am now a cured man and feel that I owe the result to nothing but Mother Seigel's Syrup."

It is not an uncommon thing, but it is a terrible thing, all the same, to suffer for twenty-five years from the tortures of indigestion! But when, in addition to this complaint, you have headaches, bilious attacks and constipation, when you can't sleep and your "nerve" has gone, you may well look anywhere and everywhere for relief!

But you won't look far, if you look first to Mother Seigel's Syrup to help you. The herbal extracts contained in the Syrup tone and strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver and bowels, aid digestion, expel the evil products of indigestion from the system, and thus restore your lost health.

Not once, but in thousands and thousands of cases, Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured even after other remedies have miserably failed. It is this unequalled success in curing stomach and liver disorders that has made the Syrup popular all over the world and has earned for it the title of "the world's remedy for indigestion and stomach troubles."

In sixteen different countries, Mother Seigel's Syrup is the regular family medicine in hundreds and thousands of homes. Keep it in yours.

WEARY DAYS AND WAKEFUL NIGHTS OF INDIGESTION

When you rise in the morning fagged out, and dreading your work; when your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and your bowels costive; when you have pains in the chest, stomach, back, all over—your stomach and liver are out of order. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality! But Mother Seigel's Syrup will stimulate the action of your liver and bowels, clean your tongue, renew your appetite and your digestion, and give you new strength and energy!

ARE BANISHED BY THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the favourite family remedy for indigestion is made of more than ten different roots, barks, and leaves, which in combination possess, in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the stomach and regulating the action of the liver and bowels. This is the secret of its great success in curing dyspepsia, pains after eating, headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, and all kindred ailments. It cures in a natural way, and better still, it cures permanently. Take it daily, after meals.

Mr. James McPhee, Boulardie, Cape Breton, says:—"I suffered for years with severe stomach troubles and sick headaches. I could not eat without having most agonising pains, and would often vomit after taking food. My appetite failed, and I could not rest day or night. I tried all sorts of medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. I continued taking the medicine for about two months, and to-day I am entirely cured."—Feb. 17, 1911.

**MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP**

The Dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.
A. J. WHITE, & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

place, and they were only Indian ponies at that. More than once my father said, when asked to take in some simple pleasure that meant a day or evening away from the ranch, "Why, now do you suppose you will work any better for it next week," and we always did. It is thirty years ago since dad and the little mother began their struggle with the quarter section of wild land. They had no money, but youth, a splendid courage, and a love for each other that makes life a joyful thing. It is no easy task to rear and fit ten children for a place in the world, but they did it, and the hardest task of the lot was to get the boys away at the trades they wanted to learn or were fitted for. In due time I married, and here I am on a stump ranch, but—I get the egg money for my wants, and if that isn't enough, I say so at once; perhaps John hands out five when I want twenty, so I say politely, "more, please." Now, why Ann Jemmima should you wear a creased frock and a four year old hat? A man has no right to economise on his wife. He owes it to himself to see that she has becoming and suitable clothes. If he doesn't, why it's up to her to see that he does any way. A good many women suffer and are very unhappy over things they could better if they only had the spirit to speak out, and, once having spoken, abide by what they say. And, then, the way some women wait on their husbands would develop a selfish streak in an angel. Imagine getting John's socks for him when they are in plain sight in the wall pocket, and he knows as well as you do that his shirts are always in the third drawer of the dresser. I am a farmer's wife, but unless my John is away I don't dream of milking cows, feeding pigs, chickens, and the rest of it. Why should I? I have my house to attend to and there are times when that is more than enough. Women are not able, usually, to do chores, and they are very foolish to begin it. A woman who has cooked, washed, mended, to say nothing of keeping her house in order, is just as tired at night as the man who has worked outdoors all day. I like farm life and am willing to do my share of work, but I want to rest when I need it, a chance to visit my neighbors, to attend any local gathering, but most of all, do I demand time in which to keep up the acquaintance of my own husband. When people on a ranch get so busy that they haven't time to enjoy each other's society, it's time to call a halt. Suppose you haven't quite so many dollars, aren't there other things worth while? Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to say that the devotion to her husband's interest that underlies such drudgery as endured by Ann Jemmima and others like her is heroic, but men are only appreciative up to a certain point, beyond that it is selfishness of the worst kind that permits the sacrifice. Husbands, like the rest of the world, usually take a wife at her own valuation. Yours very truly, "B. C."

The Two Roses.

Tyvan, Sask., Oct. 12th, 1911.

Dear Editor.—We are subscribers to your Western Home Monthly and would very much like to join the happy circle. Rose No. 1 has dark hair and dark blue eyes and fair complexion, height five feet. Rose No. 2, dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, height five feet four inches. Our ages are between 10 and 30. As for our looks, well we have been told that we would pass in a crowd. We are fond of dancing and music and all out-door sports as well as farm life. No. 1 would like to correspond with "Happy Willie" and No. 2 with "Texas Turk" in October issue, if they will write first, as we are rather backward in coming forward. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.

"The Roses."

Very Valuable Hints.

Payton, Sask., October, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have often felt as if I should like to write a short letter to your monthly magazine of which I am very fond, being a subscriber. I have been reading your paper for a number of years, and can say I enjoy the cor-

respondence columns very much. I have never come across a paper that has so many valuable hints for farmers; we farmers want to learn all we can and make life a success here in the West. I have a homestead here in the Battleford district, and I feel proud of my home. There is only one thing lacking and that is some one to cheer me up. I should like to correspond with "Q. T.," or any other young lady who will take pity on a lonely bachelor. I shall feel greatly honored and will answer all correspondence. I am five feet five inches in height, weigh 140 lbs., age 29 years, light complexion and blue eyes. I smoke, but never chew or drink, but like a game of cards as long as there is no money in it. I am very fond of music and can play the organ a little. Wishing your valuable paper every success, I sign myself, "Scrub."

The "Widely Known" Monthly.

Ireland, Sept. 30, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Having seen several of the columns in the Western Home Monthly, I should like to contribute. As my address is Irish, so am I. I am 21 years of age, and have brown hair and blue eyes. I am supposed to be of a very wild disposition though naturally I cannot see it myself. Some of my intimate friends call me "Madcap," but I resent the sobriquet very much, though sometimes I am sure I earn it. I am very fond of music, singing, and all indoor and outdoor games. I would be



Fishing in Grandmother's Rain Barrel.

delighted to give descriptions of any part of the Emerald Isle which I know to exiles from any part of the British Empire or to native Canadians. I would be pleased to get a copy of the Western Home Monthly in which this epistle appears, and I would send some Irish papers in return. My address can be had through the Editor. Thanking him for the space in his valuable and widely known paper, and wishing him every success. "Madcap."

A Great Inducement.

Summerview, Alta., Sept., 1911.

Dear Sir,—Having been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for a number of years, I thought I would join the happy circle. I think the columns devoted to "The Young Man and His Problem," also "The Philosopher," are very interesting and highly instructive, not forgetting the many cuts of Canada's beautiful scenery, which must be an inducement to those abroad to make their home in "The Land of the Maple." I came out here from southern Manitoba last March, am not a homesteader, but own a half section of the best wheat land in southern Alberta. The greatest drawback being the absence of the fair sex. Now, as to the customary description of one's self. I am five feet nine inches tall, weigh 155 lbs., fair

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. Carson

357 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg



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complexion, with a profusion of curly hair—as for looks, I will leave that to others. I would like to correspond with some jolly girls if they will please write first. I am a lover of all clean sport, and do not use tobacco or liquor in any form. Wishing you every success, I will sign, "Coulee Bill."

News from Alberta.

Czar, Alta., Oct. 14th, 1911.
Dear Editor,—We have taken the Western Home Monthly for over a year, and I have been very interested in the correspondence column. Not seeing any letter from this part of Alberta, I thought I would write in regard to it. The country about here is rolling prairie, sandy loam, well settled and adapted for mixed farming. We have very good crops this year. We have very nice people here, mostly all bachelors, but they are gun shy. Hoping you will let me in your circle, I will give you a description of myself. I am a Californian girl, been here about two years. I am fifteen years of age, five foot six, and weigh 130 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. I am a fair cook and can keep house for any ordinary bachelor. My address is with the Editor, so now boys get busy, and write to "A California Pullet."

Are Aeroplanes Safe?

Dear Sir,—This is a Sunday evening, and although some of your more pious readers will think it wrong to write even friendly letters on the sabbath, my only excuse is that I suddenly took a desire to write, hence this letter. I have read many letters in the column with a desire to find out if possible the kind of letters that get published. Is it the clever ones? Or is it the silly kind? What hundreds of letters the editor gets every month, dozens that he probably never reads! Now, although I know there will be nothing in this letter of special merit, I have hopes of seeing it printed, if I don't make it too long. How often we hear people written or spoken about with contempt, on account of their unbelief in religious organizations, or even if they take a view a little different from the orthodox, as though they were responsible for their unbelief and could alter it at will. Are there, I wonder, two people who are satisfied with exactly the same belief? Have aeroplanes become a common sight in any part of our Dominion? One would think that they had a long way to go yet before they were perfected and safe. They must be an interesting study and we should feel grateful to the pioneers who are continually risking their lives, and in many cases losing them. Now patient people I will not tire you further with my views, but will close by saying that if any of you who have read this, think that you would like to know me better by corresponding with a girl who has a decided liking for writing letters, let them write through the Editor to "Ophelia."

Position Wanted.

Ontario, Oct. 22nd, 1911.
Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to your paper to see if some of your readers would know of a place that I could get for the winter as house-keeper. I have two little girls, one is going to school. So if any of your readers knows of any place that I could get would they please let me know. Thanking you for your space, and wishing your paper every success, I remain,

"An Eastern Friend."

Lord Robert Cecil: Germany has found out that it is cheaper to keep men alive and well than to allow them to die or be ill.

'Tis a Marvellous Thing.—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.



Faint?

Have you weak heart, dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals? Or do you experience pain over the heart, shortness of breath on going up-stairs and the many distressing symptoms which indicate poor circulation and bad blood? A heart tonic, blood and body-builder that has stood the test of over 40 years of cures is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

The heart becomes regular as clock-work. The red blood corpuscles are increased in number—and the nerves in turn are well fed. The arteries are filled with good rich blood. That is why nervous debility, irritability, fainting spells, disappear and are overcome by this alternative extract of medicinal roots put up by Dr. Pierce without the use of alcohol. Ask your neighbor. Many have been cured of scrofulous conditions, ulcers, "fever-sores," white swellings, etc., by taking Dr. Pierce's Discovery. Just the refreshing and vitalizing tonic needed for excessive tissue waste, in convalescence from fevers or for run-down, anæmic, thin-blooded people. Stick to this safe and sane remedy and refuse all "just as good" kinds offered by the dealer who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing will do you half as much good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Your Vitality Can Be Restored

Strong, vital, manly men fascinate all who come within their influence. As true as you are a living, breathing human being, I can restore your VITAL STRENGTH there is not a shadow of a doubt as to what I can thus do. BUT there is a single condition, one restriction I put, a certain solemn promise I exact from you before you can exact a promise from me; namely you must unconditionally agree now at once and forever to discontinue any debilitating excess or dissipation that you may be indulging; with this out of the way, I will do all the rest. Remember what I say; no matter what your present condition, no matter what has happened in the past, just forget it and put yourself in my hands; everything will come out as you wish-it. I use no drugs, no lotions, no medicines; I place no foolish restrictions upon you; just lead a natural life, get all the enjoyment you possibly can, but cease dissipation; always remember that. I can then restore your vital energy; I can take you out of the half-man class and put you in the spot light of full, healthy, contented manly courage; I can make you feel young again and keep you feeling young to a ripe old age, because I drive into your system the one thing which keeps the whole organism in balance, namely VITALITY. My HEALTH BELT is the greatest single self-treatment remedy or VITALITY RESTORATIVE that the world has ever known or probably ever will know. It is worn comfortably about the waist all night every night for two or three months. Thus while you are sleeping it sends a great soft, potent life-giving current of VITAL FORCE into your blood and nerves. There is not a moment's wait. It restores your vitality, it takes the pain out of your back, it makes you feel strong and vigorous, it drives away rheumatism, it cures kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders.

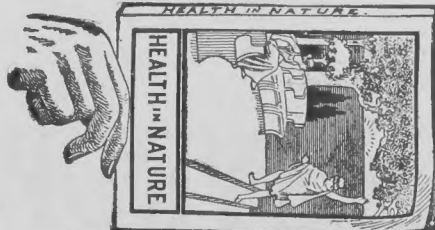


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Dear Sirs:—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.



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ADDRESS

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Household Suggestions.

A Collection of Appropriate Little Verses to be placed on Christmas Gifts.

Half the fun of receiving a gift lies in taking off the wrappers. And even if the gift itself be small there are ways of "doing up"—there is no other phrase that so exactly fits—so that its value to the recipient is enhanced by the care and tenderness that goes into the doing. One pretty thought is to enclose with the gift a verse pertinent to the gift itself or to the donor. If you are a verse-maker yourself you may incorporate some little personal touch with the lines. Write or print your verse on the card enclosed or upon the wrapper, and you have added a touch of sentiment to the most prosaic gift. The verses below may be used entire or amended to suit a particular occasion. For instance the rhyme containing the words "Someone" may have the recipient's name substituted, making the personal note more direct.

Teacups and Saucers

The cup that cheers
And clears
To-day of fears
And tears.

(ushion

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When you've no place for them, trouble begins.

A Copper Tray

Copper is down,
So the value is small;
But love has gone up—
You have cornered it all!

A Box of Cigars

Many a film of fairy fancy
Goes up in smoke each year,
But, being a woman, of course I can't see
What dream-chrysalids are here.

A Chocolate Pot

Foamy and rich be its contents,
Creamy and luscious and brown;
Sometimes toward me let your thoughts fly,
While you are drinking it down.

A Blotting-Pad

A happy lot is this of mine,
Though but a blotting-pad to be,—
To feel the pressure, fair and fine,
Of Someone's hand each day on me:
The record hold, reversed, apart,
Of Someone's words within my heart.

A Boa

A fluff of airy thistle-down
Around your neck to wear
I send to you, and wish my arms
Its blissful lot might share.

An Ink-well

Who'd ever think, to look within
The murky depths below,
What mighty power for good or sin,
May from those few drops flow?

Hair Brushes

Go forth on pleasant errand,
And smooth the brow of care;
Just play you are my fingers
Caressing Someone's hair!

Calendars

May all the days
Throughout this year
"Red-letters" be
To you, my dear.

May all the jeweled beads
Upon Time's rosary
Be gold without alloy—
This is my prayer for thee.

Handkerchiefs

Twelve bits of white fluff to my lady's
boudoir—
As many as months in the year;
Here's hoping that never a month nor
mouchoir,
Will hold for that lady a tear.

Christmas Shopping

The housewife who realizes the importance of getting her shopping done early in the season can, if she makes a definite effort, so arrange her household work that she will be able to do all her holiday purchasing before the mad Christmas rush adds to the difficulty of the task. I would suggest that the housewife make as careful an estimate as possible of the amount of time it will take her to do her shopping, and then arrange her work so that she will have that amount of time to devote to it during the last week of November and the first two weeks of December. Various ways of curtailing the time necessary for doing the housework will be found especially if the co-operation of the entire household is secured.

For instance, it would be no great hardship for the family to have for the evening meal such things as have been prepared early in the day. This would enable the housewife to spend a long afternoon in shopping without worrying about getting home in time to get dinner. Small sacrifices like this will be more than compensated for by saving the nervous strain which hurried shopping

at the last minute produces, and if a plan something like this were generally followed it would save not only the housewife but also the clerks in the stores.

Another advantage of this arrangement is that it leaves the housewife free to devote the days immediately preceding Christmas to household affairs and gives her ample leisure to prepare for the Christmas dinner. Here, too, foresight and method will do much to simplify matters. If as much of the preparation as possible is done before Christmas Day the housewife will have the maximum amount of time to enjoy the festivities and be free from some drudgery which might otherwise seriously mar her pleasure. I would like to urge every mother to have the children do their share of the domestic work at a time like this. Many women think that the holiday season is a time for children to be free from duties or responsibilities of any sort, and hence they bear more than their share of the burden of festivities. The children will not enjoy Christmas any the less if they relieve the mother of such tasks as setting the table, clearing away the dishes and running errands.

A housewife who is noted for the successful way in which she manages her household says: "I believe that one of the best ways to make the holidays a happy time for the helper is to arrange

to give her as much free time as possible so that she may have an opportunity to do some shopping, or attend to other little personal matters. I have learned by experience that if helper and housewife co-operate and make mutual concessions, the Christmas season may be most pleasant for both. I frequently arrange to have the family dine out on some night during Christmas week and allow the helper to entertain her friends in some simple way."

A woman of wide experience in domestic matters declares that the housewife who selects a purely utilitarian gift for her helper makes a grave mistake; that something in the nature of a little luxury is much more acceptable. Particularly does this housewife protest against gifts of dress goods for helpers, because it is almost impossible to suit any one else exactly in such matters, and it is a pity for the helper to spend money to have clothes made of material that does not perfectly suit her.

Wholesale Inexpensive Goodies

Why not let the children try making some other sweets for Christmas this year—goodies which are not the usual Christmas candies. The all-sugar sweets soon make themselves felt in the resulting fretful and out-of-sort moods. Of course, they will want some kind of candy, and a good one is always found in the hard, peanut variety which cannot be swallowed hurriedly or without mastication. The very best recipe for it is this one, and it has to recommend it, besides its excellence as a candy, the simplicity with which it can be made.

Peanut Brittle—Shell, skin and chop fine one quart of peanuts or enough to make one cup of nut meats. Place one cup of sugar in a saucepan without water and heat gradually, stirring all the time, until the sugar is completely melted. Mix the peanuts in thoroughly, pour out on an inverted tin, unbuttered, then shape into a square with two broad knives. When the candy begins to hold its shape, mark it in small squares and continue to shape it and re-mark it until it hardens. Set it to cool.

Stuffed dates are quite ordinarily used but stuffed figs you may be less familiar with. Both are good for the children and easy to make. For the filling use a mixture of nut meats all cut in tiny strips, some small bits of candied cherries, candied sugar, or any candied fruit. Have a variety and use only the best figs for the filling.

Another sweetmeat of the oriental style is made by chopping together dates and figs in equal quantities and rolling them well in sugar, then shaping them in balls with a half nut on each side or rolling a nut into the centre before sugaring.

Maple Bonbons—Cook two cups of maple syrup until a little dropped on ice will just thread. Remove from the fire and add two tablespoons of cream. Beat until thick and creamy and then mold into the form desired, either with nuts or plain bonbons.

Butter Scotch—Cook in granite pan 1 cup water, 1 pound brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter and boil until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour into buttered tins and mark into squares as it cools.

Candied Fruit—Make a syrup of 1 pound sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Boil without stirring until a drop hardens quickly in cold water. Remove from the fire; set in pan of boiling water; add to the syrup 1 teaspoon lemon juice. With fork dip each piece of fruit in the hot syrup and lay on waxed paper to cool.

Sea Foam—Boil 3 cups sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until a drop hardens at once in cold water. Beat whites of two eggs stiff. Turn hot syrup over it in thin stream, beating all the while. Add one cup nut meats and pour on buttered plates.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.



Expectation.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

The Call of Good Teeth

ENLIST

Men, Women and
Children

WANTED

To join the Army of
GOOD TEETH-GOOD HEALTH

Join the great movement for dental hygiene that is spreading so far and fast.

Be one of those who know that good health demands clean, sound teeth--who know that Ribbon Dental Cream is an antiseptic, polishing cleanser without harmful chemicals or grit.

Colgate's leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid. Its delicious flavour has solved one nursery problem by making its twice-a-day use a treat, not a task for the children.

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Trial size
tube of this
delicious
cream sent
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Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man
Roll it and bake it as fast as you can
It is bound to be light, it cannot be sour
Because it is made of **PURITY FLOUR**



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